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Miss America

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"Start the New Year right," advises pretty 16-year-old fashion model and Drene Girl, Nita Barrett. "Be glamour-wise . . . Drene your hair!" You'll be thrilled when you see what an amazing difference just a Drene Shampoo can make! Drene is not a soap shampoo . . . never leaves dulling film on hair as all soaps do. And Drene can't "dry-out" hair . . . but leaves it soft, resilient . . . up to 33 per cent more lustrous than any soap or soap shampoo. Drene removes unsightly dandruff flakes the first time you use it.

"One of the things I like best about any party," confides Nita, "is the chance to wear my hair some tricky new way!" There's nothing newer than the shining sculptured ringlets atop Nita's head. And as for "trickiness" —"It's all in how you set it," she says. Just clip and mail the coupon below for complete setting and combing instructions.

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C Right and wrong hair-do chart for slim, narrow face and for round, full face; hair styling rules and routine care.

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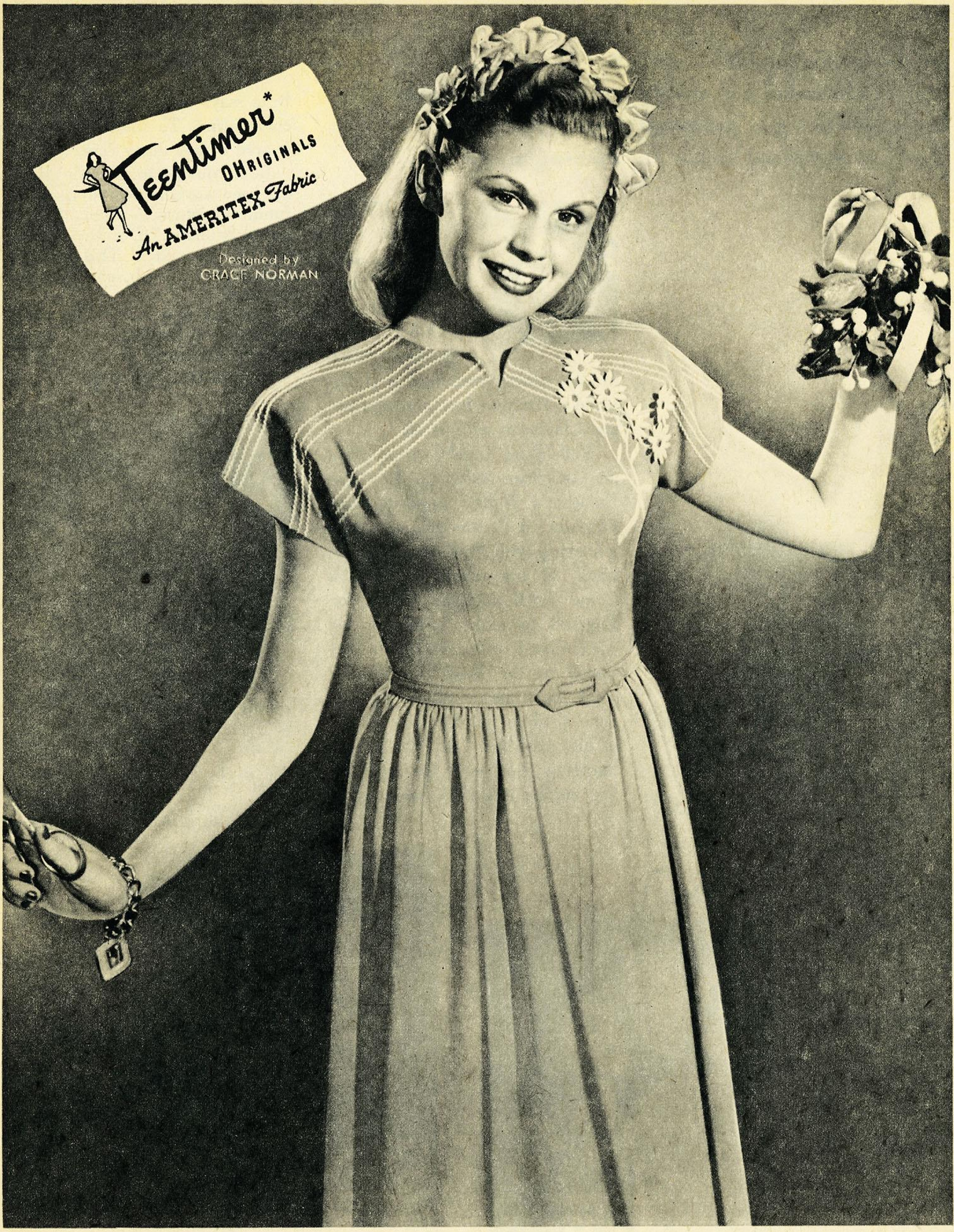
(This coupon good until May, 1947)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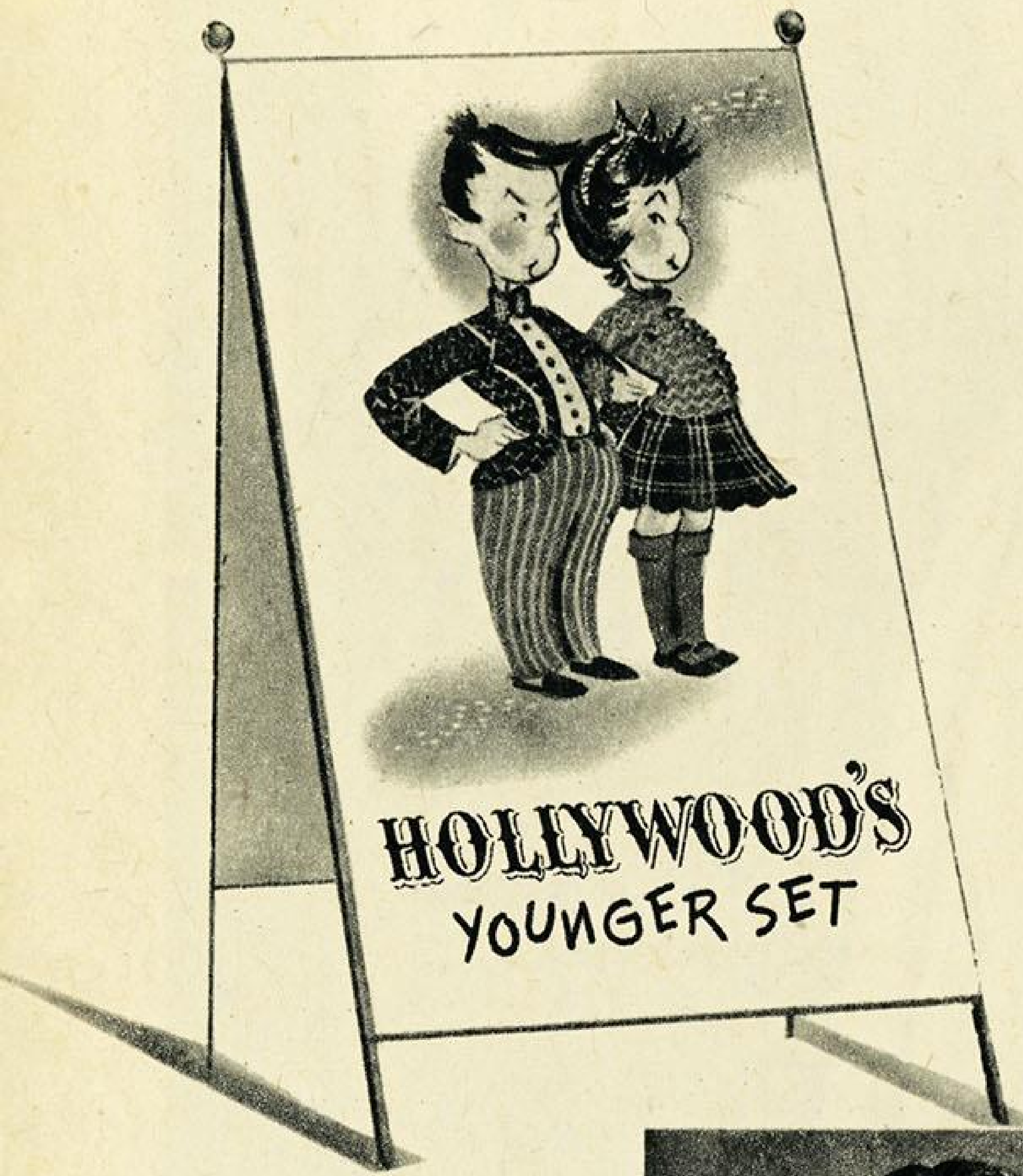
*TRADEMARK REGISTERED

on the screen, and off . . . So join May as she makes her merry-go-round of studios, soda-fountains, and gala gatherings to give you the latest Hollywood hi-jinx . . . *by may mann*



SO YOU WANT TO HEAR the news on Bing and Bob and the other Swoon Senders, who are not exactly members of Hollywood's Younger Set, but who are great favorites with us all.

Well, Bing Crosby, who plays an American salesman in "The Emperor's Waltz," opposite Joan Fontaine at Paramount, says he's wintering with "his steaks on the hoof" at his ranch in Nevada. Come April and he leaves for England to make a picture for Alexander Korda. If Bing's presented to the King, we wonder what he'll wear, since he has nary a white tie and tails formal in his wardrobe. At Alan Ladd's barbecue Bing wore the brightest fire engine red shirt imaginable. Bing says himself he's slightly color blind. To him, the red appeared a pale dusty rose.

Bob, "our personal hero" Hope, has been working over-hours on his funniest picture to date, "My Favorite Brunette." Dorothy Lamour is "The Brunette." This is Bob's first producing job, and he's also the star!

Saw Laraine Day, our MISS AMERICA columnist, and Susan Peters lunching at Romanoff's.

(*Continued on page* 60)

The girls get-together—gigglers Hazel Dawn, Jr. and Jane Powell. Note Janie's latest off-shoulder dress with perky bow to match.

Bz-zz-zz. We wonder what pretty Gloria Jean is whispering to Nicholas Faeulette. Her companion sure seems pleasantly surprised.

May took time off to arrange a date with Janet Martin for Dick Long. Here they are at the MA party, at the California Cabana Club.

"Let's Dance!"
BY ARTHUR MURRAY

NEW! BOOK OF ARTHUR MURRAY dancing lessons

for just **10¢** *and one Wheaties boxtop!*

Here's a fascinating new 44-page book written for the teen-age crowd. By Arthur Murray, famous dancing teacher. Easy lessons on how to be a really expert dancer. For instance—

Take the Lindy Hop. When your partner throws you out, do you come together again right on the beat? Do you know the trick to dancing the fox trot with that long smooth look? Can you turn in the waltz without seeming heavy to your partner?

"Let's Dance" shows you exactly how to do these dances. The book is full of pictures and diagrams. Explanations are clear and simple.

Included are pointers on how to stand—how to follow—how to be fun to dance with!

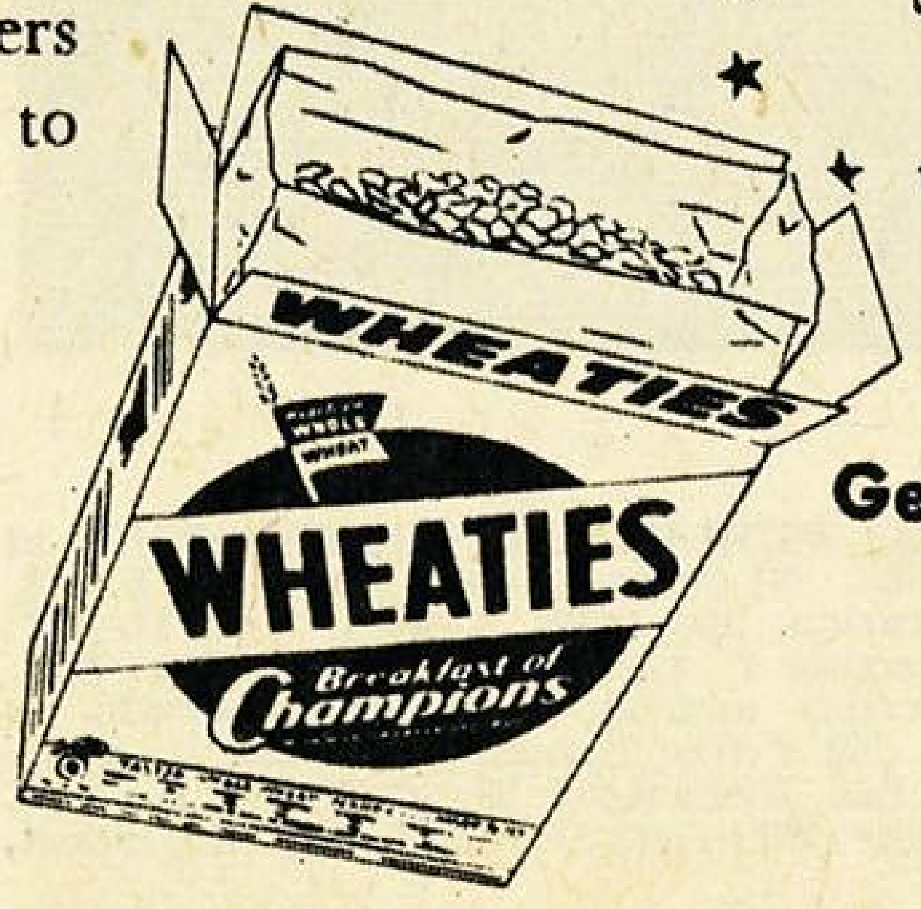
And—since manners count—answers to such questions as: What's the best way to attract the stag line? Can you refuse one man and dance with another? Knowing the correct answers makes a lot of difference. You want to be a slick chick, don't you?

This dance book is offered by Wheaties, those crisp toasty whole wheat flakes. Try Wheaties at breakfast tomorrow. They're second-helping good.

And send for this new Arthur Murray book. It will help you be an expert dancer. Arthur Murray himself says the dancing instruction in this book is equal to at least $10 worth of private lessons in his studios! Send for your copy today for sure.

HOW TO ORDER YOUR BOOK

Address your envelope to Wheaties Library of Sports, Dept. 314, 623 Marquette Ave., Minneapolis 2, Minnesota. Enclose one Wheaties box top and 10c—together with your own name and address printed clearly. Send today for this new Arthur Murray book, "Let's Dance." Add to your pleasure in dancing.



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Miss America

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Are you a good date?

There you are in a scrumptious white wool chenille sweater! By Hi-Girls. About $17. Mic Mac skirt is striking black taffeta. $16. Bag by Pyramid, about $3. At Altman's, N. Y.; R. H. White, Boston; Thalhimer's, Richmond; Heironimus, Roanoke; M. O'Neill, Akron; Harzfeld's, Kansas City.

Kodachrome by Trend Studios

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Hello Girls:

Happy New Year!

Here it is, once more—the start of a new year, the year of a new start. And that same fiery burst of determination, which annually accompanies the occasion, is here again, too. You're fired with ambition, zealous about terrific plans for the coming twelve months, enthused about things you're going to do,—like, maybe starting those piano lessons you've always longed for, never could quite squeeze into a short, busy day; or maybe, working on Saturdays, so you won't have to ask daddy to buy Frankie's latest album. But whatever it is, you've decided, teeth clenched, to stick to with Horatio Alger-like perserverance—heading your list, should be those all-important health-for-beauty resolutions. Let the coming year be full of gay times, good living, with you looking and feeling your very best!

Resolve:

1—To maintain a regular quota of beauty-sleep, with postman-like perserverance. To let neither week-day dates, nor coke-confabs, nor that funny, funnyman's radio show stay you, from your appointed round of pleasant dreaming. 2—To do—or diet! To shun the see-saw of unbalanced meals, and bring up the meat and vegetable side, so it's more nearly level with the cake-and-custard one. To forsake cokes and malts for milk, fruit juices. 3—To keep clean as a kitten. To never be too tired for a shower, hairbrush routine, toothbrush work-out. To keep clothes fresh, sweet-smelling. To open the windows of the mind, too, and air out musty opinions breeding in dark corners. 4—To do things and go places. Like down to the lake in the summer, and over to the pond in the winter. To hie off to school, the library, the shopping district on your own steam—and watch the buses go by. 5—To endeavor to be as outdoorsy as possible. Fresh air is good for concentration cramps (brush away cobwebs with a brisk trot after study hours), for comfortable sleeping, sparkle in your eyes. 6—To widen your horizon, broaden your scope. To develop a hobby, make new friends. To know what's going on in the world—*and care!* To be active and alive—and your thoughts and conversation will be, too. 7—To keep all these resolutions.

Affectionately,

Jean Goodman

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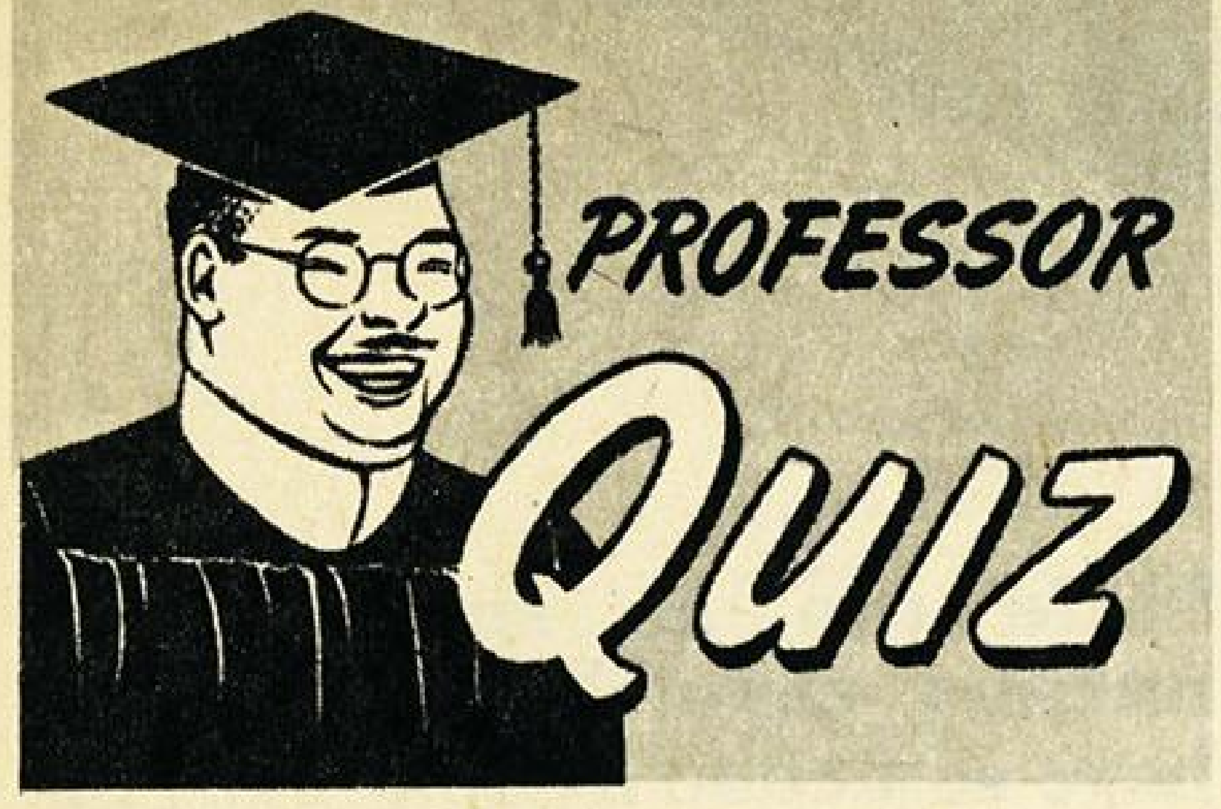


"The one, the only, the original" Prof. Quiz—heard over CBS!

Q. What is the sum total of the dates of the month on which the following holidays occur: Washington's Birthday, New Year's Day and St. Patrick's Day.

A. 40 (Feb. 22, Jan. 1 and March 17).

Q. If "E Pluribus Unum" means "One Composed of Many", name the first legal holiday of the year, if it doesn't, name the last holiday of the year.

A. New Year's Day.

Q. What are the red letter days and why are they so called?

A. They are lucky or auspicious days, a belief based on the fact that in the old liturgical book the holy days were always marked in red.

Q. How many months of the year have holidays, holy days or days marking beginning a season?

A. Eleven. August, alone, has none.

Q. What colors are associated with the following holidays: St. Valentine's Day, St. Patrick's Day, Easter, Independence Day, Hallowe'en, Christmas?

A. Red; Green; Purple; Red, White and Blue; Orange, Black and Red; Red and Green.

Q. Name a male comedian, a female comedian and an early American poet with the name "Allen" in their name.

A. Fred Allen, Gracie Allen, Edgar Allan Poe.

Q. Whom do we mean when we speak of: A King of Chivalry, the Admiral of the Pacific, the Iron Chancellor, the Fourth Musketeer.

A. King Arthur, Balboa, Prince Otto Von Bismarck, Alexandre Dumas.

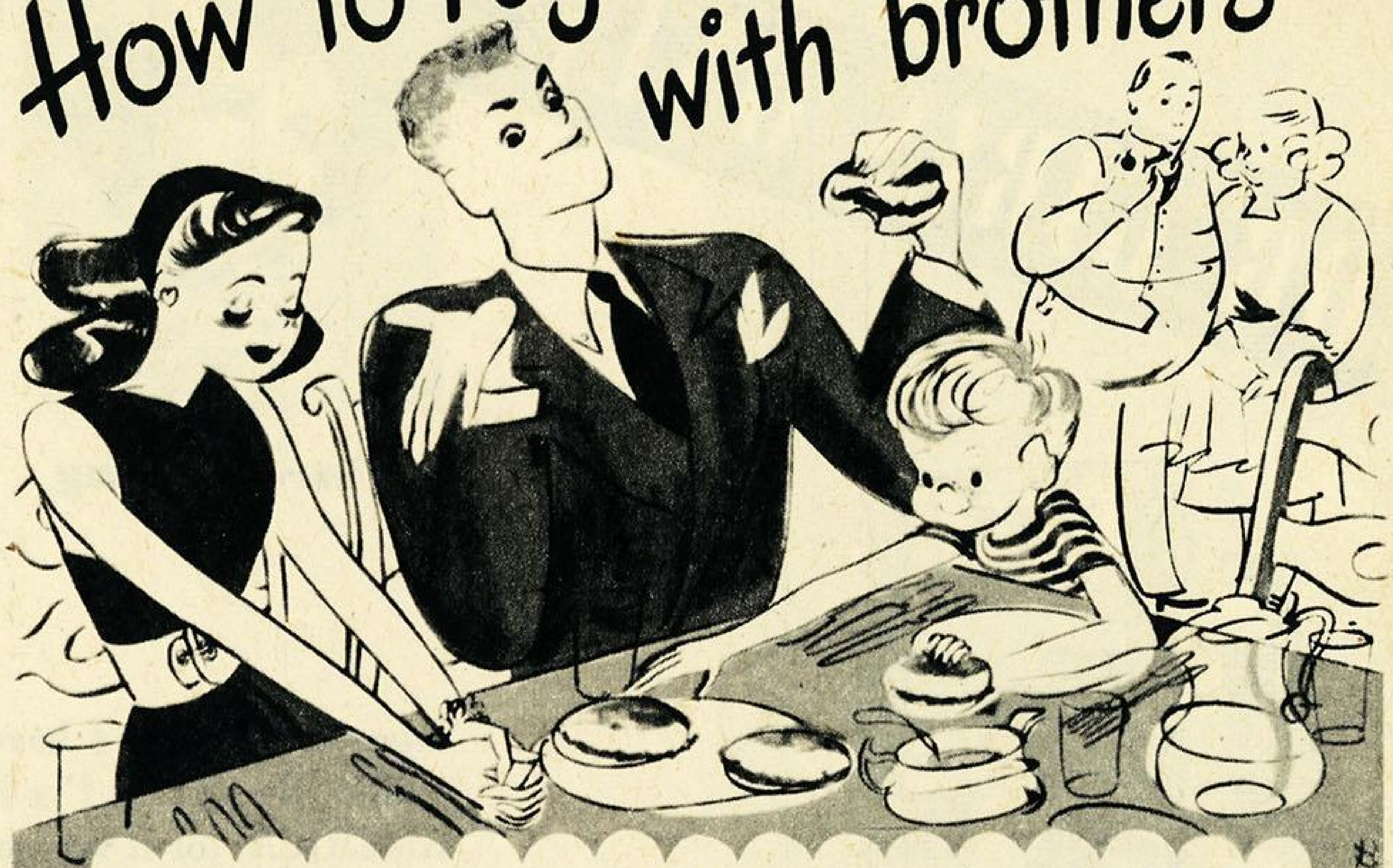
Q. Unscramble the following quotation: Take they all sword sword that the shall perish by the.

A. All they that take the sword shall perish by the sword.

Q. If Queen Isabella had fallen in love with Napoleon, with whom would King Ferdinand have fallen in love?

A. Josephine.

How to register with brothers



Here you are and your mirror says okay. But, creepers, when will brother John notice you're out of pigtails! As for young Billy—does he recognize authority when he sees it? Huh-uh.

What to do? Well, food speaks louder than words, so try *this* angle. You know that left-over turkey in the refrigerator? Offer to get supper tonight (a break for Mom!). Collect what you need at the store (package of Nucoa, 6 round buns, can of cranberry jelly) and make this NEW DISH—*Turkey Burgers.* "Hey! Cheers! What do you know about Sis!"

TURKEY BURGERS

(1) Chop medium fine enough cold, cooked turkey to make 1¼ cups. (2) Mix with ¾ cup cold dressing or mashed potato, 4 tablespoons left-over gravy, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon poultry seasoning, and two eggs. (3) Heat 4 tablespoons Nucoa in a skillet and spoon the turkey mixture into it, making six mounds which you then flatten out into patties. (4) Sauté (that means fry) slowly to a golden-brown; then turn and brown on the other side. (5) Pull apart 6 round buns (or you can use thick slices of bread) and toast lightly. (6) Dip soft side of lower half of each bun in the hot Nucoa in the skillet, put a slice of cranberry jelly on it, then a turkey patty and the top half of the bun. Serve very hot with the rest of the left-over turkey gravy, heated. Yield: 6 servings.

THE WHOLESOME VEGETABLE MARGARINE WITH 15000 U.S.P. UNITS OF VITAMIN A
NUCOA
VEGETABLE
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IT'S SMART TO USE NUCOA

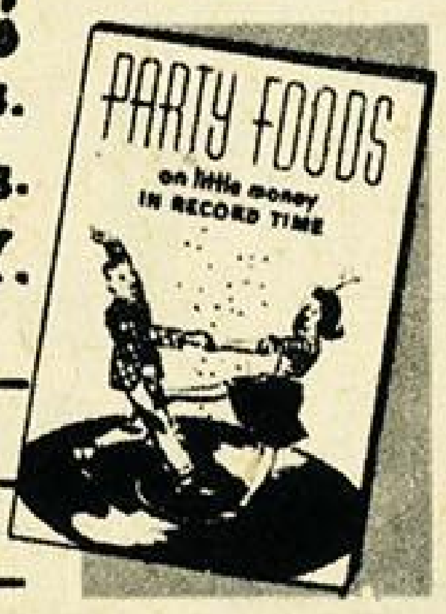
NUCOA MAKES THE FLAVOR RIGHT

Nucoa tastes *fresh* when it's hot—a big point in flavor. And Nucoa adds richness and Vitamin A, like the most expensive spread for bread—but look how *little* Nucoa costs!

MA-1

AND HERE'S GOOD NEWS—FOR FREE!

"Party Foods on Little Money"—for club, class or private high jinks. Illustrated booklet contains 8 menus, with grocery lists and easy recipes. Address: The Best Foods, Inc., 88 Lexington Ave., New York 16, N.Y.



Name__________

Address__________

City__________Zone______State______

FOR GIRLS ONLY

"Life can be simple as a nursery rhyme" . . . if you have someone to help over the rough spots . . . Laraine Day offers you here her friendly, heart-warming counsel . . .

by laraine day

KEEP OUT
from Harriet

from Charlene

from Bonnie

Dear Laraine: I have read MISS AMERICA for a long while. Every time I've had a problem I have sent it to MISS AMERICA, for it was sort of a place to spill all my troubles, big or petty. This trouble I have now, however, is not petty, for I feel it may interfere with my later life. My mother feels bringing my friends into the house is an annoyance, and I am positively forbidden to let them in the livingroom for we have a new livingroom set. I feel a livingroom set is a thing to be used. I don't think it is an ornament. My friends are beginning to sense all this and they are reluctant to come into my house. If I ever bring my friends into the livingroom, after they leave, I am always severely punished. Please, Miss Day, you are the only one I can turn to. I am losing my friends, and what is life without friends? Harriet.

Dear Harriett: It *would* seem that a livingroom set was something to be used, but let's examine the other side of the question. Perhaps your mother has worked hard and saved quite a long time for this new set of furniture. Because of the sacrifice involved on her part, the furniture may have assumed an unusual importance in her mind. She is fearful that a coke may be spilled on the new upholstery, or a scratch may mar the new coffee table. She probably remembers the old set and realizes how easily accidents can happen when youngsters are playing. I would try to show your mother, through your actions, that you can treat her precious new furniture every bit as carefully as she. Make this evident in practical ways. Should ashes fall on the coffee table from your father's cigarette, wipe them up quickly before they leave a burn. If hot chocolate is served, make sure protective pads are placed under the hot cups. Then have a talk with your mother. Tell her you can visit your friends' homes and play in their livingrooms. Explain that you have a social obligation: you must invite them back. Say that you will never play any game, or serve anything, that might hurt the furniture. And, lastly, always completely straighten the room (*Continued on page* **63**)

Oh! What fun! **WHEN MOTHER WAS A "FLAPPER" AND DAD WAS A "SHEIK!"**

Hepcats!

Here's the picture of America's hey-hey-day! . . . When youth was "flaming" . . . all the guys, and the gals were dancing the "Charleston" . . . "sheiks" toted their "shebas" in "Tin Lizzies" . . . and the whole nation was singing:

"I'll See You In My Dreams"
"My Time Is Your Time"
"Ain't She Sweet"
"Three O'Clock In The Morning"
"April Showers"
and

DARRYL F. ZANUCK
presents

JEANNE CRAIN

IN HER BIG STARRING MOMENT! AS

MARGIE

IN TECHNICOLOR

20th CENTURY-FOX

with
GLENN LYNN ALAN
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BARBARA LAWRENCE · CONRAD JANIS · ESTHER DALE
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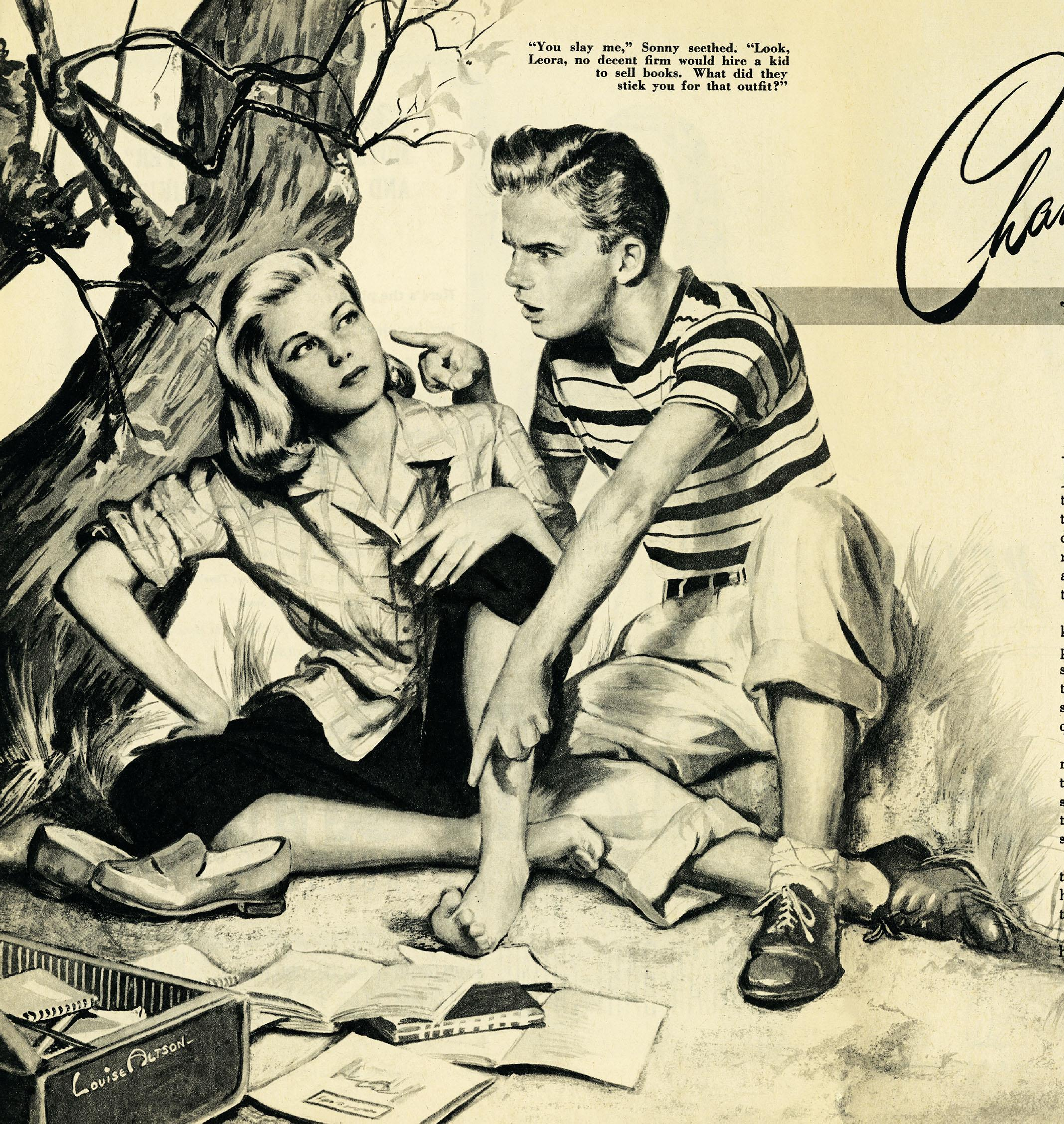
Directed by HENRY KING
Produced by WALTER MOROSCO

Screen Play by F. Hugh Herbert · Based on Stories by Ruth McKenney and Richard Bransten



"You slay me," Sonny seethed. "Look, Leora, no decent firm would hire a kid to sell books. What did they stick you for that outfit?"

Change of heart...

"Selfish!" that's what Sonny Bradford had called Leora . . . and jealous!"

But what did Sonny know of a broken heart, broken dreams? The answer came as a surprise

by ruth gilbert cochran

ILLUSTRATED BY LOUISE ALTSON

BREAKFAST was over, and Helga, Scandinavian queen of the Watson family's kitchen, was piling dishes noisily onto a tray, thereby indicating to fifteen-year-old Leora Watson that it was high time for her to leave the table. "And take the newspaper with you," Helga scolded. "Sotch a purty day you should be outdoors already. So, scoot!" But Leora, noting that her mother had settled in the livingroom, strode into that comfortable parlor and sat—or slumped—in a wide leather armchair, absorbed, apparently, in the paper's comic section.

Her earnest study of *Captain America* did not fool the pretty young widow knitting by the fireplace. Mrs. Watson took in her daughter's nonchalant pose—one leg swung over the chair-arm to display a generous expanse of sun-bronzed shin between jean slacks and rumpled bobby sock—and knew that Leora was seething inwardly. Seething with a silent and stubborn opposition to her mother's approaching marriage . . . which made Mrs. Watson quite as unhappy as Leora intended, and yet completely puzzled.

"It isn't," Mrs. Watson thought desperately, "as though the child could remember poor Dick at all. And she's had plenty of time to get used to . . . to John. It was 'way back last September that John first came to the house to set her broken ankle. Why, for pity's sake, won't Leora come right out and talk the whole thing over with me? We've always been so close—more like sisters than mother and daughter . . ."

And there, if she had but known it, was the answer to Mrs. Watson's question. For Leora, lightly passing over the fact that tall, gruff John Pringle had every right in the world to fall in love with her mother, had responded to the situation with every variety of the sulks known to the spoiled child.

At first she had hoped that the doctor, after her recovery, would discontinue his visits to their Long Island home. But such (*Continued on page* **51**)

NEW BEAUX on YOUR string...

Words to the wise aimed to make you Number One on popularity polls . . .

by ibbie bryan

ALL right, Muffin, come on out of that corner and stick your book back on the shelf. You've got it upside down anyway. And get the droop out of your lips and the gleam back in your blue eyes. That martyred expression won't do a thing for your man-pull.

Sure, I know, you're miserable. This is rock bottom for you. Don Black took Katy Lou to the prom, and before that, to Irene's party, and before that, he was teaching her to skate while you skimmed around the rink *sans* escort. Indeed, Don has never given you more than a quick blink and a pleasant hello.

Well. So what? So, Don's the town's Number One "He" and there isn't a gal in bobby socks who wouldn't give up a lifetime supply of candy bars for a date with him. I don't doubt a word of it, and just for the record, I'll bet Donnie knows it, too.

But unless your town is a manless waste, one of these American oddities able to count only one male 17-year-old in its entire population, you can still choose from Jim, Tom, Harold and a few other lads.

"Oh, *those* boys!" you grimace, meaning that, man-shortage or not, you aren't quite *that* desperate. Don't be so generous with your scorn, my little cupcake. Plenty of gals who can pull down an "A" in Geometry, be Girl Friday to a topflight executive, or hold an audience spellbound with a song, aren't half smart when it comes to selecting male talent.

Take Harold, for instance. He'll never get in a collar ad. All right, be blunt—he's downright unhandsome, and he gets all tangled up in his Number 11's every time he tries to dance. So you got that far and nixed him then and there.

It might surprise you to find out that Harold has a salty sense of humor once he's given a little encouragement. When it comes to entertaining a trick little miss, he can pull more rabbits out of a hat than Houdini.

Give that lad a couple of those super "let's-be-friends" glances of yours and see if you don't come up with a dipperful of dates. And a special Front-and-Center Guy all your own.

I'll lay you odds the rest of the gang will be trying to snatch him right out from under your pug nose in less than a month.

Or if you find you don't go for big, tall, lanky guys at all, take a nice long survey of Jim. Maybe he is a little bit of a show-off. But remember, Muffin, that plenty of people go through those gyrations purely as defense-mechanisms. Maybe Jim feels neglected and alone, and figures if he can't get attention one way, he'll try another.

Start building up his ego with a little attention, a spot of this I-think-you're-wonderful business, and watch him slow down to your speed. He won't need to be a cut-up once he discovers he's the apple of your eye.

Of course everybody calls Jack the town's bad boy, and some of the folks shake their heads at the very mention of his name.

Well invite him over to dinner some night, let him know that for your money he's a gentleman and you expect him to conduct himself accordingly, and he won't let you down. Your mother will probably say he's the most polite lad you've had around since Michaelmas.

Even Jimmy, the town's Don Juan, who everybody says will break a girl's heart for sure, certain sure, can be brought to heel with a little finesse on your part. Remember how all the rest of the gals have been trying to pin him down to (*Continued on page* **56**)

Autographs

Armies of newspaper photographers swooped down on us and took our pictures while Hank stood laughing with one arm around me and one around Boffy.

Sentimental Journey...

by michele small

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES BILLMYER

At long last, another story by the author of that popular "Superior Duperior" . . . Here you'll meet—and adore—Miss Carmichael, Boffy, Duke and, hold your heart, HANK, the crooner of whom there is no whomer . . . in a human interest tale, which is to sav, a romantic recital

IT all started during the Christmas holidays when Boffy's mother asked me if I'd keep an eye on her daughter as far as New York.

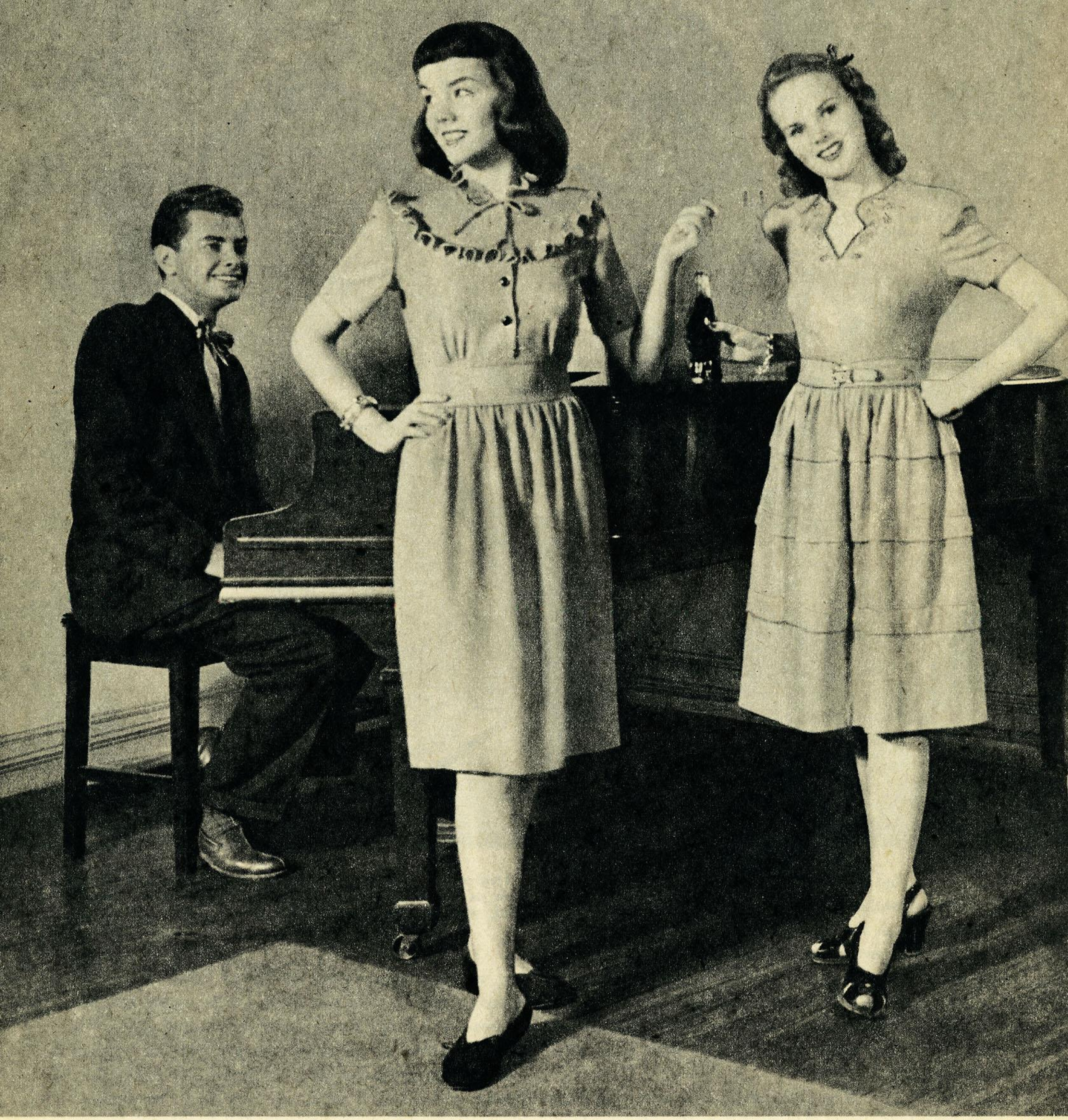
"Boffy has never made a long train trip by herself," she said, "and since you're going to New York, anyway, I wondered if you'd mind keeping her under your wing. There'll be someone to meet her at Grand Central. I just know she'll be safe with you, Miss Carmichael."

Safe with you, Miss Carmichael, safe with you, Miss Carmichael. Safe is the word for Miss Carmichael. Safe and old maidish. An old maid music teacher. Safe old Miss Carmichael. Safe and lonely.

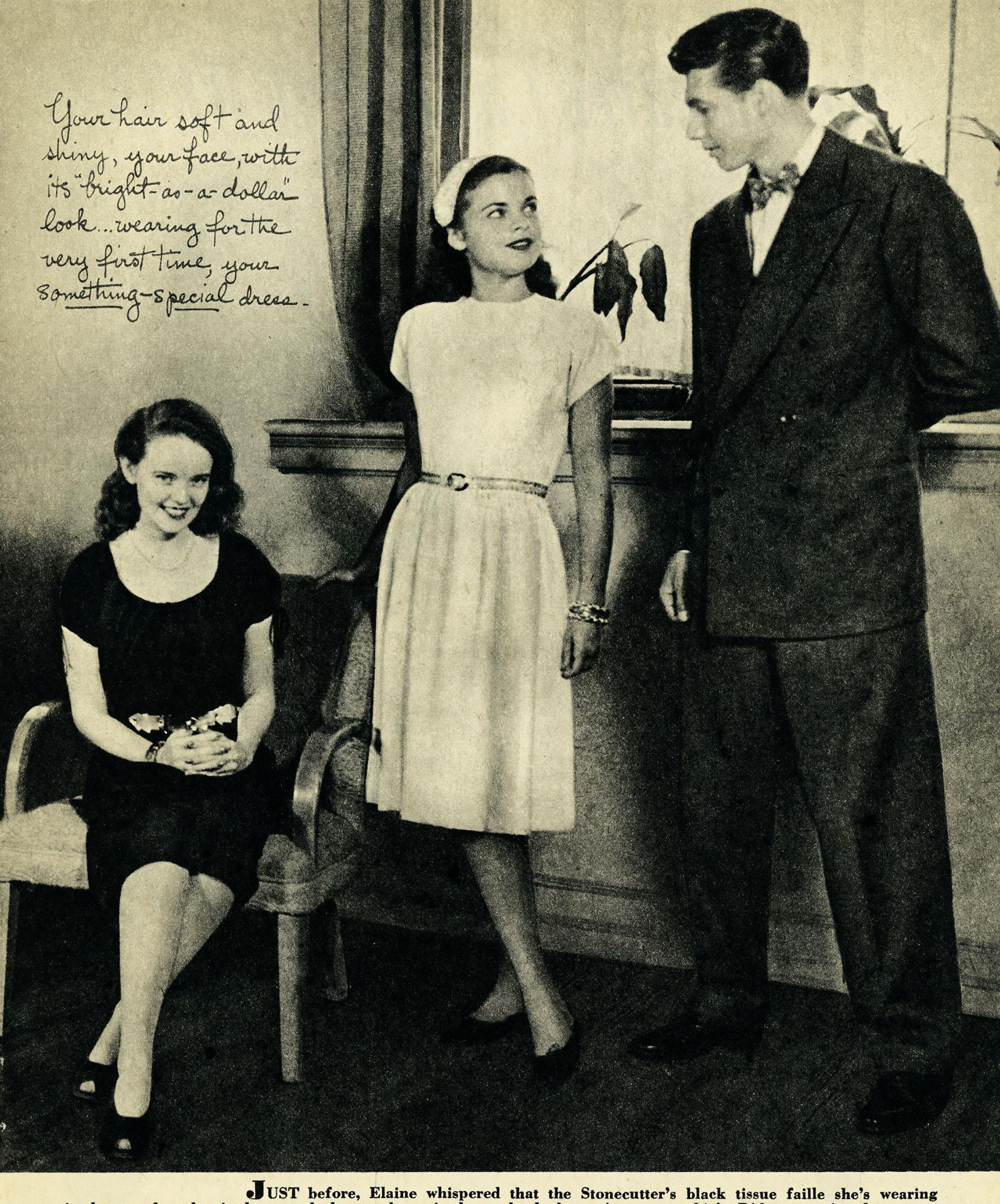
It has always bothered me that there was never the camaraderie between me and my pupils that there is, for instance, between harum-scarum Miss Walker of home economics who was always surrounded between classes by joking, worshipping boys and girls. Or like Mr. Offut of advanced algebra playing softball every warm Saturday with students who called him *Beanie* and shrieked encouragement when he scurried along the base lines on fat legs. But I will say this for both Miss Walker and Beanie—Mr. Offut—despite their carefree relations with the undergraduates off duty, discipline in their classes was excellent, something I never quite understood until

(*Continued on page* **59**)

HOW WONDERFUL YOU LOOK!



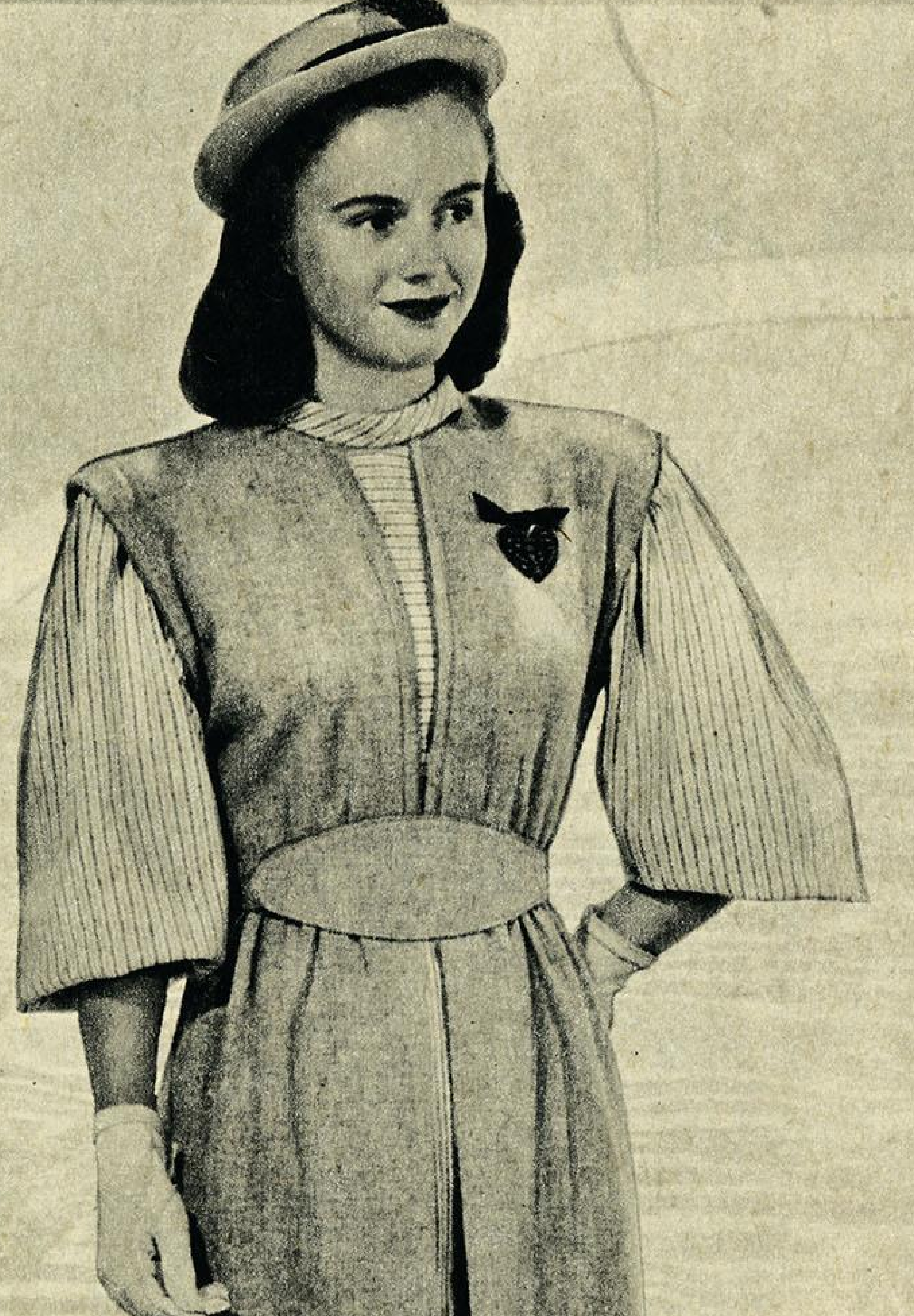
THAT'S Dick over there, knocking out "Blue Skies" on the Steinway . . . Helen thinks he's infinitely better on the gridiron, but she's making with the motions, shuffling around a bit, humming a snatch or two—in her Teena Paige crepe with ruffled yoke, wide waistband, and teeny-weeny bejeweled buttons. About $6. At Macy's, New York; R. H. White Co., Boston; Harvey's, Nashville. Penny's tapping time, clutching a coke, and not realizing how sugar-puss she looks in her Timely Teen pretty pastel wool. Glittery gold embroidery whips flatteringly around the novel diamond neckline; her slightly flared skirt is tastefully tiered. About $16. At Lord & Taylor, New York; H. & S. Pogue, Cincinnati; The Emporium, San Francisco.



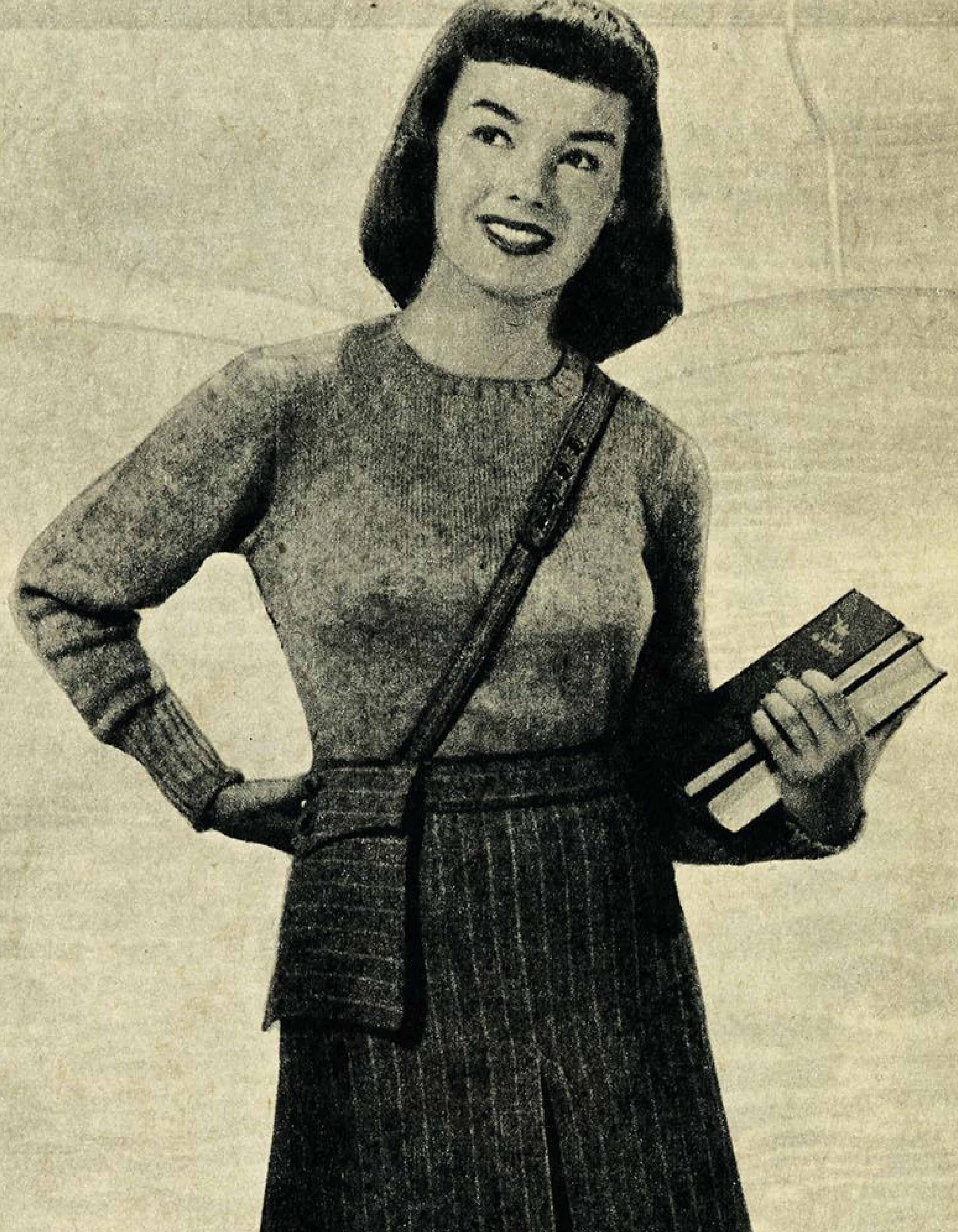
Your hair soft and shiny, your face, with its "bright-as-a-dollar" look... wearing for the very first time, your something-special dress.

JUST before, Elaine whispered that the Stonecutter's black tissue faille she's wearing is the star boarder in her wardrobe—and received no shocked reaction—not a bit! Did you notice the swooping neckline, the puffed sleeves ending in a drawstring, the silver-leafed belt—we-ell!!! By Delltown. About $9. At H. Liebes, San Francisco; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas. Cynthia's busily absorbed chatting with Mike, so we really can steal a long *look* at her winter white frock, belted with brilliant studs, and also at the attention-snatching headband. Jr. First makes it. About $13. Headband, $3.50. At Filene's, Boston; Maison Blanche, New Orleans; Halle Bros., Cleveland. Jewelry by D. Lisner. And *you*? Where are *you*? Well, take your choice!

so you haven't a thing to WEAR?

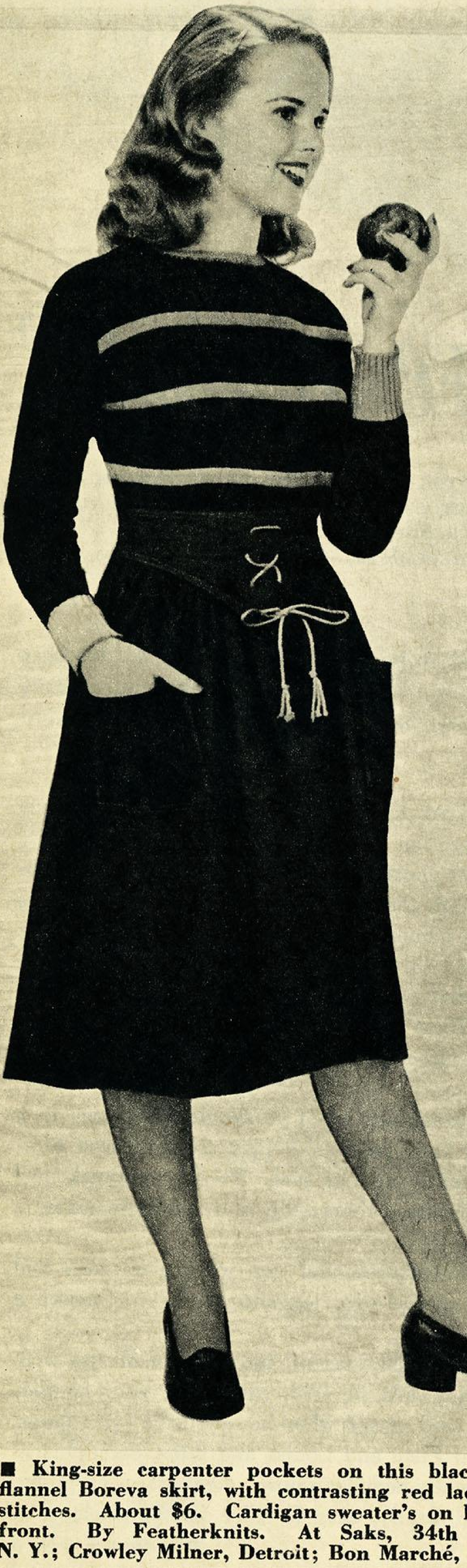


■ Jaunty jumper effect from Tweens for daytime and datetime. Grey partwool with straight-forward stripes peeking through, making a turtleneck and push-up sleeves. About $15. At Lord & Taylor, N. Y.; Thalheimer's, Richmond; Blauner's, Philadelphia.

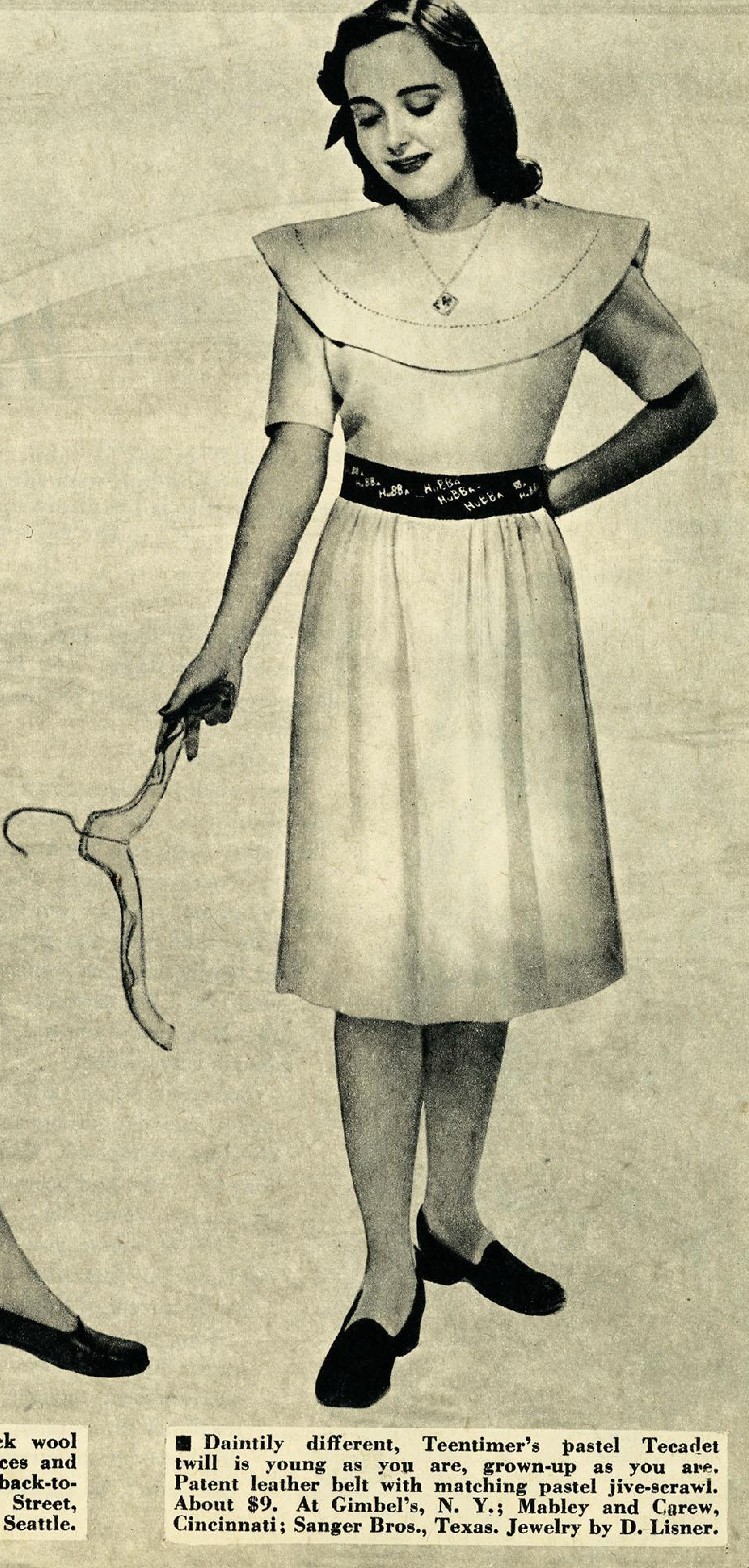


■ Stripes for smartness, wool for warmth, skirts for school. All three in this *good* grey, postman's skirt flappy pocket, easily detached shoulder strap. By Joan Lord. About $6. At Macy's, N. Y.; J. L. Hudson, Detroit; Bullock's, Los Angeles; The Hub, Baltimore.

Your cupboard's bare as the good Dame Hubbard's, eh? Well, c'mon over here and take a good look-see at what the well-dressed wardrobe will show now, and for months ahead . . .



■ King-size carpenter pockets on this black wool flannel Boreva skirt, with contrasting red laces and stitches. About $6. Cardigan sweater's on back-to-front. By Featherknits. At Saks, 34th Street, N. Y.; Crowley Milner, Detroit; Bon Marché, Seattle.

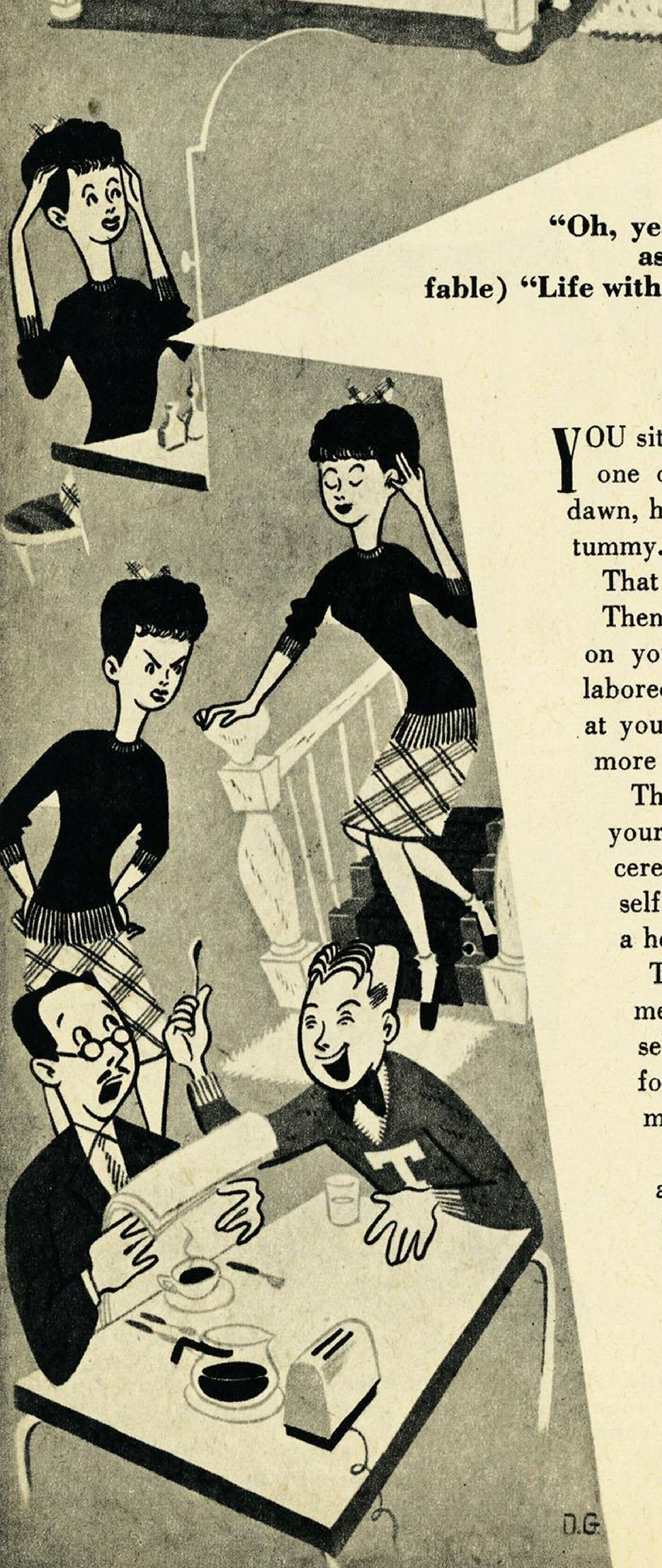


■ Daintily different, Teentimer's pastel Tecadet twill is young as you are, grown-up as you are. Patent leather belt with matching pastel jive-scrawl. About $9. At Gimbel's, N. Y.; Mabley and Carew, Cincinnati; Sanger Bros., Texas. Jewelry by D. Lisner.

live at HOME and LIKE it!

"Oh, yeah!" cries you (but first, pardon our modern vernacular as we boo-hoo with the grossly misunderstood femme of this fable) "Life with family is infinitely infantile, altogether . . . er-ah . . ." See, the gal's speechless, so let author take over. . . .

by mary kent



YOU sit on your front steps, head propped in hands, and brood. It's been one of those days. *You* know. Your kid sister woke you at grim dawn, hours before you had to get up, by bouncing affectionately on your tummy.

That started it.

Then, when you came down to breakfast, balancing your head cautiously on your neck, out of consideration for that new high hair-do you'd labored so over, your big brother choked on his toast and waved his spoon at you weakly. "A bone through the nose," he suggested, "and a little more lip, and you can join the Ubangis."

This crude quip was greeted by unfeeling laughter from the rest of your family, with the result that your orange juice was bitter and your cereal tasted like sawdust. What was the use of it all, you asked yourself. How could you live your own life and be a real person in such a hectic environment?

Then your father (after breakfast, when he should have been in a mellow mood), answering your persuasive plea as he heaved himself into his topcoat. Certainly not, he said. No late midweek date for you. That had been discussed thoroughly and definitely settled a month ago, remember?

Yes, of course you remembered, but you were older now and anyhow this was such a special occasion and—and—you loosed a frantic torrent of words.

Your father's face just jelled, sort of, into certain all too well-known lines. He did not care, he said, what Rod, your number one heartbeat, thought, said or did when he heard the evil tidings. He didn't care, either, if Ellen and Louise and Babs, daughters of his lawn-mower-borrowing, hedge-clipping neighbors, were going. He didn't, he finished firmly, care if Alice in Wonderland or the Queen of Sheba were going. You weren't. And *that* was final.

You turned away, chin wobbling dangerously. *He didn't care.* That was it, as you viewed it through those dark glasses. He just didn't care.

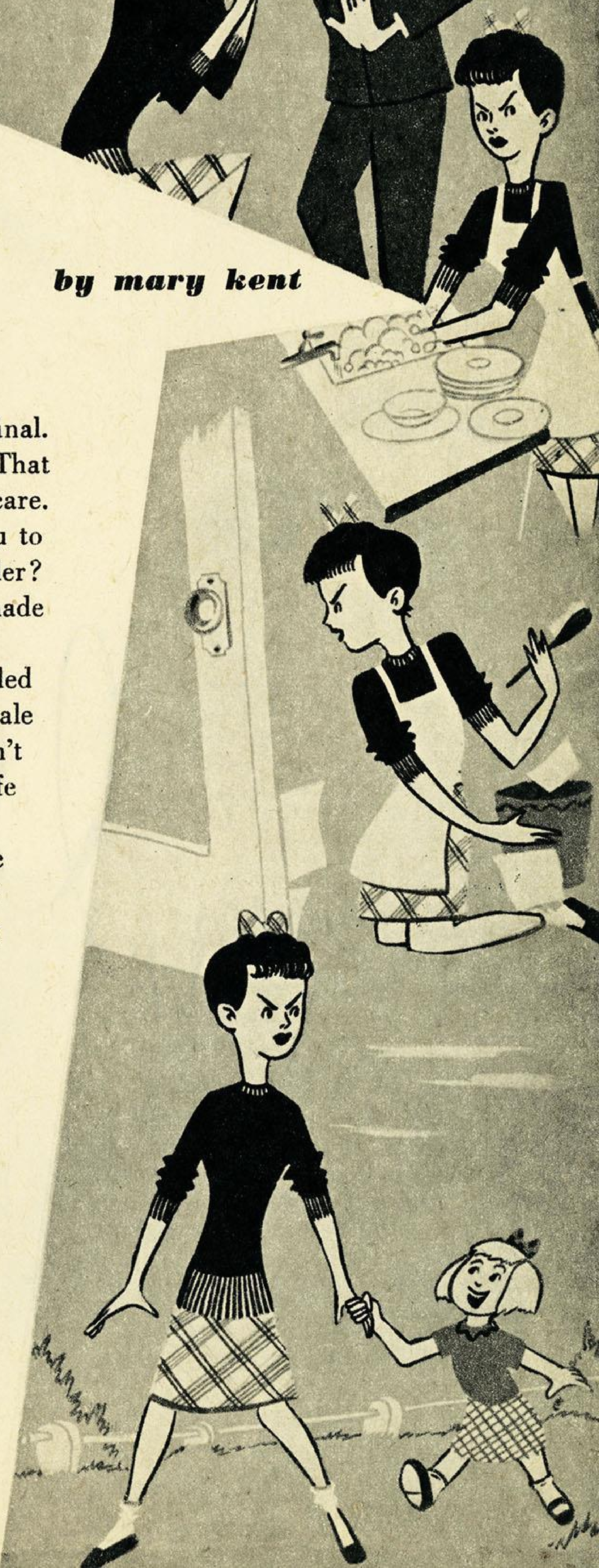
What if he did pull you back and give you a big hard hug, tell you to wait a few years—a few *years*, oh, my gray hairs!—until you were older? His plain and utter disregard for your present personal happiness made the hug meaningless, like—like, well, a wooden nickel or something.

Oh, you submitted to the embrace—sure—but when the door thudded behind him, you felt that all was over between you and your cruel male parent. Ah, the mocking accident of blood relationship! Why hadn't your poor, poor mother used better judgment in her choice of a life partner?

Seeking your mother in the kitchen to solace her with your mute understanding and maybe, just possibly, bring up that little matter of a new blazer and beanie, you were disconcerted to find her humming a light-hearted tune. Such courage in adversity almost broke your tender heart—until she tossed you a dish-towel, asked where-in-the-world you'd been, and did you forget this was your day for dusting? Also your closet needed cleaning out, and to hurry right home after school to take little sister to the park.

Well! You gave the towel a real work-out on those offending dishes—result a nice unpremeditated polish—and treated your mother to a choice silence. She seemed not to notice, what with this suggestion and that as to how you should fill your spare time. *What* spare time, you wondered bitterly—practically being a one-woman answer to the labor shortage.

Big brother lounged in then for a condescending farewell en route to the "U" and, before you could stop him, playfully removed the key pin of your hair-do. *(Continued on page* **50)**

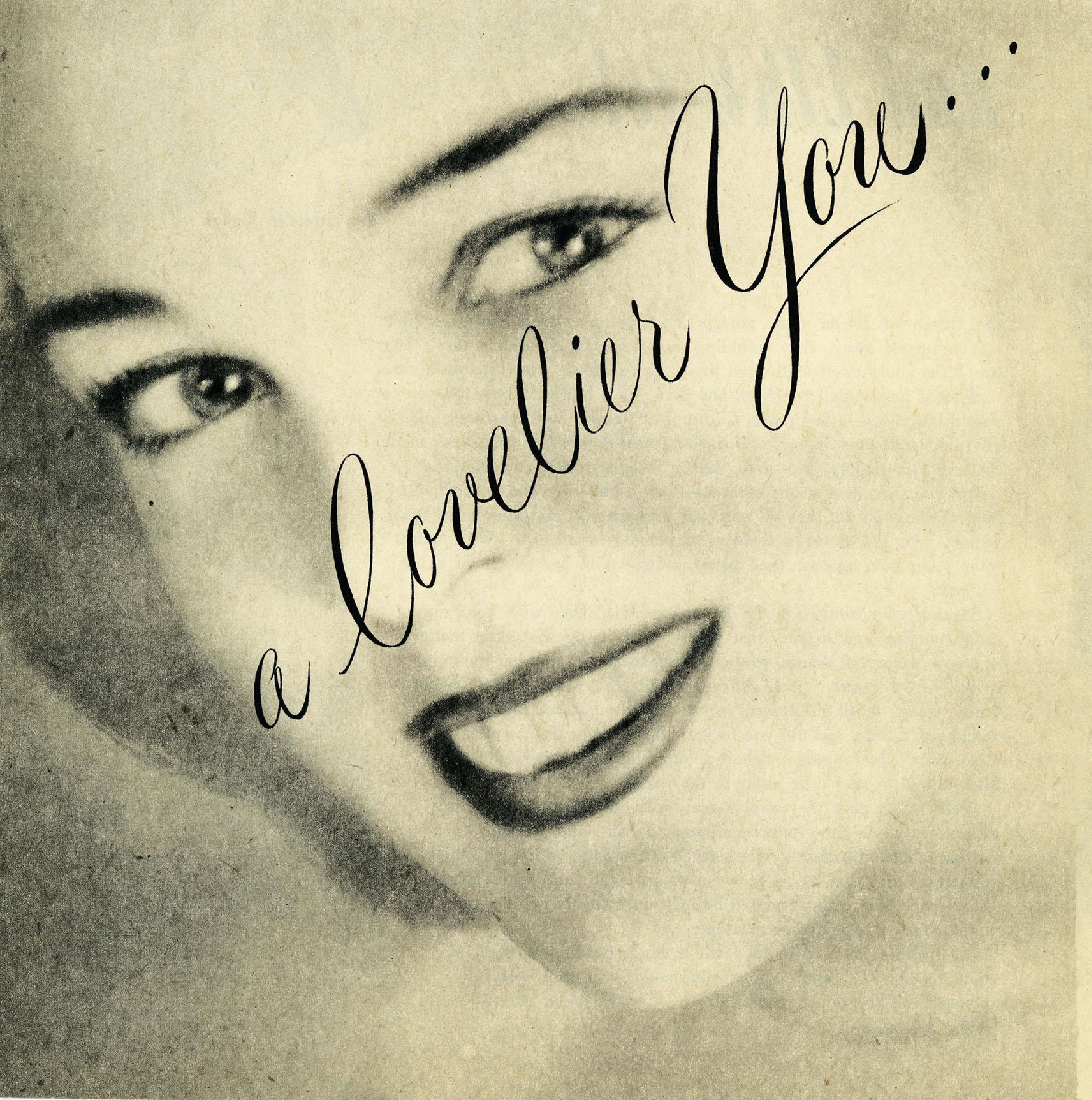


by helena rubinstein

Skin Scoop!

Face facts from a foremost specialist of teen complexions—her easy-to-follow rules to banish blemishes.

a Lovelier You...



YEARS and years before you were born—almost half a century reckoned by Father Time—I have been vitally interested in the scientific care of young skin.

Beauty, like that greatest of all miracles, life, will never cease to fascinate, awe and inspire me. While we all can't be beautiful in the strictly classical sense of the word, we can all have the glowing skin that is even more attractive than facial and bone structure.

Blemished, unsightly skin has been the cause of more misery, unhappiness and, yes, the direct cause of more lifelong inferiority complexes, than any other teen-age complaint. That is why my mission in life is devoted exclusively to research and experimentation for the correction of skin imperfections.

An acne condition results primarily from disordered blood, due to wrong diet, insufficient air and clogged pores. A blackhead is really a pore that is full of grime and dirt grown hard from long standing neglect. Therefore, my first attack on pimples and blackheads is *absolute cleanliness from within and from without* since, obviously, one is as important as the other. Let us, then, destroy the demons at their source. Remember, germs are husky rascals, thrive on your neglect, and once admitted into your system, are reluctant to leave. But, you, too, have a lethal weapon at your command—several weapons, in fact. Diet, for one, is a mighty ally. So avoid, as you would the plague, starches, gravies, spices, condiments, and rich, heavy fried foods—to weaken, and eventually defeat, the germs that flourish within you.

Further, and I know for a while life will seem rather dull without the pleasures that please (so we think) our palate, avoid sweets, pastries, chocolates. You can satisfy your craving for sweets by indulging (*Continued on page* 57)

A gently abrasive "friction" wash, rubbed on your skin, will work wonders at removing blackheads, whiteheads and bumps, and aid you acquire a satin-smooth complexion.

Four essentials for good grooming, and on-the-go changes so vital in an active, young life—a lather cleansing cream, lipstick—velvety and everlasting, powder, quick-acting deodorant.

are you a good date?

Feminine chatter concerning what every girl should know on matters of momentous importance—how to be a charming companion, a datable, adorable dream . . .

by julie easton

Are you a good date? Do boys enjoy your company, ask for more, or is it curtains, strictly without applause, after that first invitation? Draw up a hassock. Let's check on what every girl should know to be hep and happy.

First, how do you accept when a boy asks you out? Don't be afraid to show you're glad he asked you. Everyone likes to have overtures of friendship appreciated. On the other hand, don't act *too* grateful. After all, he didn't propose marriage—just an evening's fun! Try to accept as casually as if a girl had invited you—oh, we-ell, maybe a shade more warmly, since a boy shares hard-earned or hard-saved money with you.

Comes the day. Here's when you concentrate on the *outside* you. If possible, a restful afternoon. Take a few winks or at least assume a horizontal position. Even fifteen minutes complete with cream and soothing eye pads will do wonders. Then—a luxurious warm bath, rainbowed with bubbles, followed by a prickling wide-awake cold shower, a rosy rubdown. Powder to suit, plus the all-important deodorant, then into fresh lingerie.

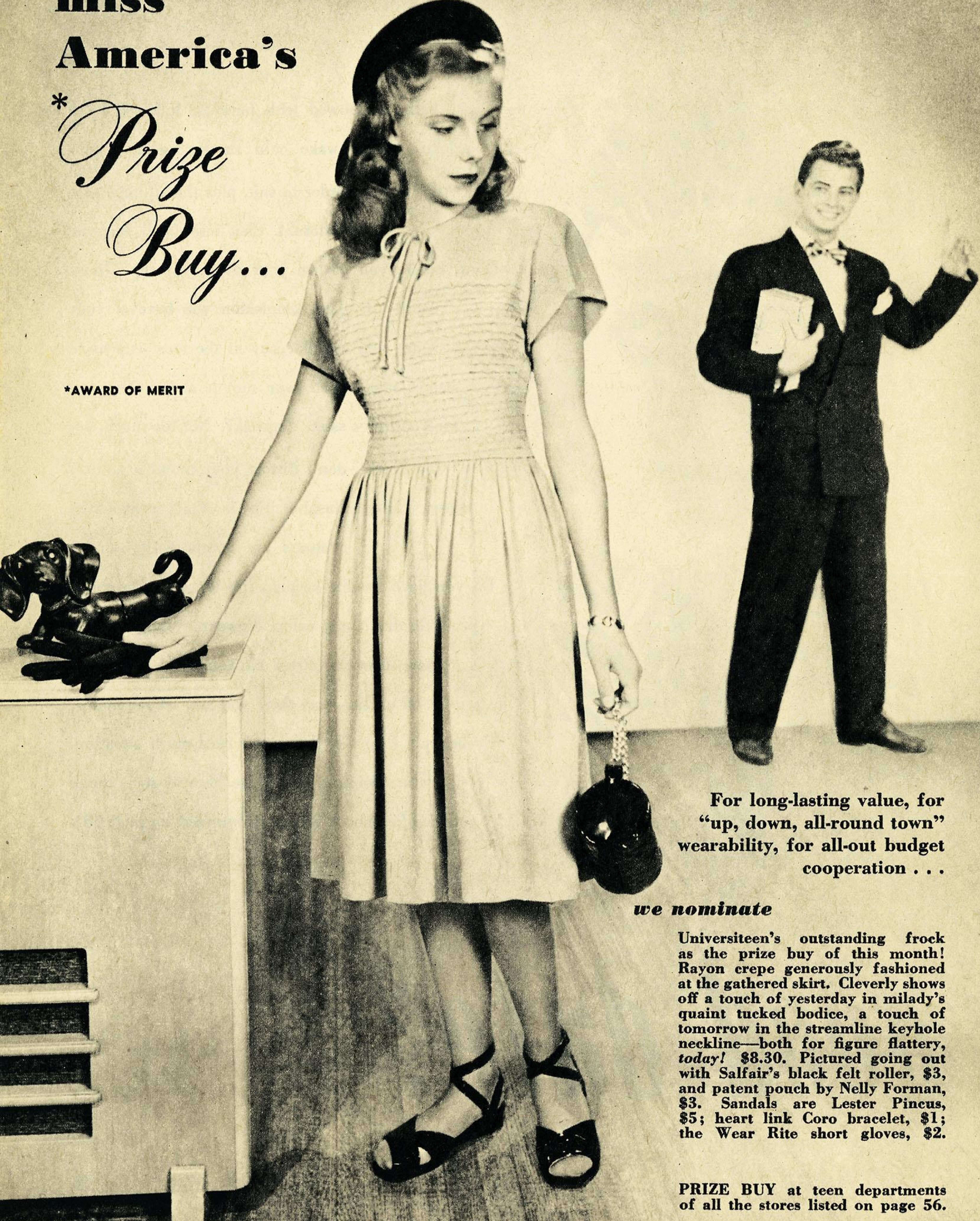
Now, before you put on your dress, makeup. Don't overdo it. The complexion you have at your age you couldn't buy at the most expensive cosmetic salon. Let your mouth show—it's your most glorious asset. Lipstick? Not too much, not too bright, don't distort your mouth's natural curve. Latest fashion tip is that exaggerated contours are going, going—gone!

Do you have trouble keeping lipstick on? Have lips perfectly dry, apply color. Powder over lips, apply more lipstick. Press cleansing tissue to take off excess—and there you are, set for hours!

Eyebrows? Probably they won't need much attention. Natural-looking brows are here to stay, thank goodness! Smooth oil or (*Continued on page* **58**)

miss America's *Prize Buy...

*AWARD OF MERIT



For long-lasting value, for "up, down, all-round town" wearability, for all-out budget cooperation . . .

we nominate

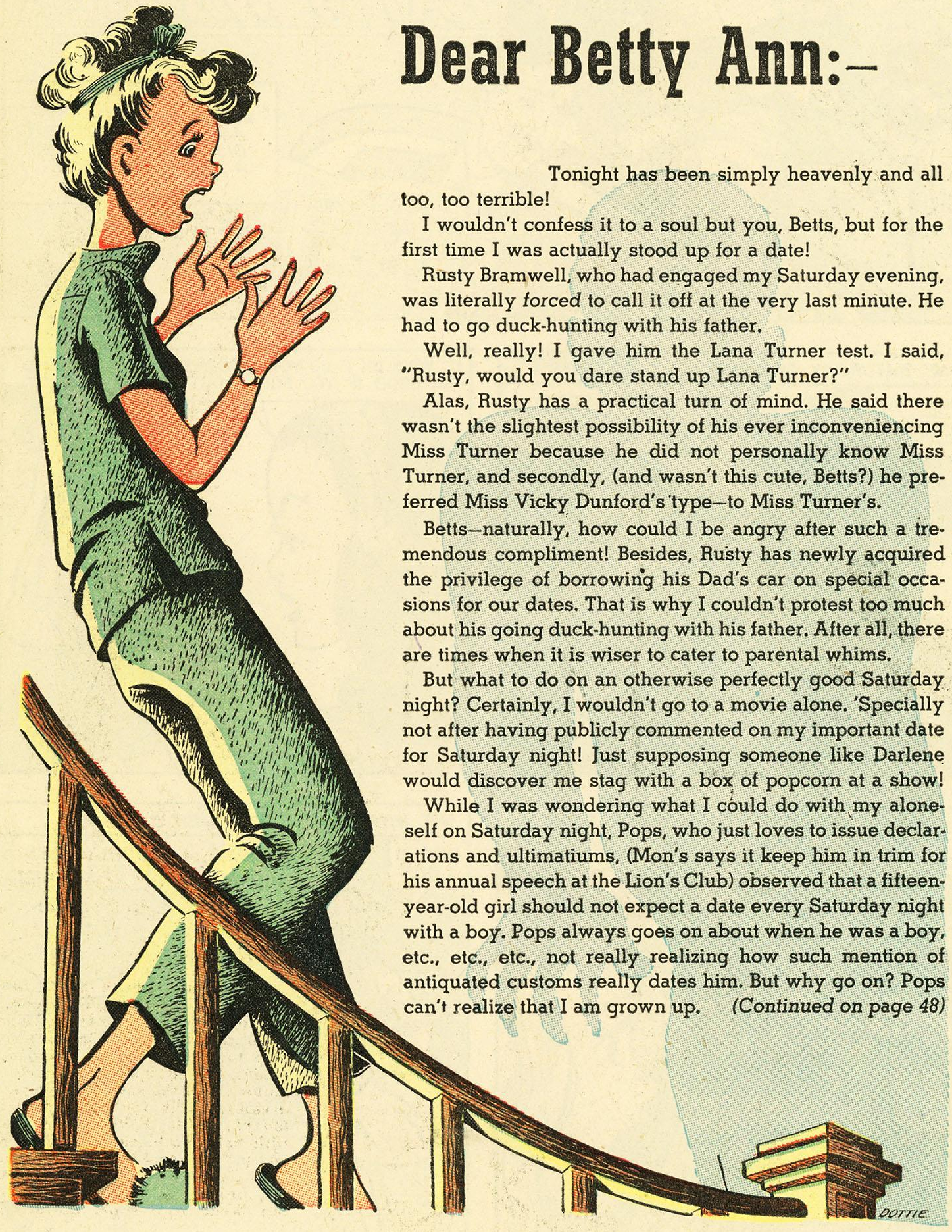
Universiteen's outstanding frock as the prize buy of this month! Rayon crepe generously fashioned at the gathered skirt. Cleverly shows off a touch of yesterday in milady's quaint tucked bodice, a touch of tomorrow in the streamline keyhole neckline—both for figure flattery, *today!* $8.30. Pictured going out with Salfair's black felt roller, $3, and patent pouch by Nelly Forman, $3. Sandals are Lester Pincus, $5; heart link Coro bracelet, $1; the Wear Rite short gloves, $2.

PRIZE BUY at teen departments of all the stores listed on page 56.

It doesn't exactly enhance a girl's rating to be "stood up" ... poor Vickie, with an almost mature philosophy, weathers the ego crushing blow which leads to a spine-chilling experience ...

Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Betty Ann:–



Tonight has been simply heavenly and all too, too terrible!

I wouldn't confess it to a soul but you, Betts, but for the first time I was actually stood up for a date!

Rusty Bramwell, who had engaged my Saturday evening, was literally *forced* to call it off at the very last minute. He had to go duck-hunting with his father.

Well, really! I gave him the Lana Turner test. I said, "Rusty, would you dare stand up Lana Turner?"

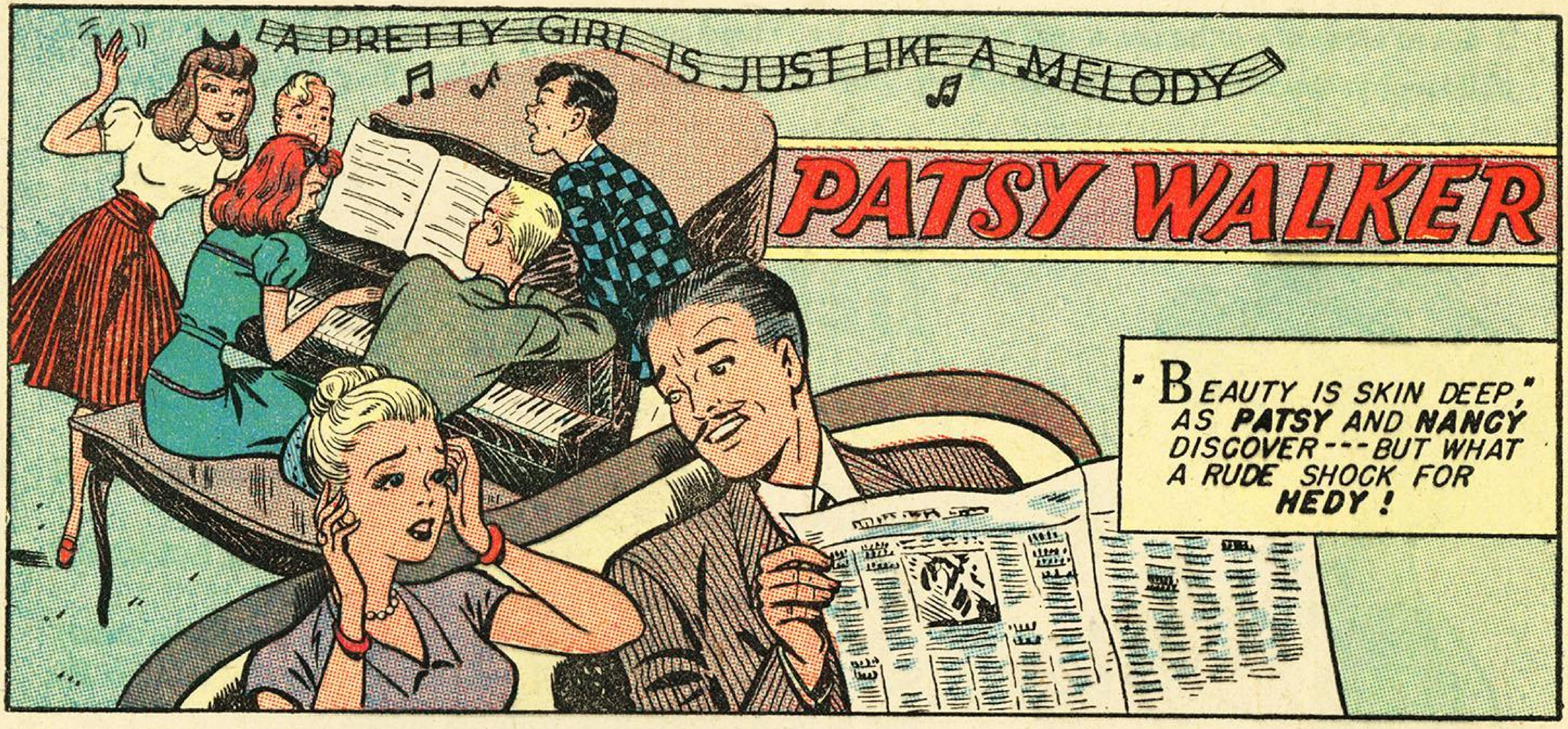
Alas, Rusty has a practical turn of mind. He said there wasn't the slightest possibility of his ever inconveniencing Miss Turner because he did not personally know Miss Turner, and secondly, (and wasn't this cute, Betts?) he preferred Miss Vicky Dunford's type—to Miss Turner's.

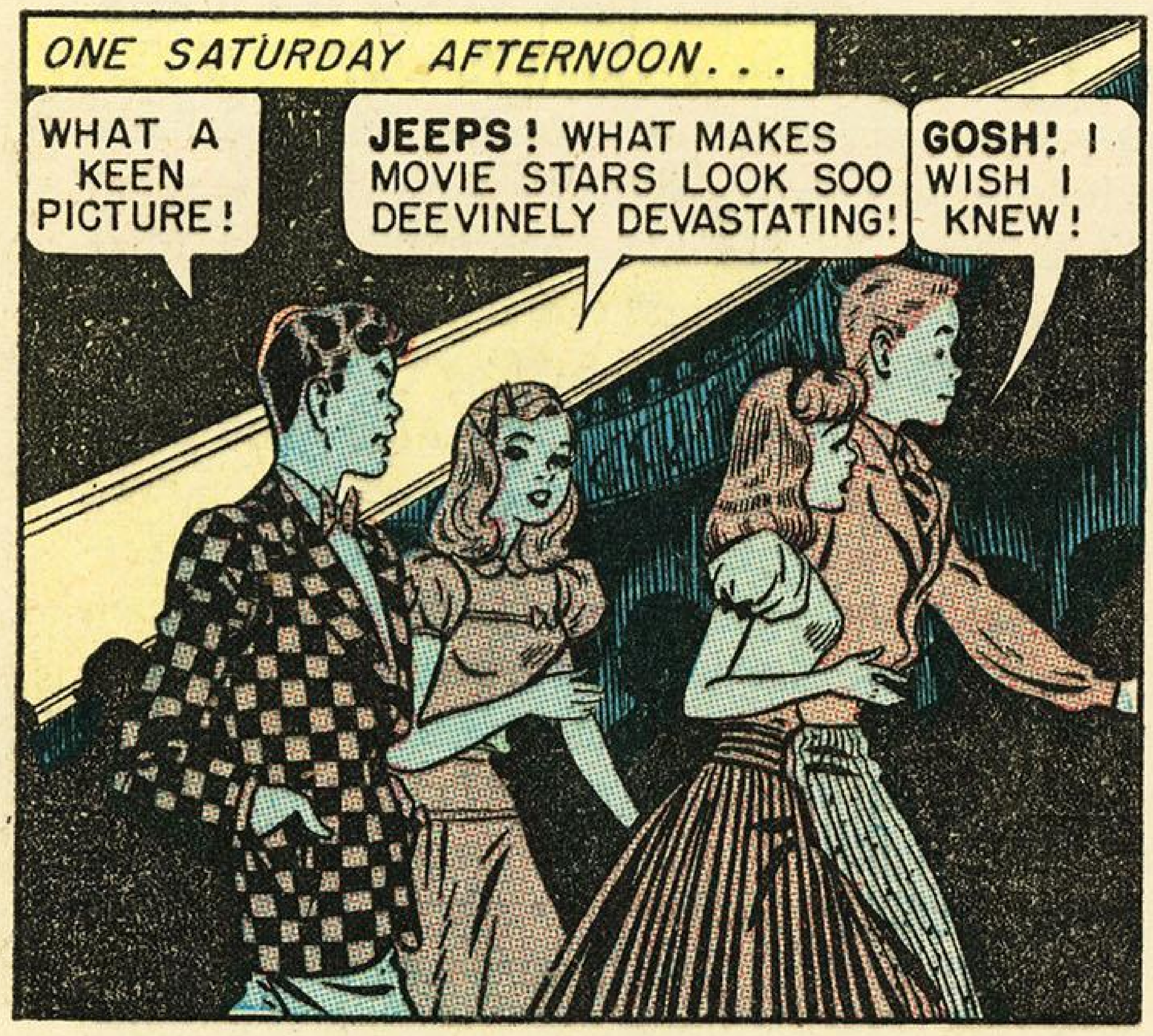
Betts—naturally, how could I be angry after such a tremendous compliment! Besides, Rusty has newly acquired the privilege of borrowing his Dad's car on special occasions for our dates. That is why I couldn't protest too much about his going duck-hunting with his father. After all, there are times when it is wiser to cater to parental whims.

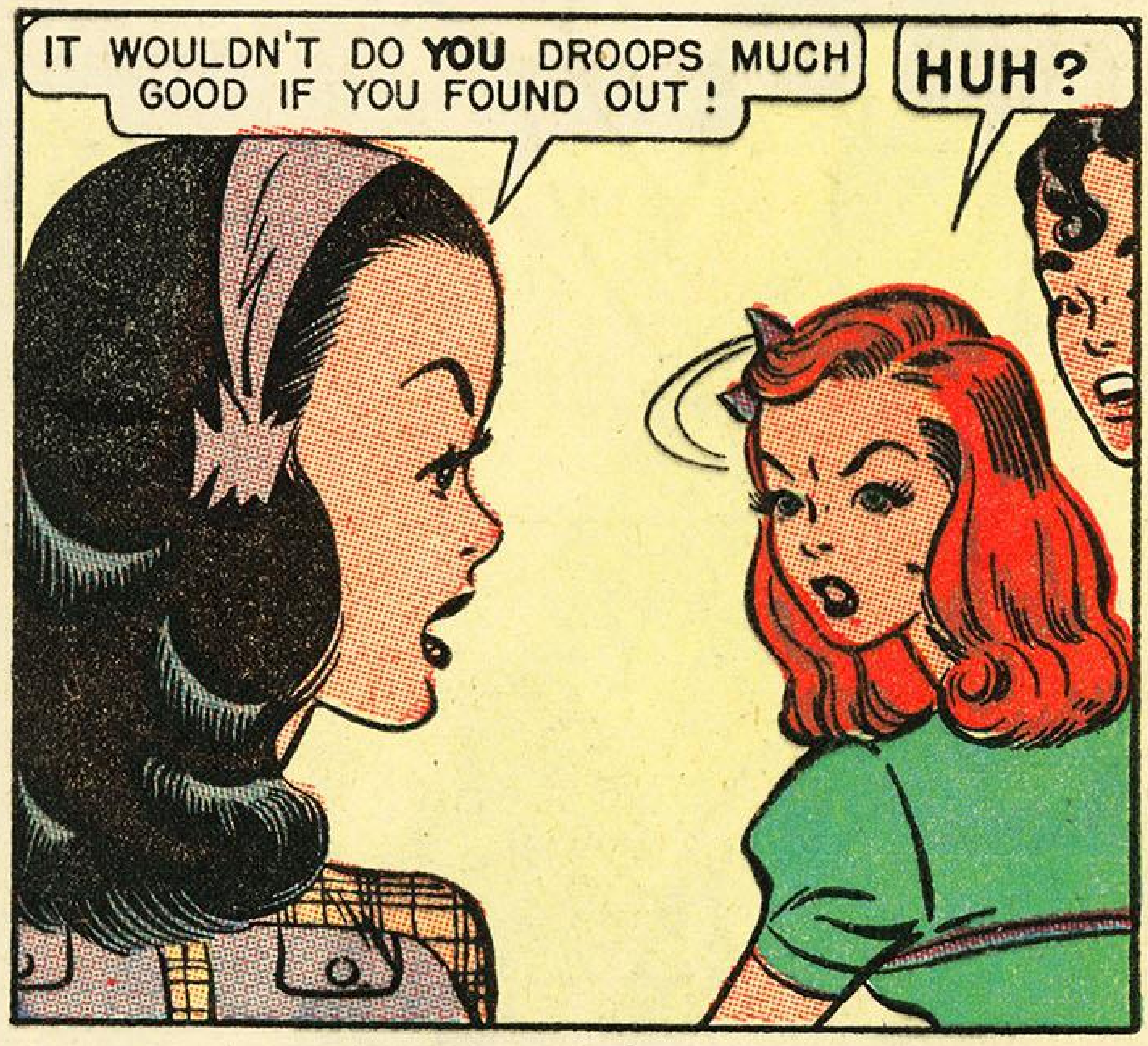
But what to do on an otherwise perfectly good Saturday night? Certainly, I wouldn't go to a movie alone. 'Specially not after having publicly commented on my important date for Saturday night! Just supposing someone like Darlene would discover me stag with a box of popcorn at a show!

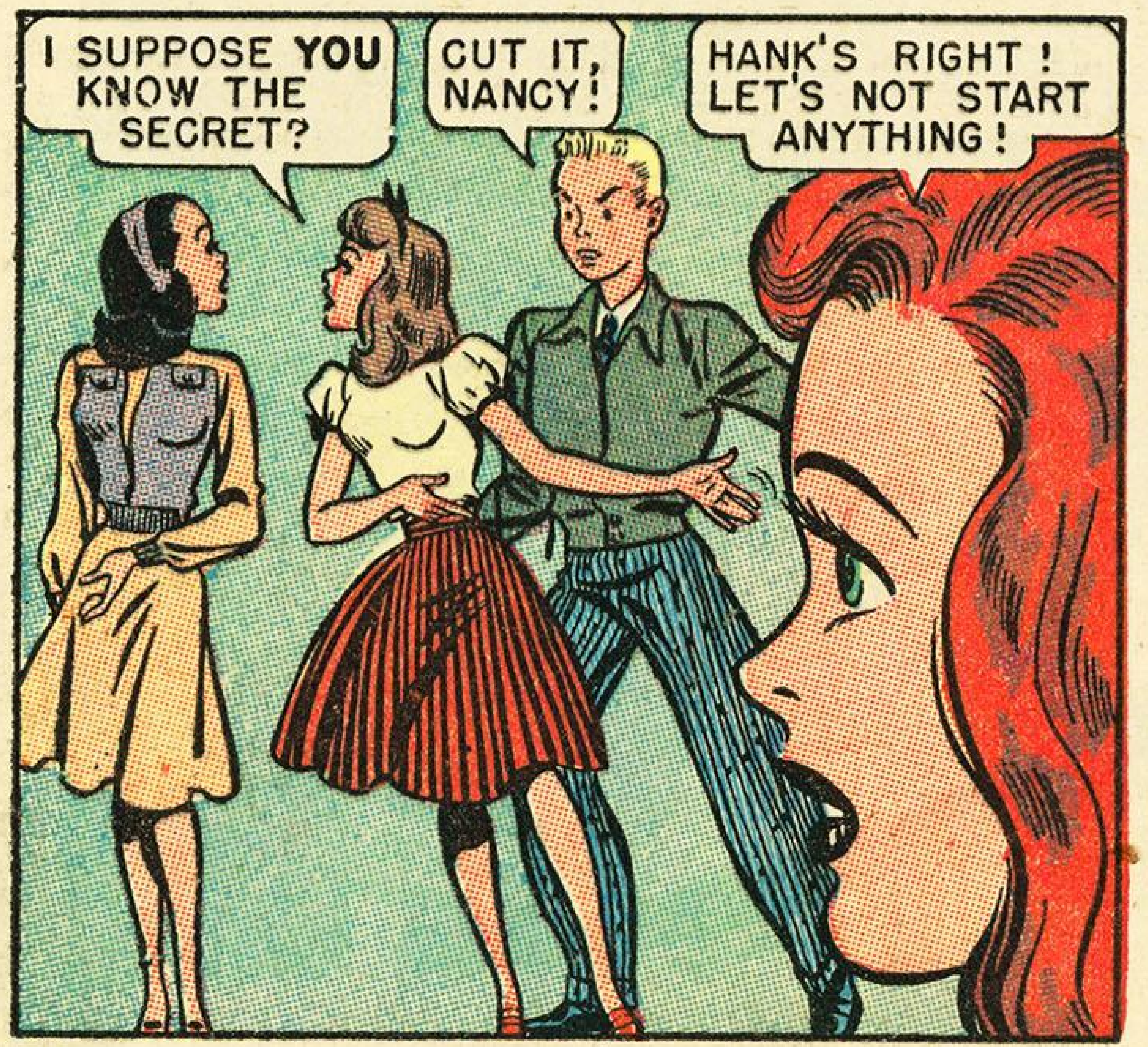
While I was wondering what I could do with my aloneself on Saturday night, Pops, who just loves to issue declarations and ultimatiums, (Mon's says it keep him in trim for his annual speech at the Lion's Club) observed that a fifteen-year-old girl should not expect a date every Saturday night with a boy. Pops always goes on about when he was a boy, etc., etc., etc., not really realizing how such mention of antiquated customs really dates him. But why go on? Pops can't realize that I am grown up.

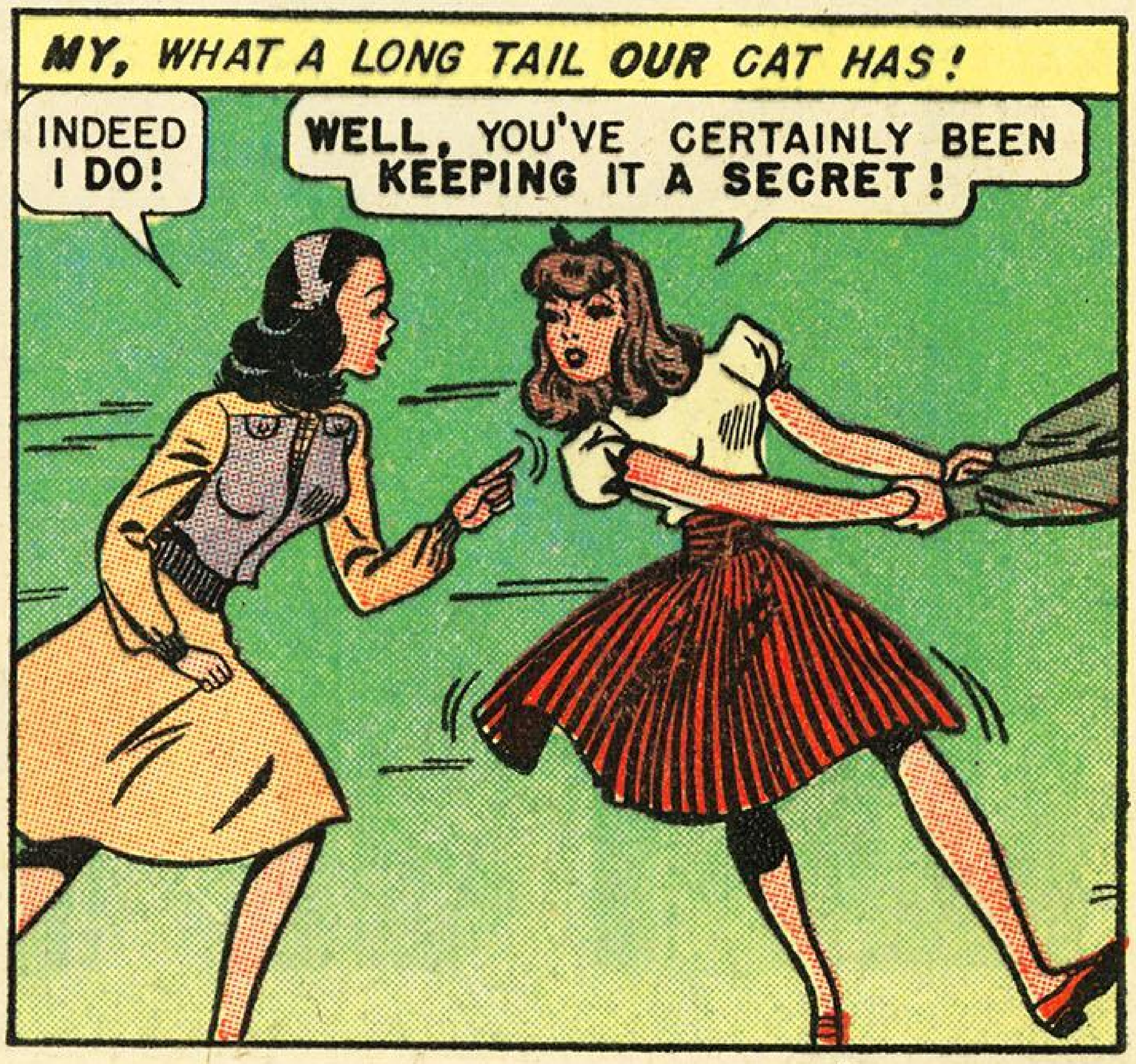
(Continued on page 48)

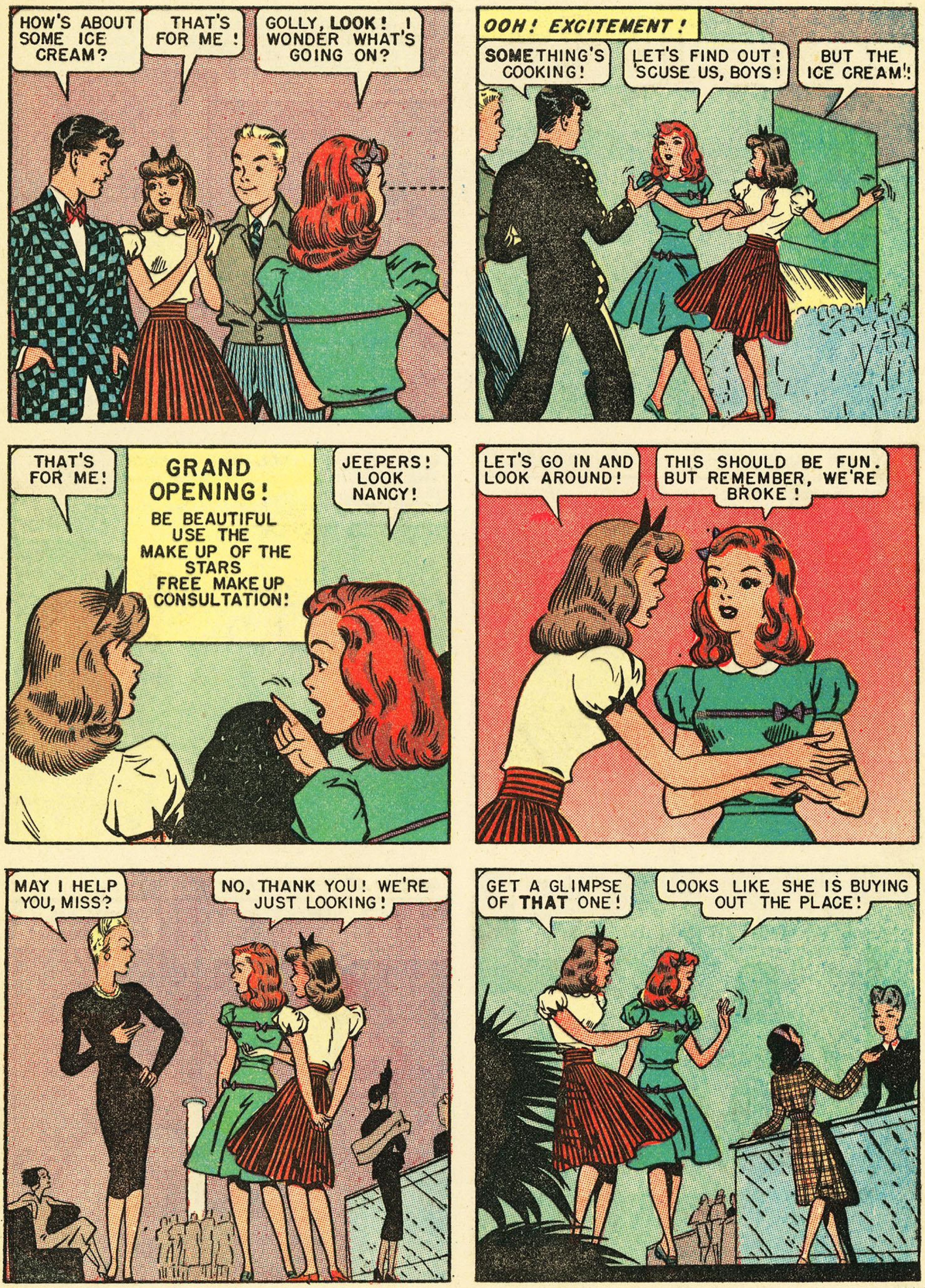

A PRETTY GIRL IS JUST LIKE A MELODY
PATSY WALKER
"BEAUTY IS SKIN DEEP," AS PATSY AND NANCY DISCOVER---BUT WHAT A RUDE SHOCK FOR HEDY!

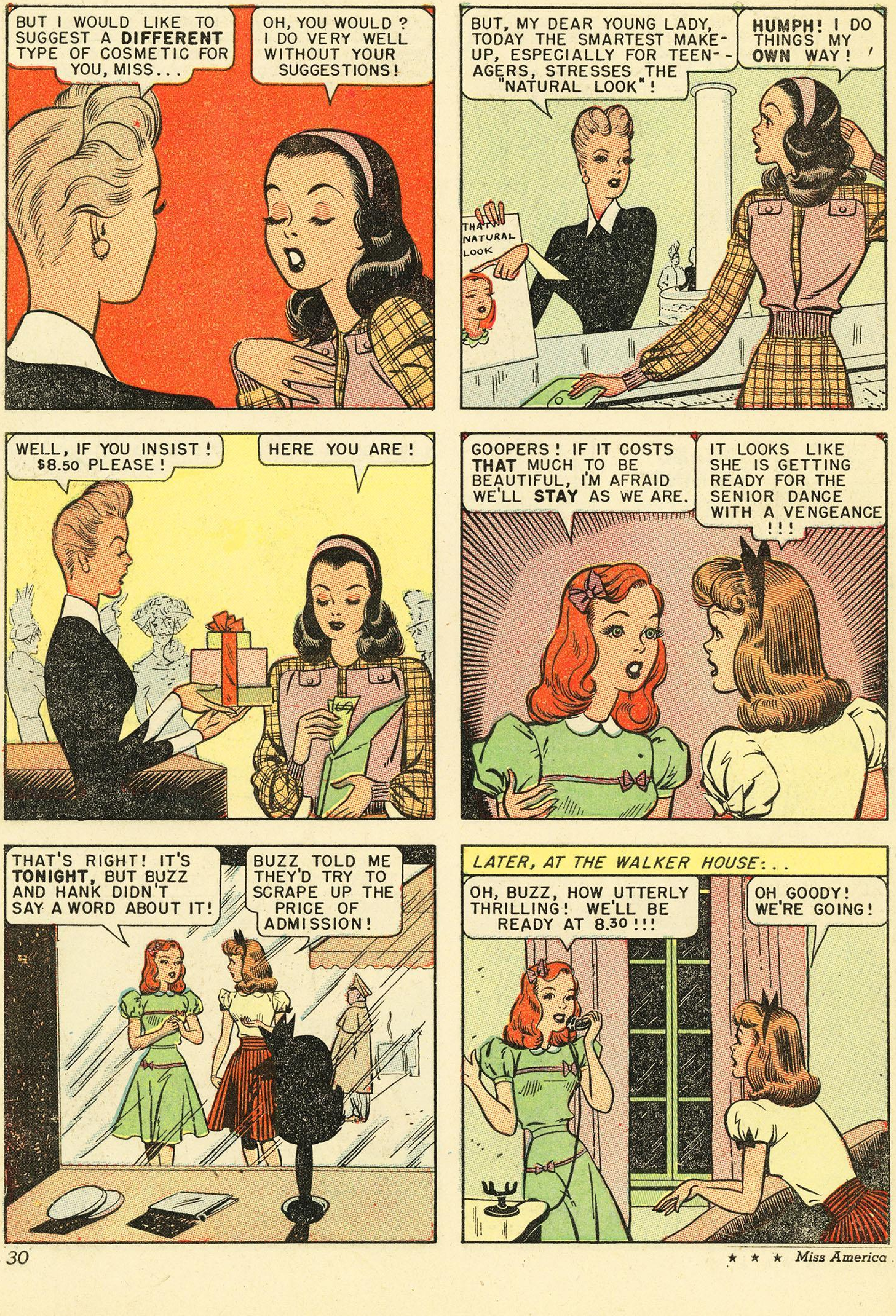

ONE SATURDAY AFTERNOON...
WHAT A KEEN PICTURE!
JEEPS! WHAT MAKES MOVIE STARS LOOK SOO DEEVINELY DEVASTATING!
GOSH! I WISH I KNEW!

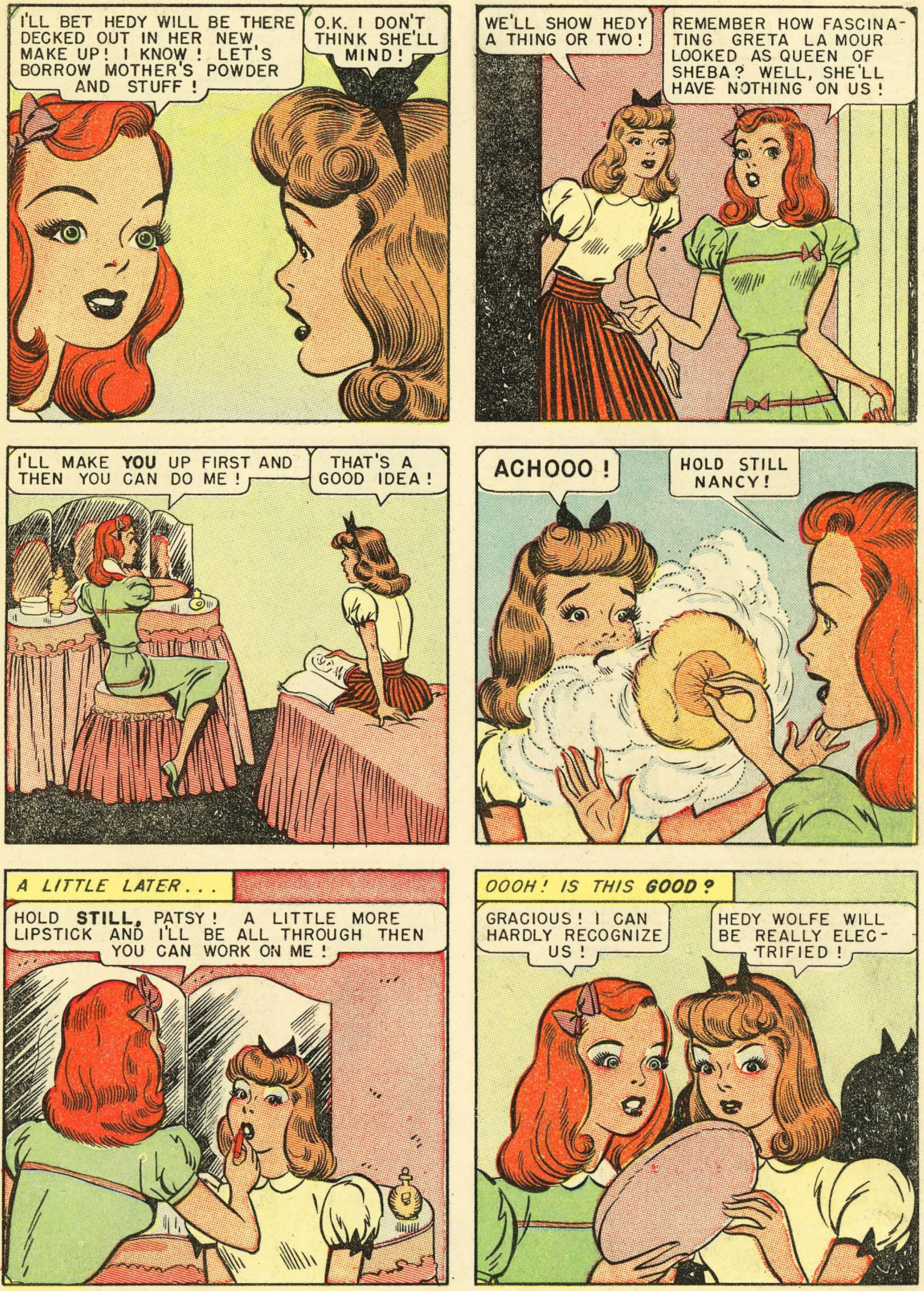

IT WOULDN'T DO YOU DROOPS MUCH GOOD IF YOU FOUND OUT!
HUH?

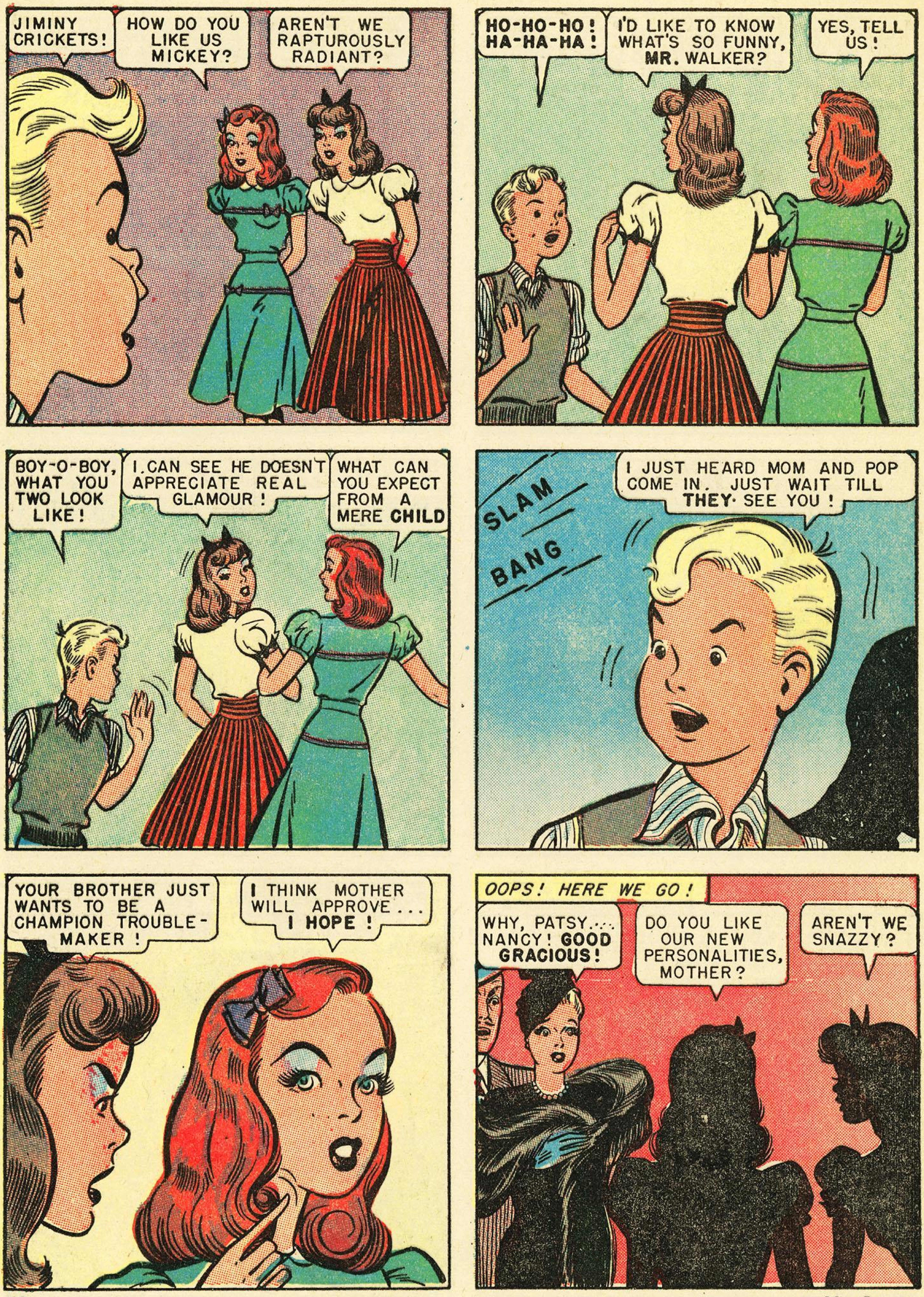

I SUPPOSE YOU KNOW THE SECRET?
CUT IT, NANCY!
HANK'S RIGHT! LET'S NOT START ANYTHING!

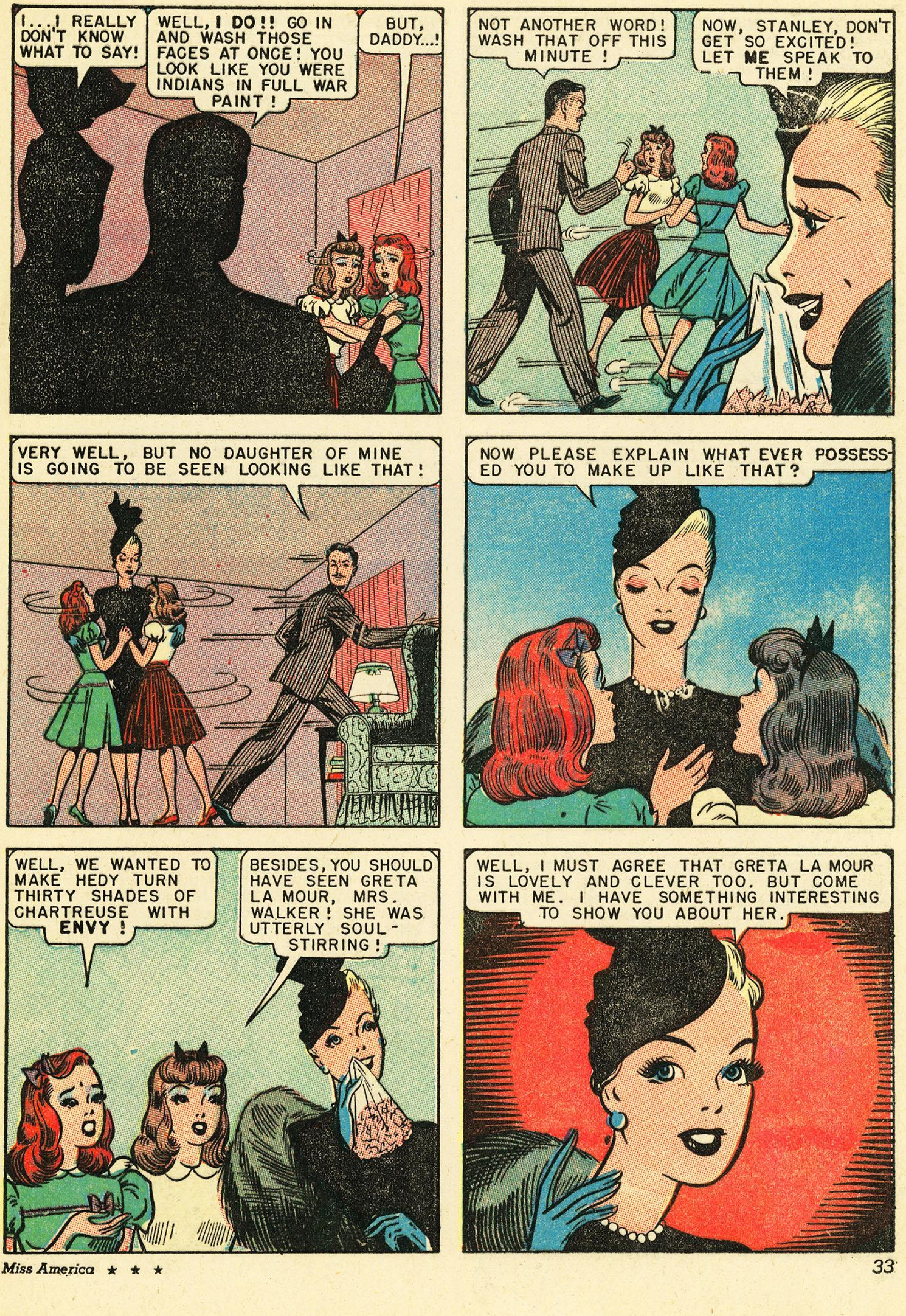

MY, WHAT A LONG TAIL OUR CAT HAS!
INDEED I DO!
WELL, YOU'VE CERTAINLY BEEN KEEPING IT A SECRET!

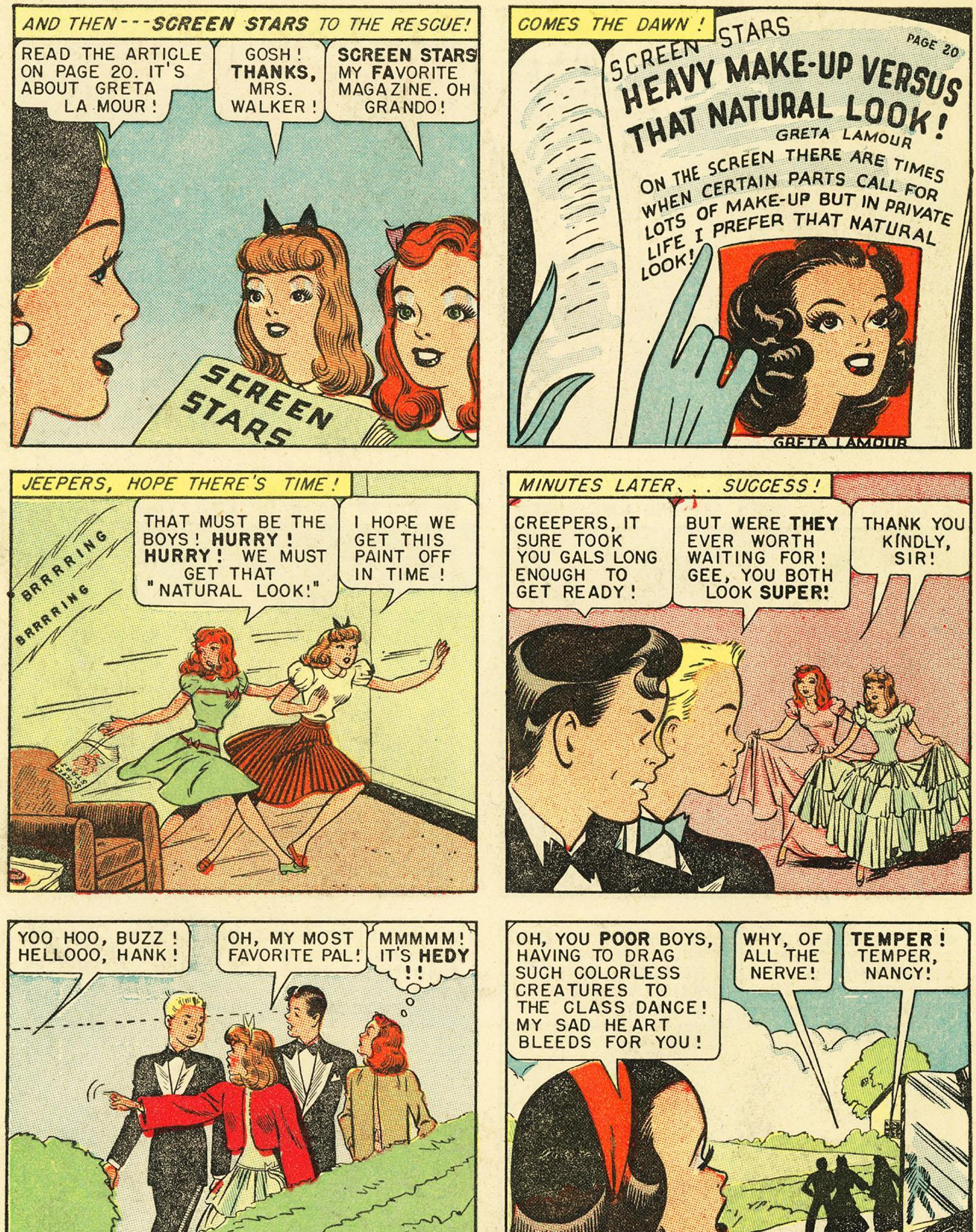

HOW'S ABOUT SOME ICE CREAM?
THAT'S FOR ME !
GOLLY, **LOOK** ! I WONDER WHAT'S GOING ON?
OOH! EXCITEMENT!
SOMETHING'S COOKING!
LET'S FIND OUT! 'SCUSE US, BOYS!
BUT THE ICE CREAM!!
THAT'S FOR ME!
GRAND OPENING! BE BEAUTIFUL USE THE MAKE UP OF THE STARS FREE MAKE UP CONSULTATION!
JEEPERS! LOOK NANCY!
LET'S GO IN AND LOOK AROUND!
THIS SHOULD BE FUN. BUT REMEMBER, WE'RE BROKE!
MAY I HELP YOU, MISS?
NO, THANK YOU! WE'RE JUST LOOKING!
GET A GLIMPSE OF **THAT** ONE!
LOOKS LIKE SHE IS BUYING OUT THE PLACE!

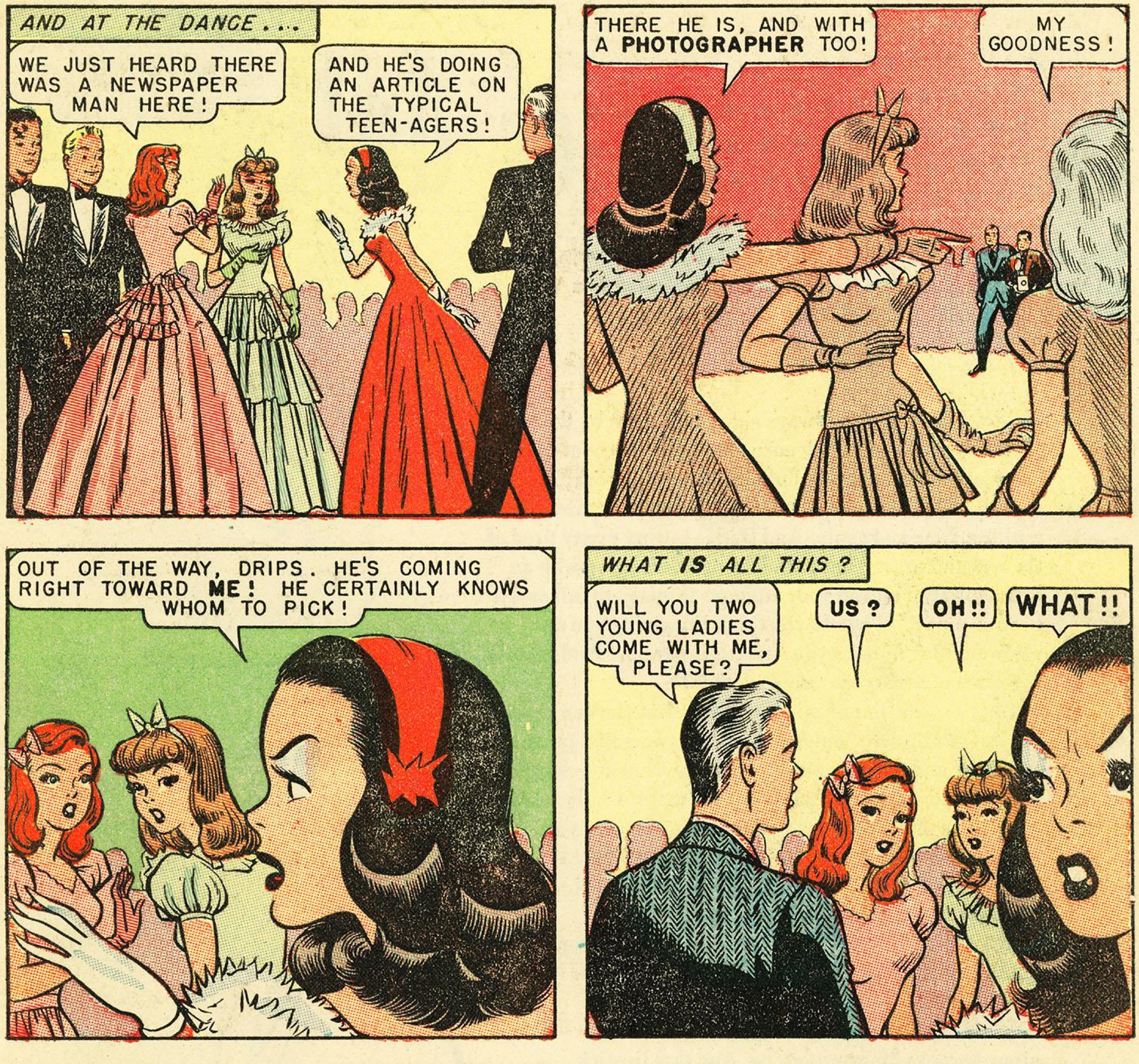

BUT I WOULD LIKE TO SUGGEST A **DIFFERENT** TYPE OF COSMETIC FOR YOU, MISS...
OH, YOU WOULD? I DO VERY WELL WITHOUT YOUR SUGGESTIONS!
BUT, MY DEAR YOUNG LADY, TODAY THE SMARTEST MAKE-UP, ESPECIALLY FOR TEEN-AGERS, STRESSES THE "NATURAL LOOK"!
HUMPH! I DO THINGS MY **OWN** WAY!
THAT NATURAL LOOK
WELL, IF YOU INSIST! $8.50 PLEASE!
HERE YOU ARE!
GOOPERS! IF IT COSTS **THAT** MUCH TO BE BEAUTIFUL, I'M AFRAID WE'LL **STAY** AS WE ARE.
IT LOOKS LIKE SHE IS GETTING READY FOR THE SENIOR DANCE WITH A VENGEANCE!!!
THAT'S RIGHT! IT'S **TONIGHT**, BUT BUZZ AND HANK DIDN'T SAY A WORD ABOUT IT!
BUZZ TOLD ME THEY'D TRY TO SCRAPE UP THE PRICE OF ADMISSION!
LATER, AT THE WALKER HOUSE:..
OH, BUZZ, HOW UTTERLY THRILLING! WE'LL BE READY AT 8.30!!!
OH GOODY! WE'RE GOING!

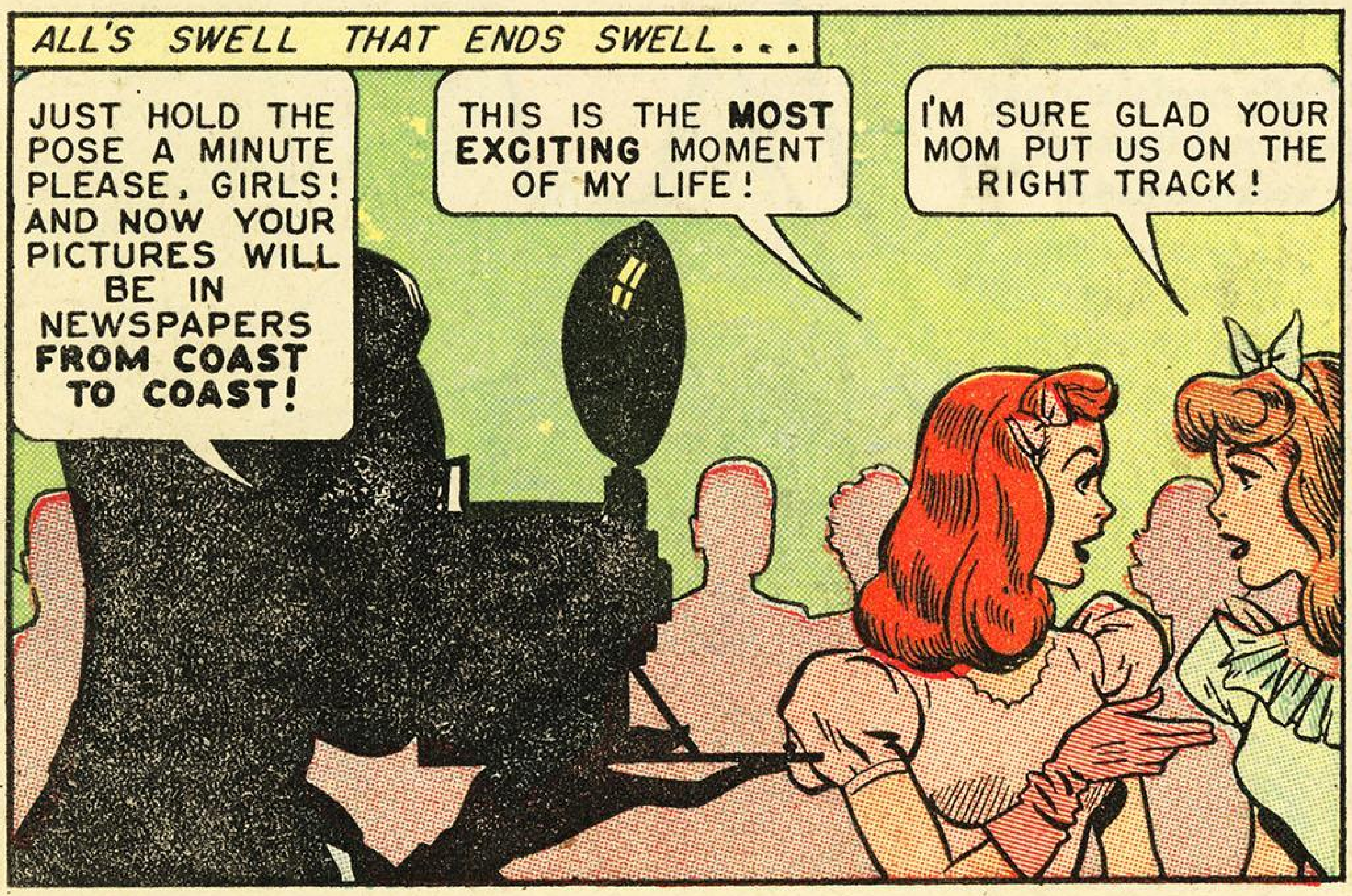

I'LL BET HEDY WILL BE THERE DECKED OUT IN HER NEW MAKE UP! I KNOW! LET'S BORROW MOTHER'S POWDER AND STUFF!
O.K. I DON'T THINK SHE'LL MIND!
WE'LL SHOW HEDY A THING OR TWO!
REMEMBER HOW FASCINATING GRETA LA MOUR LOOKED AS QUEEN OF SHEBA? WELL, SHE'LL HAVE NOTHING ON US!
I'LL MAKE **YOU** UP FIRST AND THEN YOU CAN DO ME!
THAT'S A GOOD IDEA!
ACHOOO!
HOLD STILL NANCY!
A LITTLE LATER...
HOLD **STILL,** PATSY! A LITTLE MORE LIPSTICK AND I'LL BE ALL THROUGH THEN YOU CAN WORK ON ME!
OOOH! IS THIS **GOOD?**
GRACIOUS! I CAN HARDLY RECOGNIZE US!
HEDY WOLFE WILL BE REALLY ELECTRIFIED!


JIMINY CRICKETS!
HOW DO YOU LIKE US MICKEY?
AREN'T WE RAPTUROUSLY RADIANT?
HO-HO-HO! HA-HA-HA!
I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHAT'S SO FUNNY, MR. WALKER?
YES, TELL US!
BOY-O-BOY, WHAT YOU TWO LOOK LIKE!
I CAN SEE HE DOESN'T APPRECIATE REAL GLAMOUR!
WHAT CAN YOU EXPECT FROM A MERE CHILD
SLAM
BANG
I JUST HEARD MOM AND POP COME IN. JUST WAIT TILL THEY SEE YOU!
YOUR BROTHER JUST WANTS TO BE A CHAMPION TROUBLE-MAKER!
I THINK MOTHER WILL APPROVE... I HOPE!
OOPS! HERE WE GO!
WHY, PATSY... NANCY! GOOD GRACIOUS!
DO YOU LIKE OUR NEW PERSONALITIES, MOTHER?
AREN'T WE SNAZZY?


I...I REALLY DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY!
WELL, I DO!! GO IN AND WASH THOSE FACES AT ONCE! YOU LOOK LIKE YOU WERE INDIANS IN FULL WAR PAINT!
BUT, DADDY...!
NOT ANOTHER WORD! WASH THAT OFF THIS MINUTE!
NOW, STANLEY, DON'T GET SO EXCITED! LET ME SPEAK TO THEM!
VERY WELL, BUT NO DAUGHTER OF MINE IS GOING TO BE SEEN LOOKING LIKE THAT!
NOW PLEASE EXPLAIN WHAT EVER POSSESSED YOU TO MAKE UP LIKE THAT?
WELL, WE WANTED TO MAKE HEDY TURN THIRTY SHADES OF CHARTREUSE WITH ENVY!
BESIDES, YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN GRETA LA MOUR, MRS. WALKER! SHE WAS UTTERLY SOUL-STIRRING!
WELL, I MUST AGREE THAT GRETA LA MOUR IS LOVELY AND CLEVER TOO. BUT COME WITH ME. I HAVE SOMETHING INTERESTING TO SHOW YOU ABOUT HER.


AND THEN---SCREEN STARS TO THE RESCUE!
READ THE ARTICLE ON PAGE 20. IT'S ABOUT GRETA LA MOUR!
GOSH! THANKS, MRS. WALKER!
SCREEN STARS MY FAVORITE MAGAZINE. OH GRANDO!
SCREEN STARS
COMES THE DAWN!
SCREEN STARS
PAGE 20
HEAVY MAKE-UP VERSUS THAT NATURAL LOOK!
GRETA LAMOUR
ON THE SCREEN THERE ARE TIMES WHEN CERTAIN PARTS CALL FOR LOTS OF MAKE-UP BUT IN PRIVATE LIFE I PREFER THAT NATURAL LOOK!
GRETA LAMOUR
JEEPERS, HOPE THERE'S TIME!
BRRRRING
BRRRRING
THAT MUST BE THE BOYS! HURRY! HURRY! WE MUST GET THAT "NATURAL LOOK!"
I HOPE WE GET THIS PAINT OFF IN TIME!
MINUTES LATER... SUCCESS!
CREEPERS, IT SURE TOOK YOU GALS LONG ENOUGH TO GET READY!
BUT WERE THEY EVER WORTH WAITING FOR! GEE, YOU BOTH LOOK SUPER!
THANK YOU KINDLY, SIR!
YOO HOO, BUZZ! HELLOOO, HANK!
OH, MY MOST FAVORITE PAL!
MMMMM! IT'S HEDY!!
OH, YOU POOR BOYS, HAVING TO DRAG SUCH COLORLESS CREATURES TO THE CLASS DANCE! MY SAD HEART BLEEDS FOR YOU!
WHY, OF ALL THE NERVE!
TEMPER! TEMPER, NANCY!


AND AT THE DANCE . . .
WE JUST HEARD THERE WAS A NEWSPAPER MAN HERE!
AND HE'S DOING AN ARTICLE ON THE TYPICAL TEEN-AGERS!
THERE HE IS, AND WITH A **PHOTOGRAPHER** TOO!
MY GOODNESS!
OUT OF THE WAY, DRIPS. HE'S COMING RIGHT TOWARD **ME!** HE CERTAINLY KNOWS WHOM TO PICK!
WHAT *IS* ALL THIS?
WILL YOU TWO YOUNG LADIES COME WITH ME, PLEASE?
US?
OH!!
WHAT!!


ALL'S SWELL THAT ENDS SWELL . . .
JUST HOLD THE POSE A MINUTE PLEASE, GIRLS! AND NOW YOUR PICTURES WILL BE IN NEWSPAPERS **FROM COAST TO COAST!**
THIS IS THE **MOST EXCITING** MOMENT OF MY LIFE!
I'M SURE GLAD YOUR MOM PUT US ON THE RIGHT TRACK!

GOOD NEWS!

PATSY WALKER NOW APPEARS IN HER VERY OWN MAGAZINE! STORY AFTER STORY, PAGE AFTER PAGE, OF THE DOINGS, DATINGS, DAILY ACTIVITIES OF PATSY, BUZZ, MICKEY-- AND, OF COURSE, HEDY WOLFE! THE TYPICAL AMERICAN TEEN GROUP YOU'VE COME TO KNOW AND LOVE IN THESE PAGES! ASK FOR THE **PATSY WALKER MAGAZINE** AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND!

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Sense makes dollars...

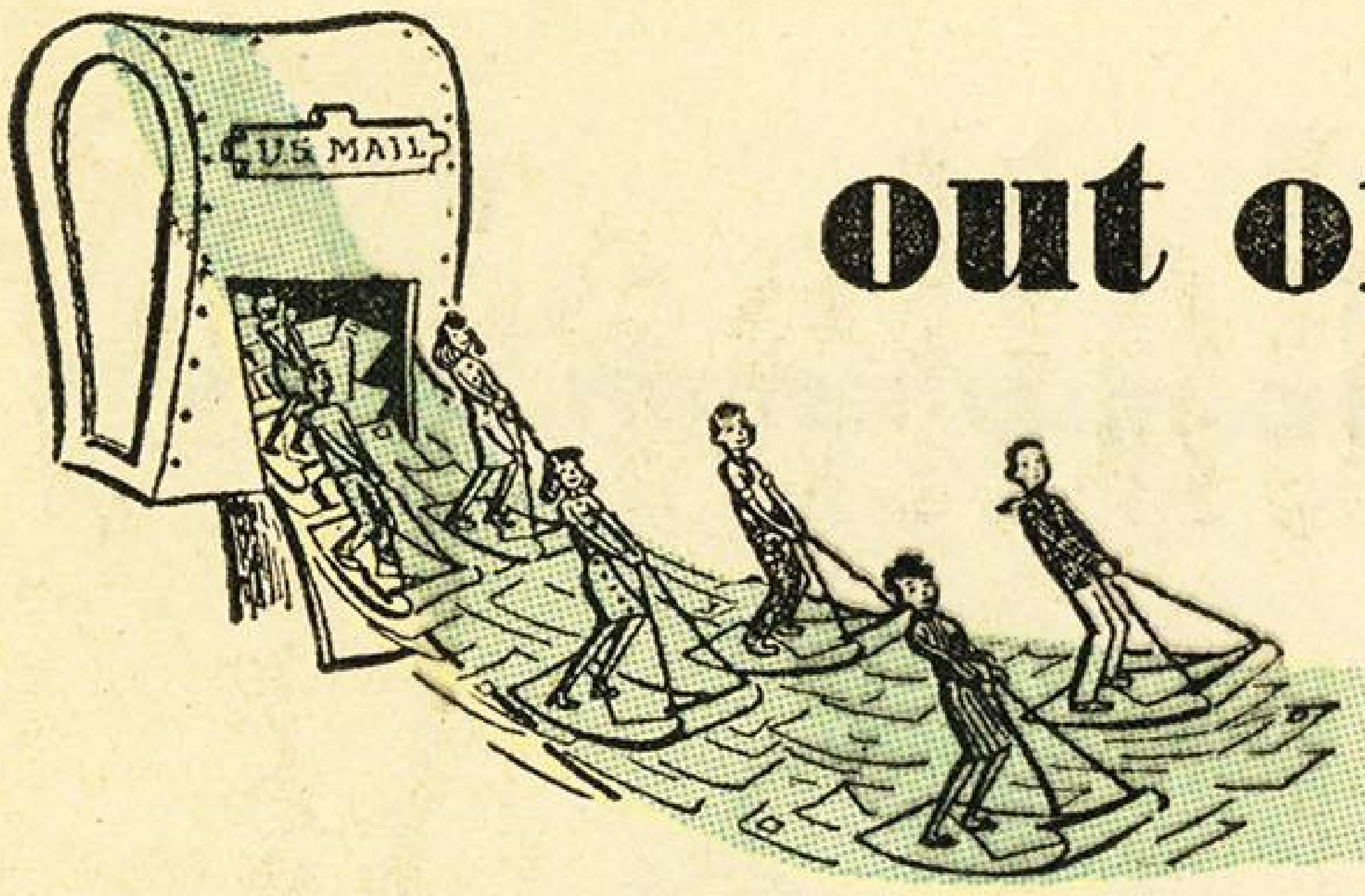
With the aid of Shakespeare's "Neither a borrower, nor lender be", we give you — by popular request — a painless way of banishing those budget blues . . .

by joan list

SEEMS as if you're always short of money by the end of the week, That allowance, intended to cover club dues, cokes, movie admissions, hobbies, stamps, records, cosmetics, church collection, gadgets and gifts—just melts away into nothing, time and again. And Dad is getting pretty tired of the airs and graces you parade to make him give with an extra dollar or so and your attempts threaten to fall as flat as your purse. "What do you think I'm giving you an allowance for?" cries your heartless parent, "And what in the name of heaven do you *do* with it?"

Oh, horrible, humiliating moment! But you can make it the last of all such moments if you get yourself a purse size notebook and do some research on just what does happen to that spending money. Start out fresh with a whole week's untouched allowance and write down every cent you spend—and what you spend it for. Allot one page to each day and keep that record for the entire week.

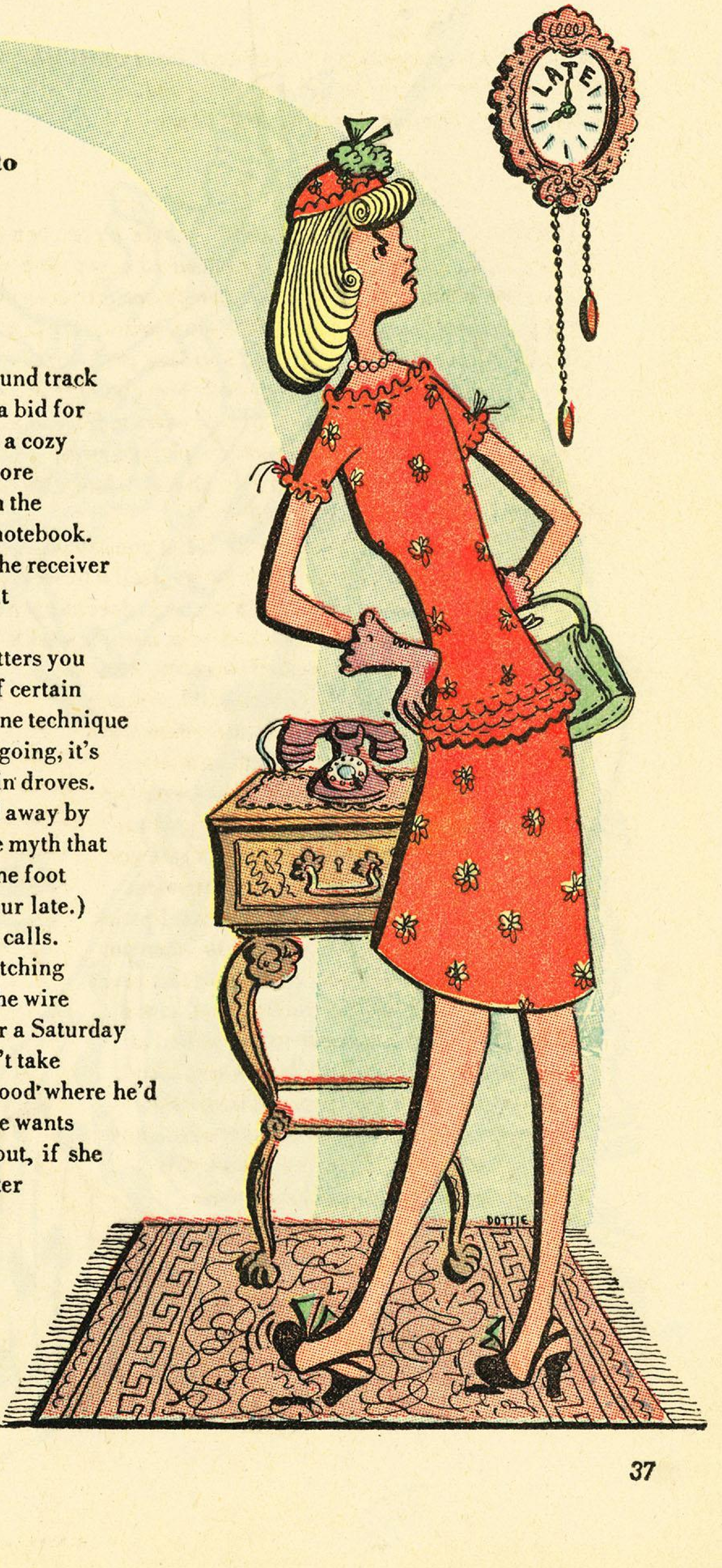
At the end of the week, study your notebook with a calm and critical eye and a red pencil in your hand. Underscore every *unnecessary* purchase or expenditure. Un-hmmm, there's that movie you didn't much care about seeing—you just went along because Mary was going. And that lipstick that turned out to be a disappointment when you saw it by daylight. Did you really need that many soft drinks? And why did you buy that record album for yourself the same week you had to buy Kate a really nice birthday present? And, didn't you forget about dramatic club dues coming up, so it was no wonder you were stony broke by Thursday. Those red entries will really give you quite a picture of yourself—a gal (*Continued on page* 42)



out of the MALE BOX...

by eleanor hiteshew

It's the little niceties that add immeasurably to one's charm, whether male or female . . . Little thoughtful things that indicate good breeding, fine taste, lovely manners . . .



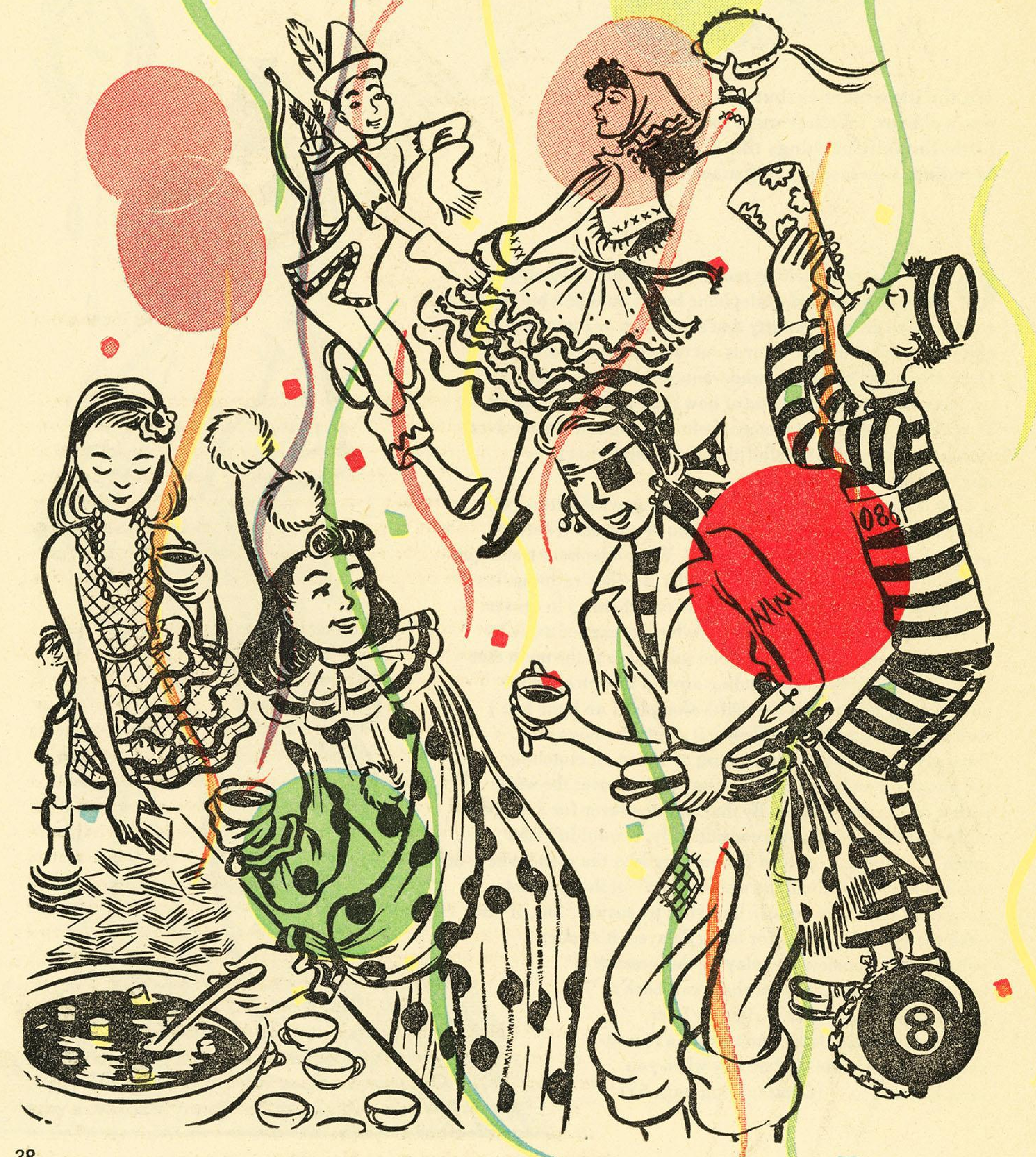
ONE of the most exciting noises on anybody's sound track is the shrill call of a telephone bell. Could be a bid for a date, or the 'info' on a party that's brewing, or just a cozy chit-chat session. Maybe it turns out to be nothing more fascinating than somebody who wants to quiz you on the geometry assignment because of how she's lost her notebook. But even so, there's that moment before you cradle the receiver to your ear, when the possibilities of who and what it *might* be are definitely terrific.

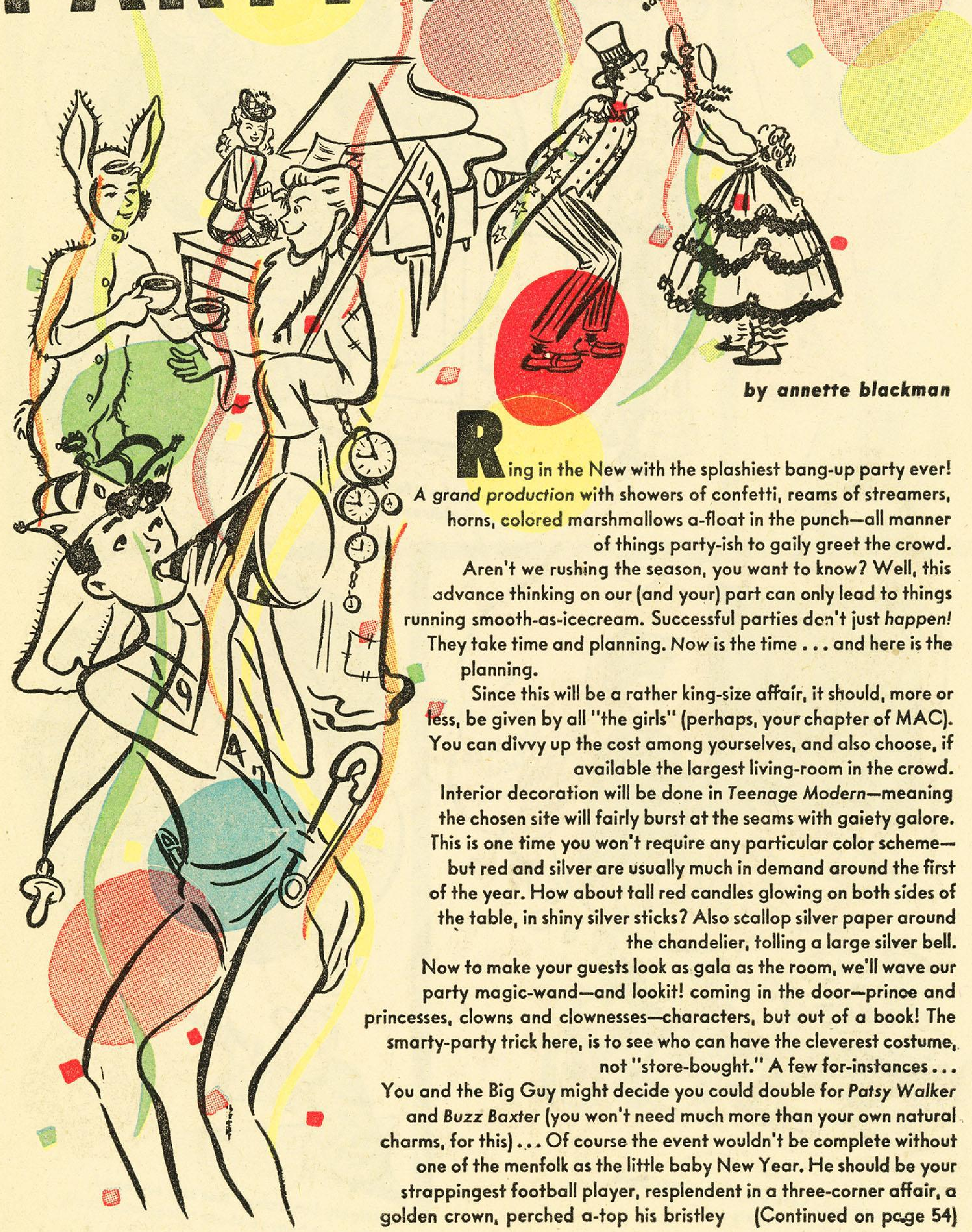
This is all very delightful, but according to the letters you shove along into our mail box, it might be smarter if certain people didn't answer the phone at all. Their telephone technique is deplorable, and if they keep on at the rate they're going, it's even money that other people will *not* call them up in droves.

The boys' initial gripe is the girl who gets carried away by the keep-him-waiting routine. (She subscribes to the myth that it's alluring to keep boys standing around first on one foot and then the other until she drifts along half an hour late.) And she pulls the same stuff when it comes to phone calls. Boys say you give this type a buzz and then sit clutching the phone for an hour before her voice filters over the wire with a disinterested hello. By that time the fever for a Saturday night date has cooled down considerably. It wouldn't take much of a nudge to push a fellow over into the mood where he'd just as soon forget about the whole thing. Not that he wants his gal to trip over herself hurrying to answer, but, if she has a really 'legit' excuse for being delayed, it's better policy to tell whomever is relaying the message to tell whomever's calling that she'll call back as pronto as she can or else to ring her later.

Then there's the daisy who talks in a reasonably distinguishable kind of way when you meet her face to (*Continued on page* 55)

IT'S *Gay*, IT'S *Gala*, IT'S A GATHERING AT ITS GLITTERING-EST . . . IT'S A FUN-FILLED FESTIVITY AND IT'S THE PARTY OF THE YEAR





by annette blackman

Ring in the New with the splashiest bang-up party ever! *A grand production* with showers of confetti, reams of streamers, horns, colored marshmallows a-float in the punch—all manner of things party-ish to gaily greet the crowd.

Aren't we rushing the season, you want to know? Well, this advance thinking on our (and your) part can only lead to things running smooth-as-icecream. Successful parties don't just *happen!* They take time and planning. *Now* is the time . . . and here is the planning.

Since this will be a rather king-size affair, it should, more or less, be given by all "the girls" (perhaps, your chapter of MAC). You can divvy up the cost among yourselves, and also choose, if available the largest living-room in the crowd.

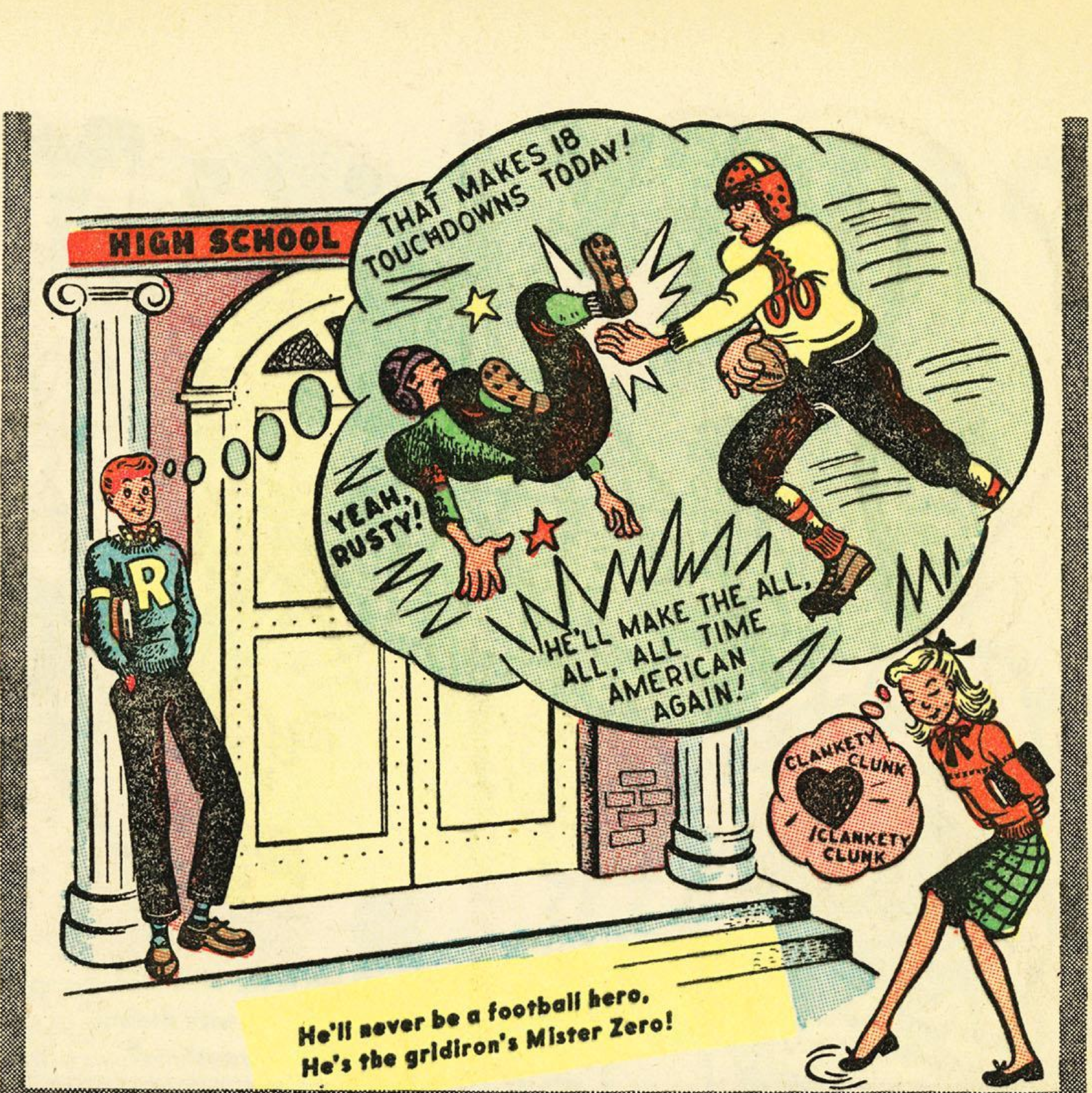
Interior decoration will be done in *Teenage Modern*—meaning the chosen site will fairly burst at the seams with gaiety galore. This is one time you won't require any particular color scheme—but red and silver are usually much in demand around the first of the year. How about tall red candles glowing on both sides of the table, in shiny silver sticks? Also scallop silver paper around the chandelier, tolling a large silver bell.

Now to make your guests look as gala as the room, we'll wave our party magic-wand—and lookit! coming in the door—prince and princesses, clowns and clownesses—characters, but out of a book! The smarty-party trick here, is to see who can have the cleverest costume, not "store-bought." A few for-instances . . .

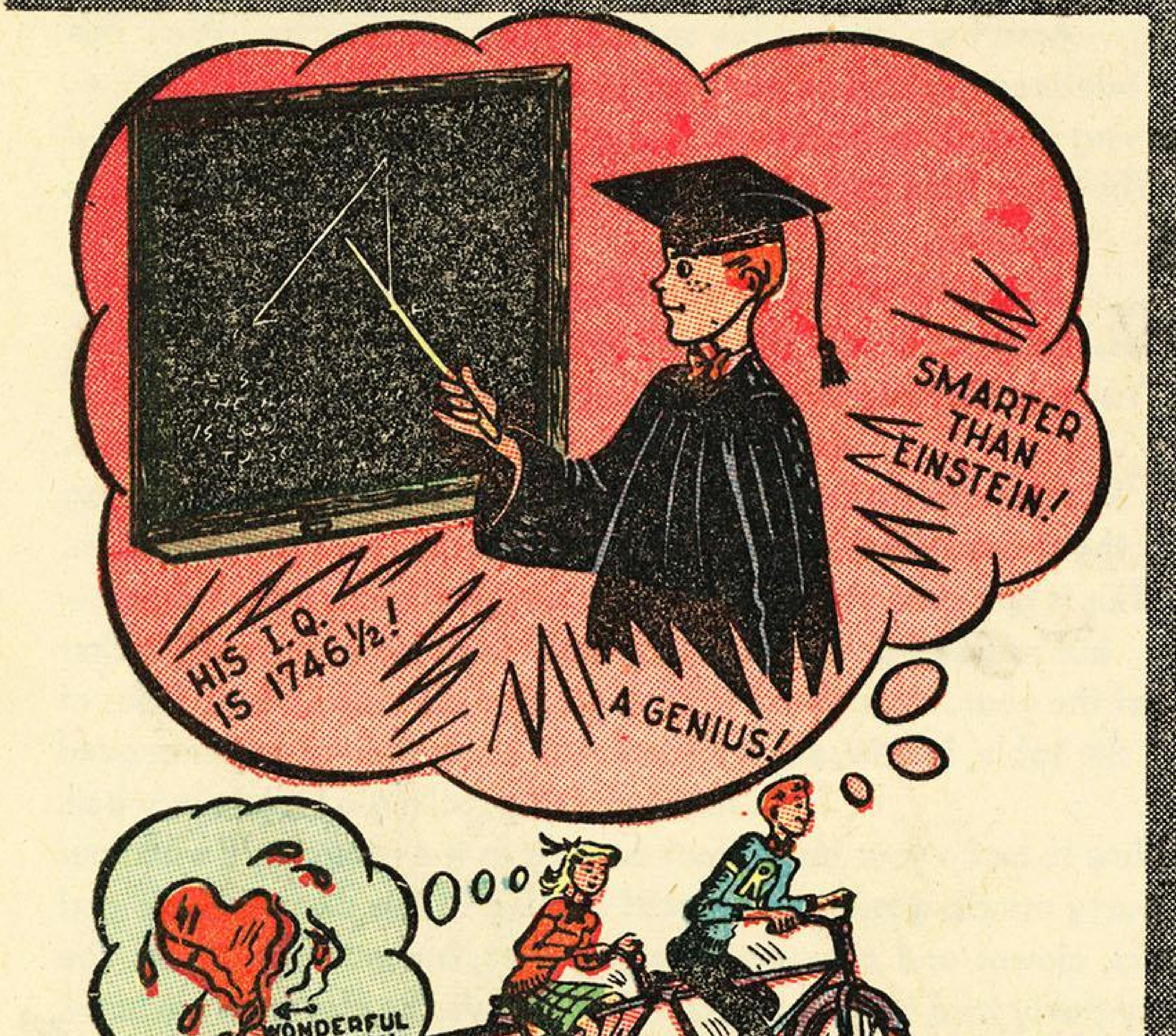
You and the Big Guy might decide you could double for *Patsy Walker* and *Buzz Baxter* (you won't need much more than your own natural charms, for this) . . . Of course the event wouldn't be complete without one of the menfolk as the little baby New Year. He should be your strappingest football player, resplendent in a three-corner affair, a golden crown, perched a-top his bristley

(Continued on page 54)

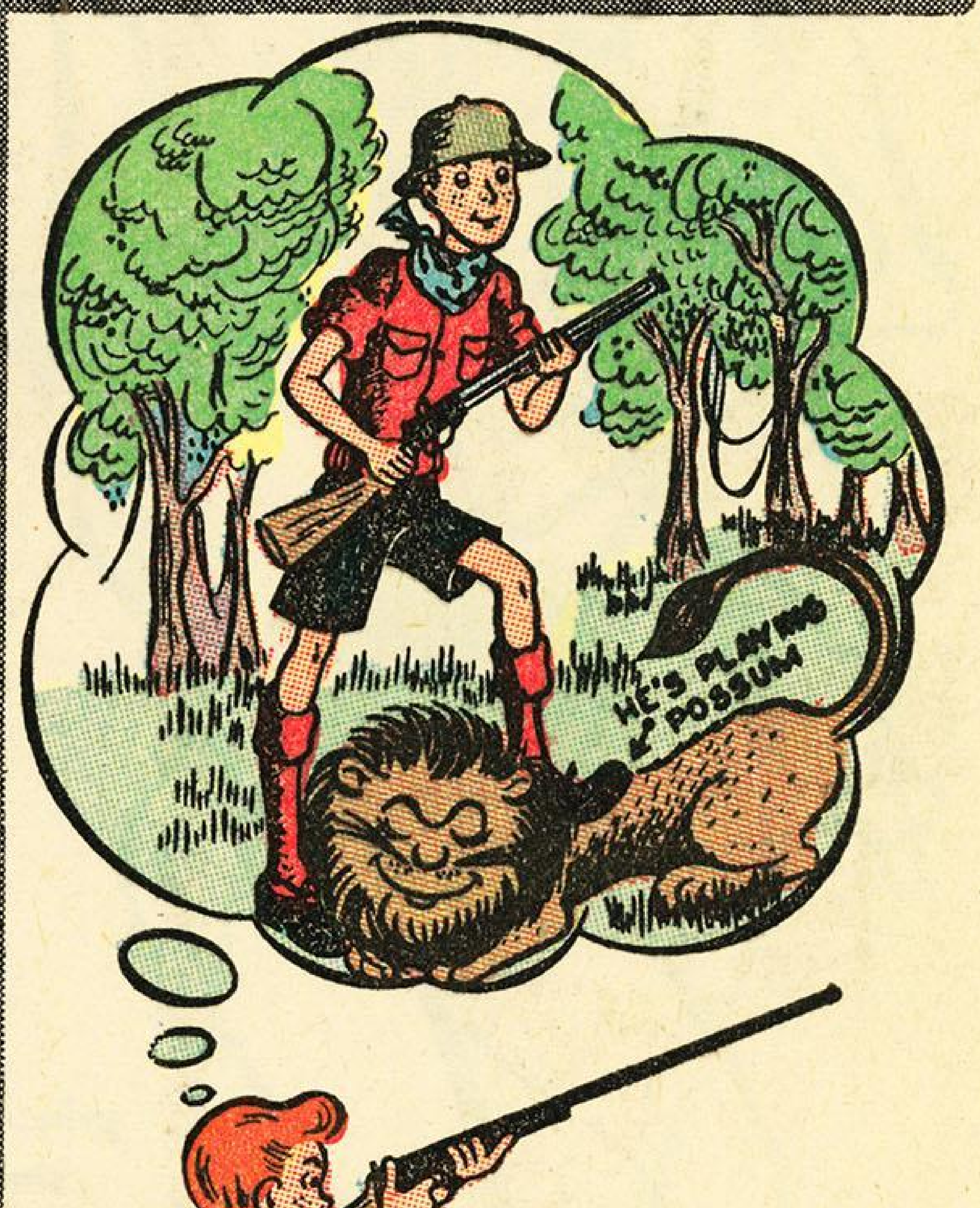
RUSTY


HIGH SCHOOL
THAT MAKES 18 TOUCHDOWNS TODAY!
YEAH, RUSTY!
HE'LL MAKE THE ALL, ALL, ALL TIME AMERICAN AGAIN!
CLANKETY CLUNK CLANKETY CLUNK

He'll never be a football hero,
He's the gridiron's Mister Zero!


SMARTER THAN EINSTEIN!
HIS I.Q. IS 1746½!
A GENIUS!
WONDERFUL INVENTION, THE MATCH

Some boys hath not, some boys hath
He's a hath not in his math


HE'S PLAYING POSSUM

Mighty huntsman? Not this red head.
He can't bear to shoot things lead-dead.

BUB-BUB-BOOOO--
RUSTY BOY!
EEEEEK!
HE DISPATCHES ME!
EEEEK!
RUSTY'S
DON'T SHOOT, RUSTY! I AIM TO GO PEACEABLE!
???
10
25
50
5 SHOTS 25¢
DOTTIE

His name is Rusty, and so's his voice,
He'll never be "The Bobbysoxer's Choice."

It isn't likely he'll be seen
Upon the motion picture screen

All these things he'll never be
But he's all of them to she;
Eyes of love will always see,
Loved ones better than they be.

SENSE MAKES DOLLARS

From page 36

who spends money just as long as she hears any clinking in her pocket.

Don't fool yourself into thinking that that picture has a certain scatterbrained charm. It hasn't—not for Dad who has come to associate your smiles with your trys for a touch; and certainly not for the long-suffering friends you beg to loan you dimes and quarters to "tide me over." No, they'll all like you better if you're a girl who can put money in its place and keep it there. And you'll like yourself better too. So why not try being bright about budgets?

Budgets? Yes, ma'am. There's no excuse for not building one now that you have that week's record of where your money goes. First, list your *must* expenses for each month on envelopes, a different envelope for each type of expense. Each week, right after you receive your allowance, pop that *must* money right into its proper envelopes. And be sure that one "must" is labeled SAVINGS and be equally sure that you never neglect it. It's never smart to live up to every cent of your income, no matter what its size. When the "must" envelopes have been attended to, put your remaining money in another envelope, maybe a pink one, labelled FUN FUND. *That* money is just what the envelope says, fun money, yours to hoard or squander, to give away, salt away, even throw away!

Surveys report that the average American teenage girl receives an allowance of approximately $2.50 a week. So here's that allowance, budgeted the envelope way.

SAVINGS	.25
CHURCH	.25
CLUB DUES	.25
STAMPS	.15
FUN FUND	1.60
TOTAL	$2.50

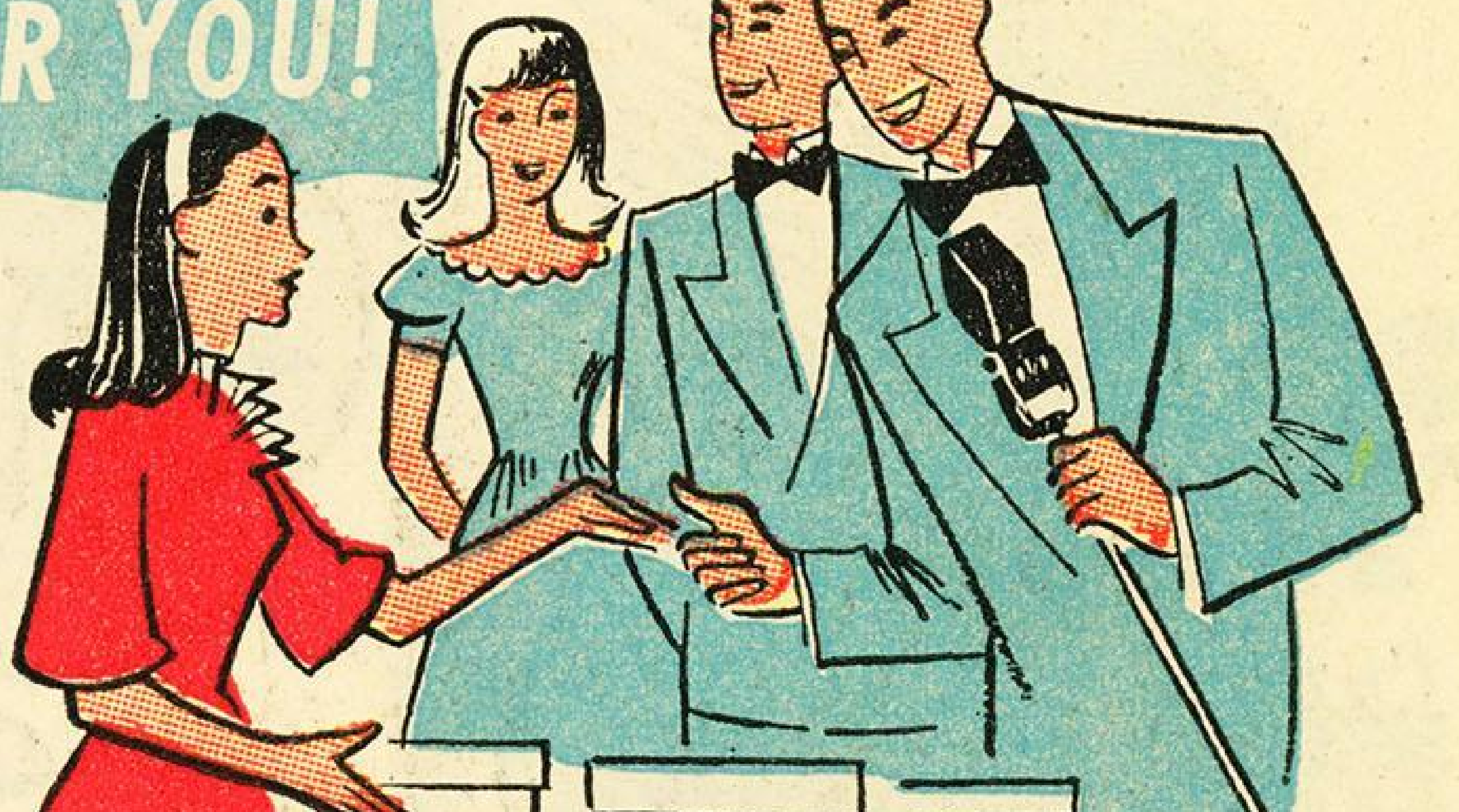
You can adapt this budget plan to suit your own allowance and circumstances. You might want a subdivision of FUN FUND in a special envelope marked EMERGENCY for gifts, special contributions, or some extra treat for yourself like a concert or perhaps a theater pass.

Make yourself a promise that you'll stick to your budget. If you keep your resolution, you'll learn to love it. It's a grand and glorious feeling *not* to be broke! If you work during vacations or after school, budgeting the earnings will enable you to have something to show for your efforts. And notice that you don't have to be grim about a budget—your "must" envelopes take care of the essentials and you needn't wear yourself out trying to account for every penny of the FUN FUND. Fun's fun, after all.

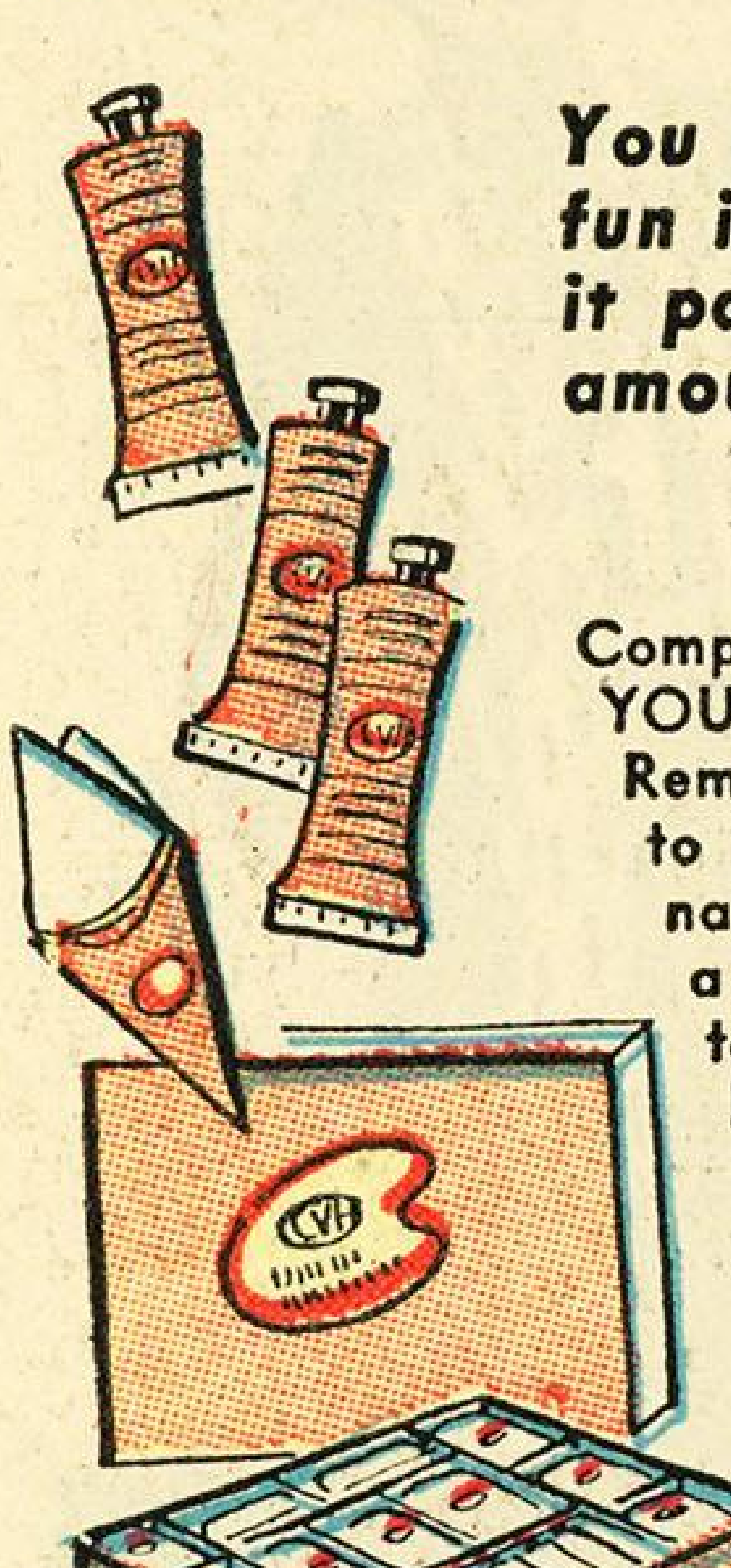
"Neither a borrower, nor a lender be" is as good advice today as it was when Shakespeare wrote it, and you can live by it if you and your gang build yourselves some really workable saving and spending plans. And, who knows? Your Dad might be so impressed he just *might* raise your allowance!

JOIN THE MARCH OF DIMES!

A KEEN, NEW CONTEST FOR YOU!



You can't afford to miss it! Have fun in your spare time, and make it pay off, besides. Cash awards amounting to a total of $500.



Competition is for hand-painted items—by YOU! Yes, you don't have to be an amateur Rembrandt, or make a technicolor production to enter. All you need is some of your own natural enthusiasm, a few slick new ideas, and a kit of the sensational new stuff teens are all talking about—a CVH Plastic Relievo Color Kit! Anyone who can follow a pencil line can paint with CVH.

Personalize your books and accessories, make lovely unique gifts, add sparkle to plain-jane dresses—no end to the fun you can have, the things you can do, the extra-spending money you can make!

For further details about the contest see the ad in the March issue of MISS AMERICA. All entries must be done with CVH. You can buy it in all better art stores, also by writing to:

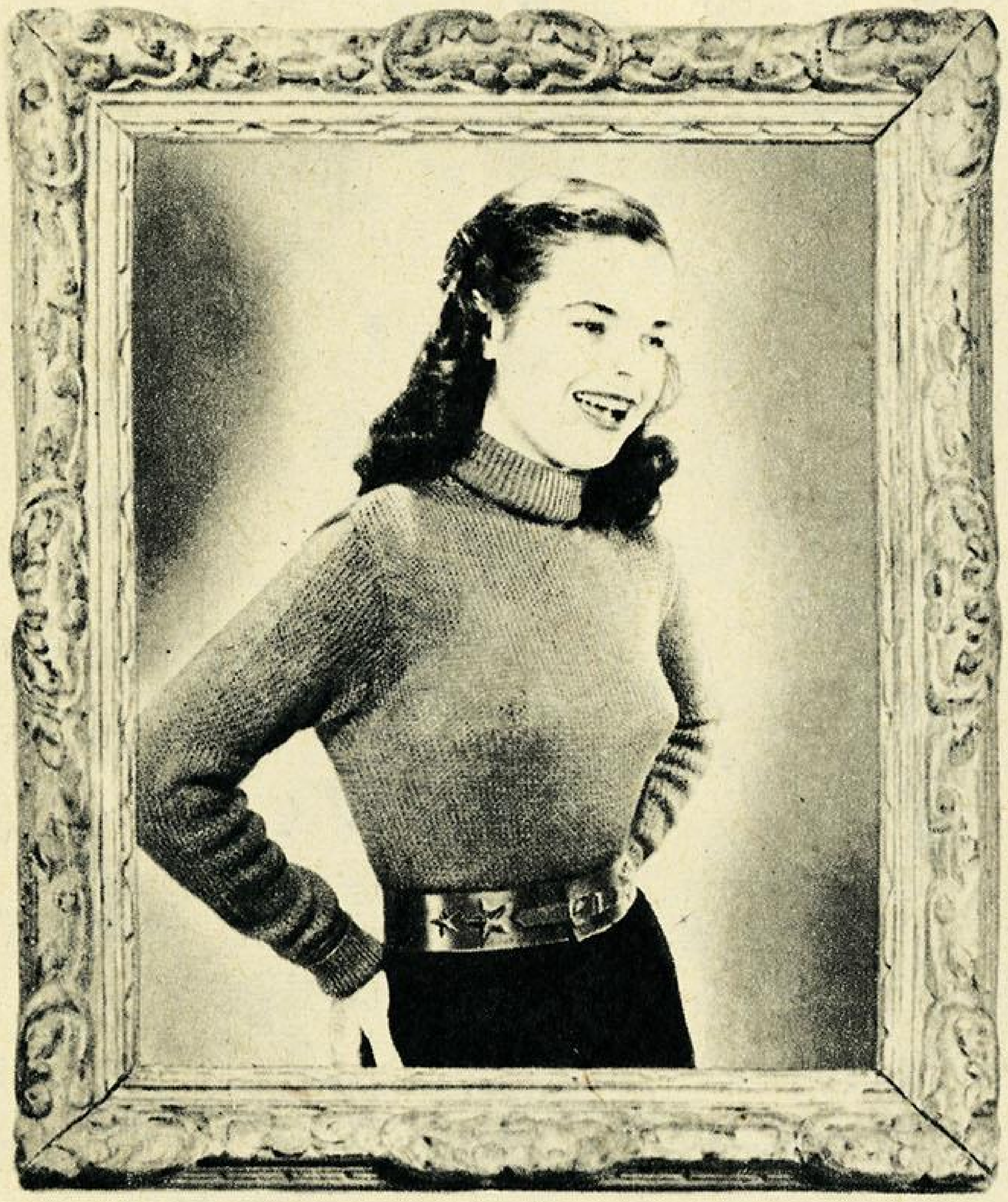
FIRST PRIZE	$100
SECOND PRIZE	$50
THIRD PRIZE	$25
TEN PRIZES	$10
FORTY-FIVE PRIZES	$5

A GRAND TOTAL OF $500 IN ALL!

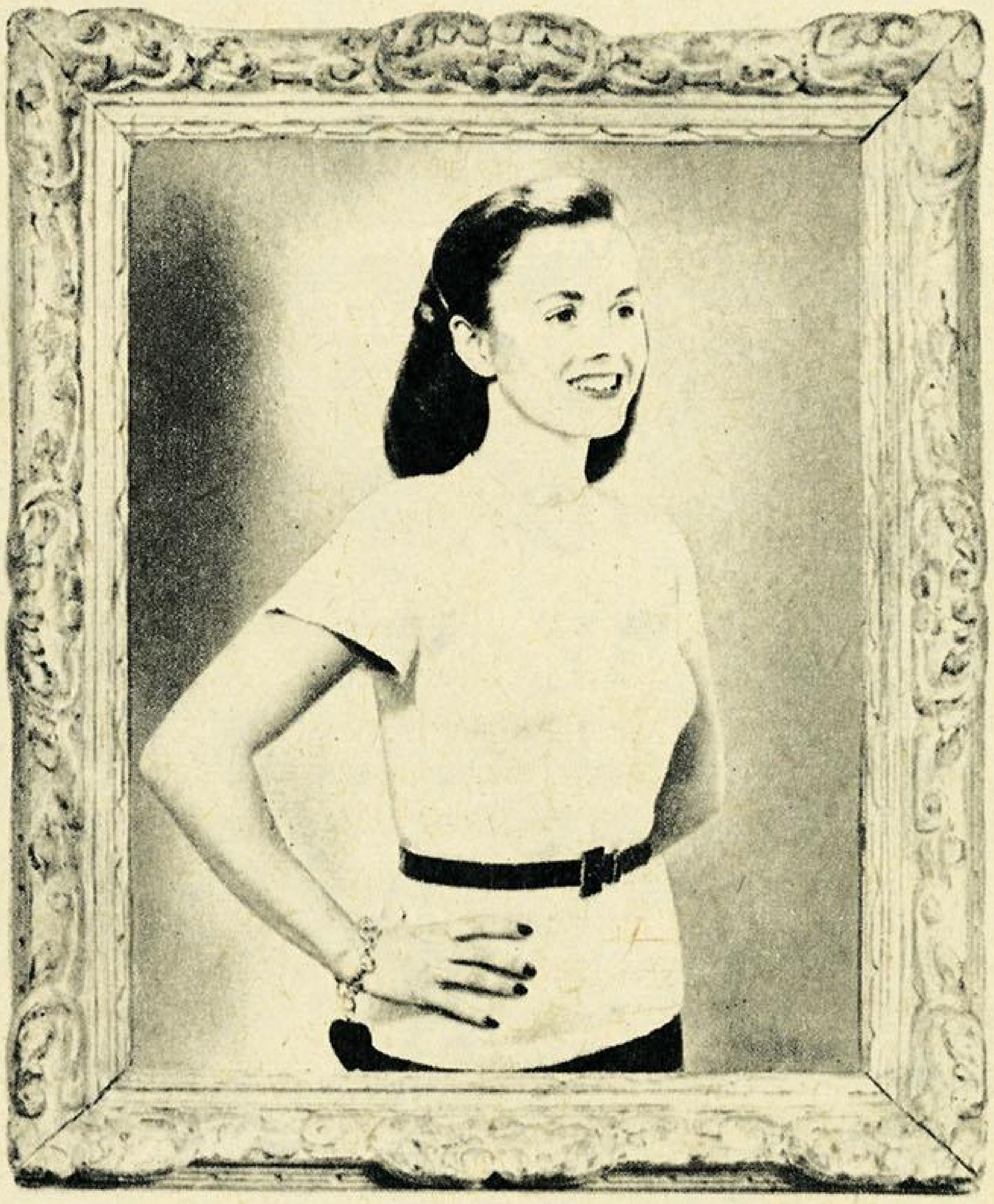
CVH Laboratories Co. • 396 Coit Street • Irvington 11, N. J.

Collector's Items...

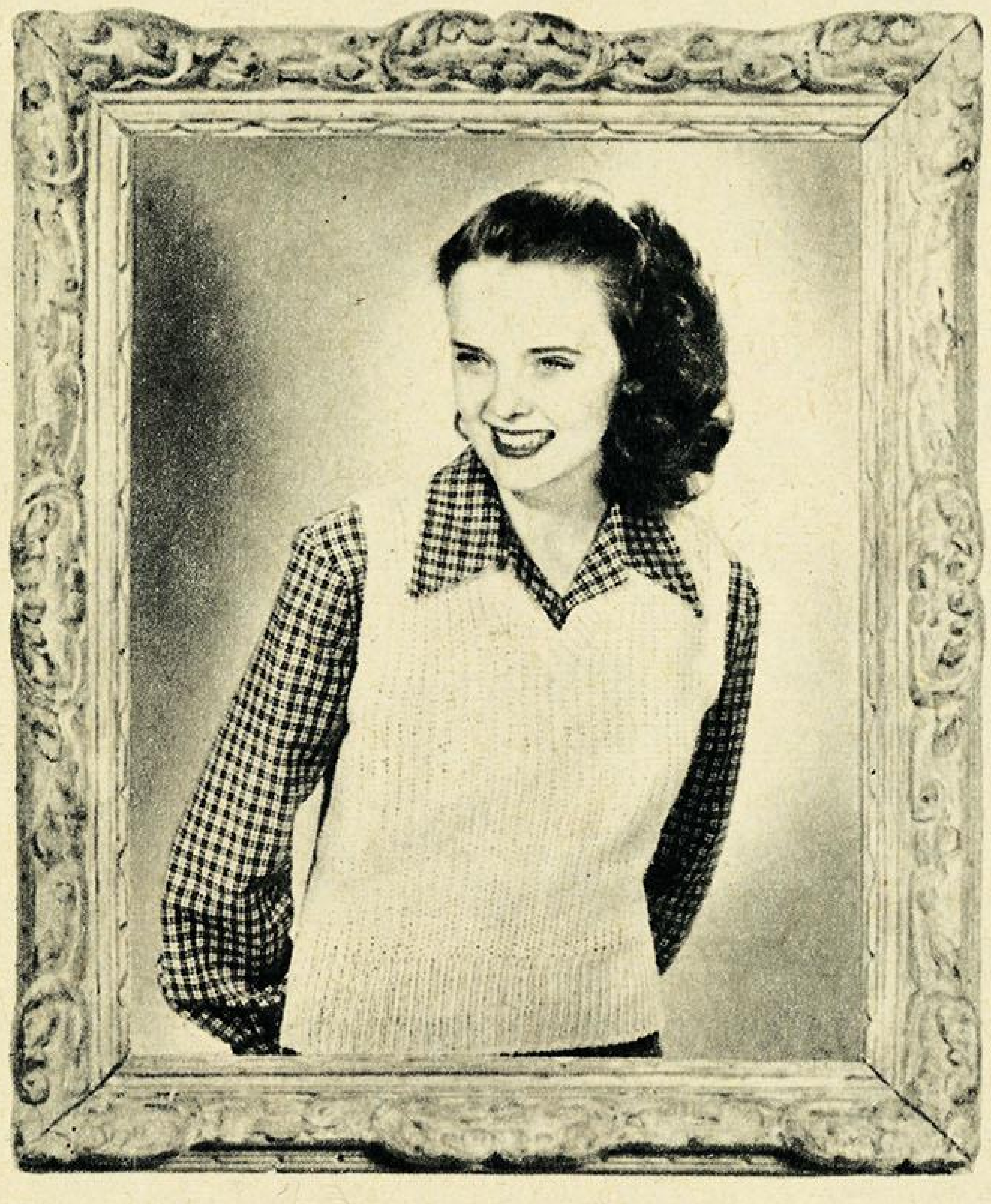
Precious as a museum piece, unique as a heirloom, prized as an antique. . . . These fine woolens from the Treasure Chest of Style . . .



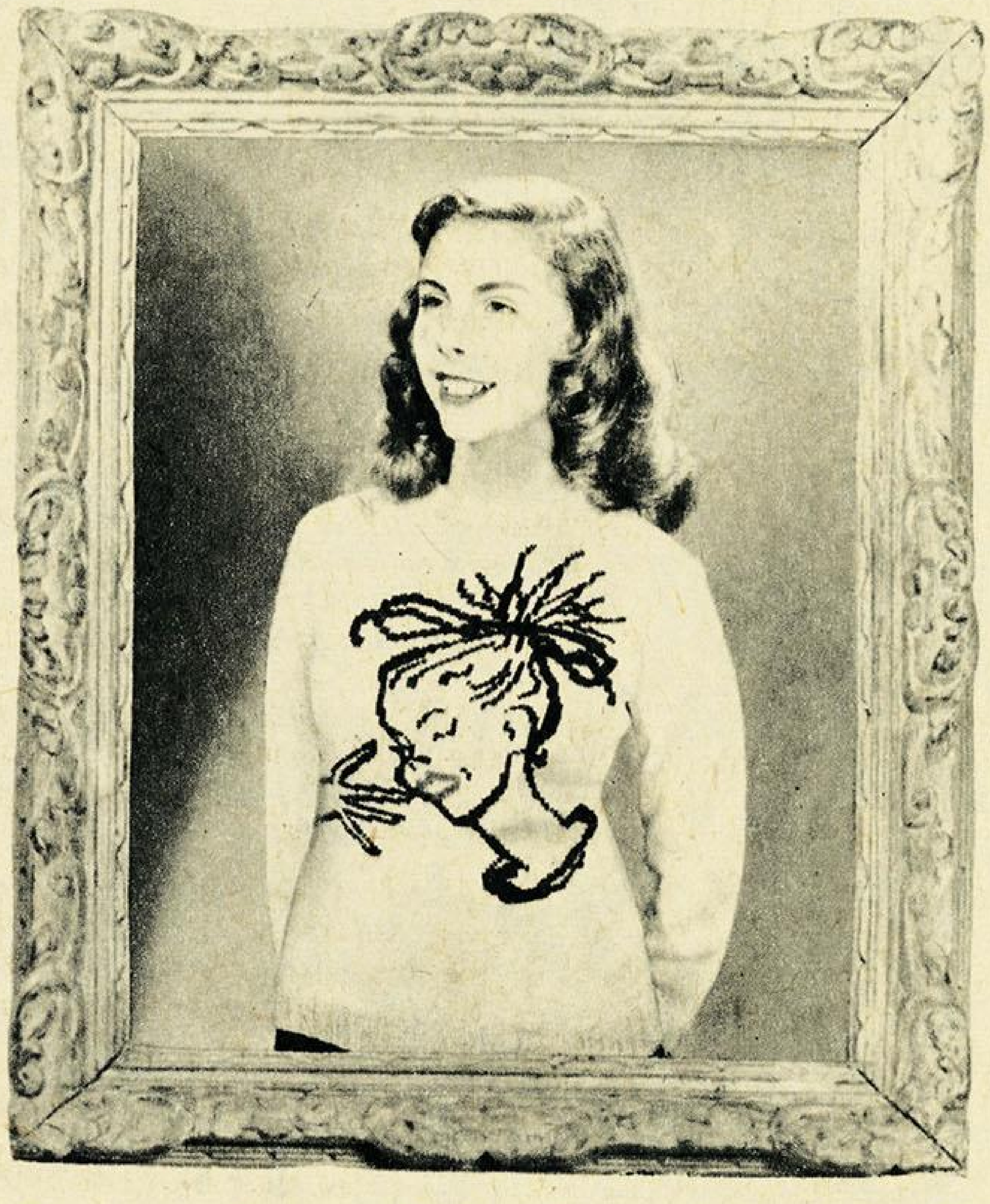
Top topper for warmth and wear. For skiing, skating, all things out-doorsey . . . in lavish assortment of colors. Lynn Mills' turtleneck is *the* sweater. About $6. Belt-Modes wide studded belt accompanies it.



Prize possession is Bonnie Lassie's cap-sleeved, long torso sweater. Narrow leather belt is for the new "wee waistline" look . . . About $5 with belt. At Constable's, N. Y.; Lansburgh, Wash., D. C.; Famous-Barr, St. Louis.



It's a smoothie—Selecteen's slip-on! Sleeveless, V-neck in shaker knit, fits snugly over wide assortment of blouses. About $4. At Martin's, Brooklyn; Harvey's, Nashville; Broadway Department Store, Los Angeles.



The cream of your collection. Jacquard model to make friends sit up and take notice. "The Face" in full colors on white wool by Rosswell. About $9. At Gimbel's, N. Y.; J. N. Adams, Buffalo; May Co., Los Angeles.

MYSTERY MONEY...

by maxine shore

For a while it looked as if the girls were out-and-out snobs the way they ostracized Kim Parker. . . . Then came that fateful, suspenseful, scary night when—

I'LL never forget that fateful Saturday. It was one of those wild March days, with galloping clouds and pale sunlight streaking through. The sort of day, when the promise of Spring pulls at you, teasing, making you restless, forcing you to break the dull winter pattern of your life.

Candy and I had hurried through breakfast to go for a nice long hike. We were ready to leave when someone tapped at our door.

Annoyed at the delay, I flung it open to admit Miss MacGregor, head of Rosemont Academy. With her was a slender dark-haired girl wearing glasses. A new girl—at this time of year!

Miss MacGregor's eyes beamed at us like twin flashlights. "Girls, this is your new room mate, Kim Parker. Kim, dear, meet Candace Mills and Alice Thayer. I know you'll be very happy with them here."

"But Miss MacGregor!" Candy gasped.

"You mean you're going to put someone else in with us!" I was simply sick.

Miss MacGregor blinked at us disapprovingly, raised her voice. "Isn't this a pleasant room, Kim? The largest in the dormitory—plenty of room for three. You'll be very comfortable here, I'm sure."

Kim Parker's gaze passed over us like an eraser over a blackboard. She nodded her head toward the wall where Candy and I planned to put the record player we'd been skimping for so long.

"I'd like my bed there," she said. "Now I'll go down and see about my luggage, if I may."

The door closed. Miss MacGregor turned to us. "Girls, you were most inhospitable."

"Sorry," said Candy, "but, after all, Alice and I waited a whole year and a half to room together, and we drew this room by lot, the nicest in the dorm and we're settled so nicely here, and—"

"All the more reason you should share it," said Miss MacGregor. "You mustn't be selfish."

"But—but—" I began, chokily.

"I'm very sorry," said Miss MacGregor firmly. "The dormitory's very crowded, you know."

That awful housing shortage again!

"Be nice to Kim," went on Miss MacGregor. "She needs the companionship of normal happy young people."

The door clicked shut. We sank on our beds. Right now, thanks to Kim Parker, we were abnormal, unhappy young people.

We spent two miserable hours trying to help our unwelcome new roommate get settled—moving furniture, cleaning out drawers, making closet and shelf space, making up the extra cot old Sam brought up. Honestly, we did try, but Kim didn't seem very appreciative. She was hard to talk to, not shy exactly, just—well—indifferent. As if her mind was on something else, something secret and far more important than we were.

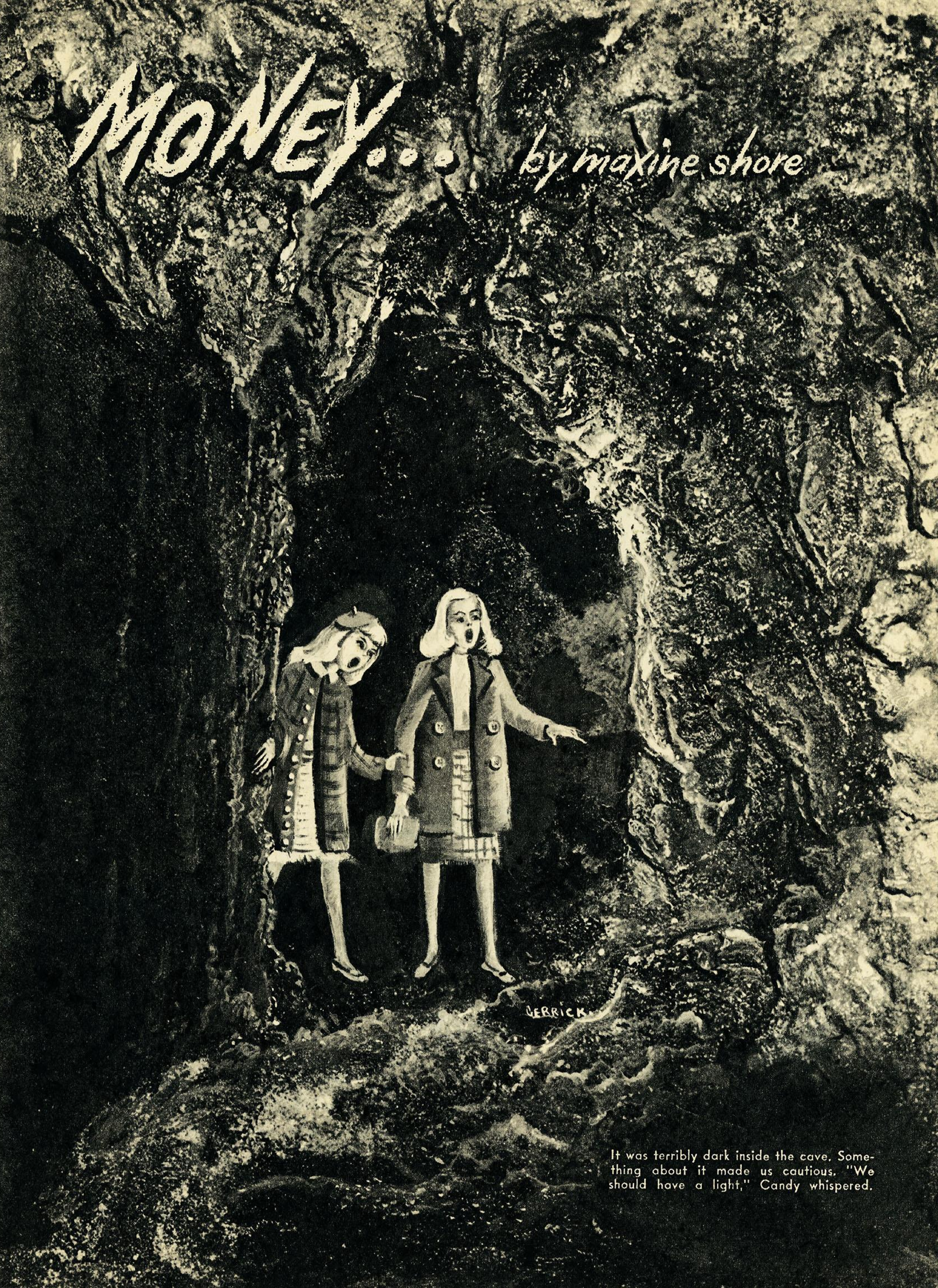
It was eleven o'clock when we finally escaped. We cut through the woods back of school, scuffing last year's leaves underfoot, walking briskly, glad to be by ourselves.

"I suppose," said Candy, "that after this the only way we can ever be alone is to go for walks."

I nodded gloomily.

Before long, we came to the bluffs overlooking the river. A path twisted downward to the river. About halfway were the sandstone caves. There's something about a cave that's always fascinated me. It's so—inhuman, sort of. So dark and secretive. So ancient. I never pass one I don't expect something prehistoric to lumber forth.

We had almost reached (*Continued on page* 64)



It was terribly dark inside the cave. Something about it made us cautious. "We should have a light," Candy whispered.

by alyce canfield

"My First Formal"

Jane's heart sank as the day of the dance—her first formal—grew closer and closer. . . . "The Boy," the only boy who mattered, hadn't invited her. . . . Would she get to wear the breathlessly long, shimmering gown that made her look like a vision in white?

Going formal tonight—and doesn't she look the part! You can bet Janie was thrilled to the tips of her silver slippers, when she donned her first long swishy gown. Read all about the exciting moment here.

Happy birthday dear Roddy, happy birthday to you! Janie helps Mr. McDowall celebrate his seventeenth birthday, while making "Holiday in Mexico" for MGM

In an impish mood, Janie mugs for the cameraman, in between getting her "booklarnin'" done. The tasty tidbits in front of her, help her studies, doncha' know?

Jane Powell, she of the unusually beautiful singing voice and gifted acting ability, is a real honest-to-gosh teenager, with real honest-to-gosh teen dreams.

ALTHOUGH she is sixteen today and was only thirteen then, Jane Powell remembers her first formal, as though it were yesterday. What a thrill it was to emerge overnight from her bobby-sock-sweater-cocoon into almost a fairy princess! She stood before the mirror that night, and stared at a vision in white net. Such a dream of a dress, and how beautifully, beautifully *long*—down to her very toes!

All at once, Jane was very happy about having taken dancing lessons for almost a year. For sometimes, although she loved to dance, the get-togethers had had some grim moments. All the boys and girls came separately, and there was always that long awkward moment, with the boys huddled together at one end of the room and the girls chattering like magpies at the other, when it just looked as if no one would ever dance.

The dancing school was in Portland, and all the youngsters knew that the finale to the course was a formal dance. Then, for the first time, the boys invited the girls. It was a *date,* a *formal* date. Janie grew breathless over the magnitude of that thought.

Besides, there was The Boy. Wouldn't you know? He was blond and handsome, very quiet and shy. Jane had danced with him many times in class. She had a feeling he liked her, but the day of the formal grew nearer, and still he hadn't invited her. Finally, the week before the affair, Jane accepted another bid. She was pretty downhearted about the whole thing, and it didn't make her feel any better when The One—manlike—called the day before the dance to invite her. She had to turn him down. It kind of took the frosting off the cake a bit not to be going with her Favorite Blond, but nothing could ever really spoil a very first date and a

(*Continued on page* 62)

"Havinga a wonderful time" is the joyous expression on Janie's face, as she is snapped here with her most handsome escort, Roddy McDowall.

DEAR BETTY ANN

From page 27

He insists on my being fifteen, when in six months, I'll be sixteen.

Actually Betts, I keep finding myself thinking in terms of sixteen, and when I'm not watching myself, I think I am seventeen. Do you have that problem too?

But then Pop's ideas go on and on, and I try to be patient and understanding, as a girl should be who has an older father.

Now comes the heavenly part of my Saturday night. I discovered that a "man" is not a must, for I had a wonderful evening by simply borrowing the radio. In the privacy of my own room I turned on all of the super superb horror shows! Three of them, Betts, and no less than seven people are killed in the first two. In the last one a beautiful girl was strangled. Doesn't it just chill you!

Long, boney fingers with the strength of cold steel, reach out, grasping—from nowhere.. And the Headless Giant laughs with mockery, a laugh echoing out of a long, hollow tunnel, which is musty and cold with bats' wings brushing the walls—. Isn't that too horribly delicious?

I'm so scared right now that I don't dare move to turn off the lights to go to sleep.

How wonderful a glass of milk and a cold pot roast of beef sandwich would be!

I keep asking myself if I dare to traverse the darkness of our lonely house. Have I the courage to forage into the hallway, to the kitchen and the icebox?

Betts, I started out the door, but one look outside into that wilderness of darkness and probable clutching hands and ghosts lurking in the shadows. It is midnight, when the spirits roam as it says in "Death Watch" on the radio—the zero hour!

Betts, I am on my way to that icebox. If I never return, you'll know the ghosts captured me.

Thirty minutes later. Betts, why did I ever leave this letter? If I'd only run into forty headless giants! Anyone, but Pops!

There I was with every nerve tense, tip-toeing down the hall in the darkness, when a terrible black *thing* lunged at me. Betts, I screamed and screamed. The next thing the lights were on and Moms was standing there holding me close. When I had the courage to look—there was Pops sitting in the middle of the kitchen floor, with his eye as black and swollen as anything!

For thirty minutes Moms fluttered around him, putting raw beefsteak on his eye, while Pops sputtered and fumed about how he was "going to explain this to the boys in the office. Got hit in the eye by a door knob—I guess?"

When Pops had quieted down, we discovered that he, too, was hungry, and was tip-toeing to raid the icebox, when we collided, and Pops stumbled over me, and hit his face on the corner of the kitchen table. Betts, his eye is really puffed up!

Anyway, Moms made us both Dagwood sandwiches and I returned here to finish your letter and wait for the next horror show to come on the radio, which will be in exactly fifteen minutes. Somehow I realize, that in the morning—Pops will conduct a third degree investigation, relative to my slithering around in the dark, and he'll issue his usual ultimatum about "no more horror shows on the radio." So I must enjoy them while I may, which is right now.

Devotedly your friend,
Vicky.

RING UP THE CURTAIN ON

A NEW YOU!

A very determined you! This year, you say—resolutely, is going to be the best ever—with more fun, more friends for you! A wholesome, happy twelve months ahead—with MISS AMERICA to help you along. Designed exclusively for you, and you alone, she knows your wants, needs, tastes, whims . . . She'll advise you on what to wear, when to wear it. She'll come to the aid of your parties with slick, easy-to-follow ideas for food, entertainment, decoration . . . she'll give you luscious recipes, personal tales by your own favorite screen stars . . . a wealth of charm and beauty tips. Besides, super-swell fiction, features, fashions! Just *everything* a teen could want to be a healthy, happy MISS AMERICA! So clip the coupon, below to assure you of every single issue of this terrific magazine during the coming year!

I am enclosing $1.00 for 1 year / $1.50 for 2 years (cross out one)
for a subscription to Miss America Magazine.

NAME..............................AGE........

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MISS AMERICA MAGAZINE
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basketball

points and pointers

Fast, colorful, exciting—basketball, America's Number One indoor game! Increase *your* score—on the court, in the "watcher's seat"—with these helpful highlights . . .

by maurice basseches

(W)hoops, girls. Teammates gang up on the girl in the middle, in a game at Fullerton Junior College. The feminine variety closely rivals the masculine for popularity in all the Southern California jaysees.

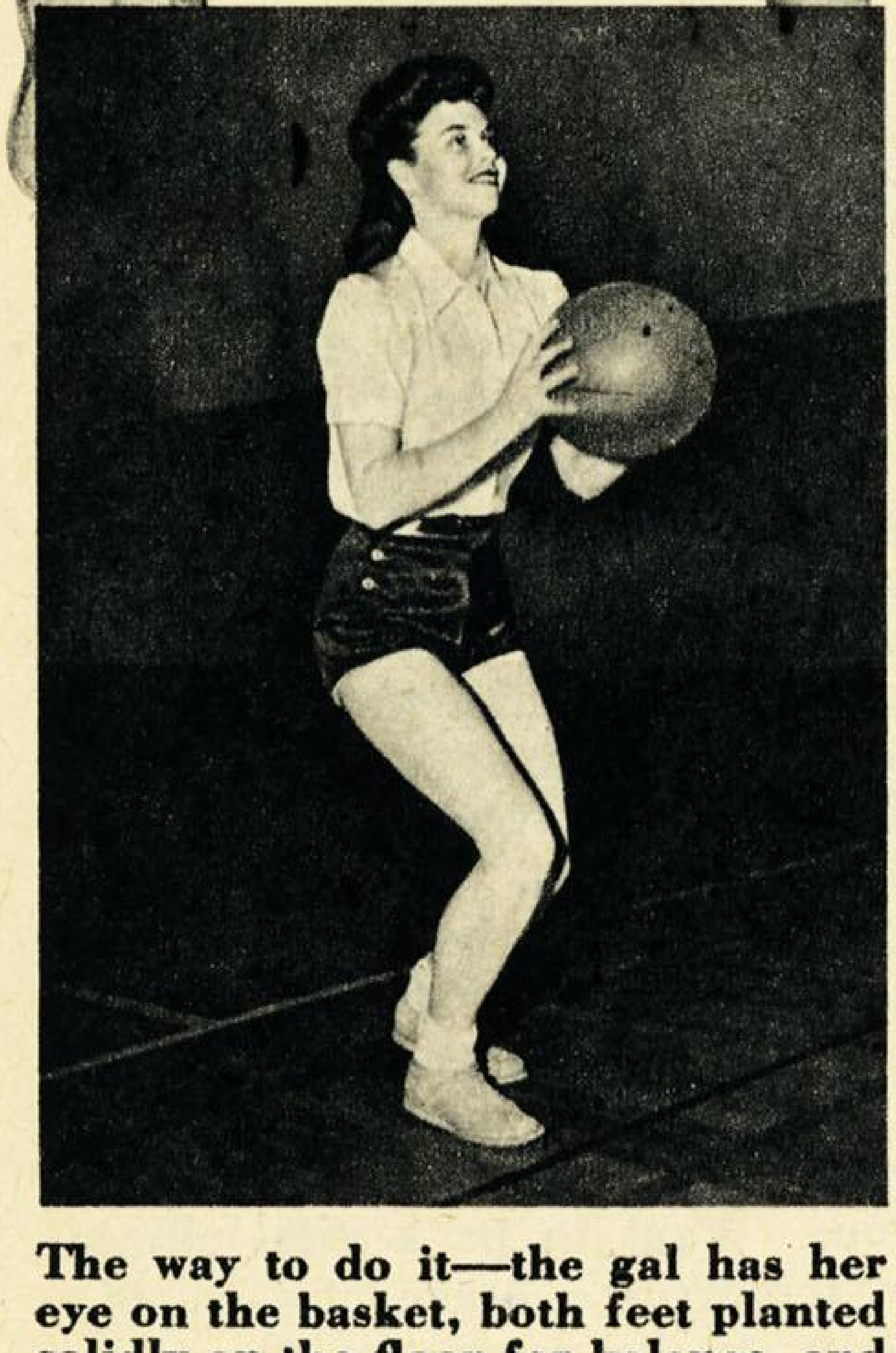
Dribbling, is allowed only in boys' basketball. The most important factors in this popular sport, are having an accurate eye—and then, loads of practice.

IF you go to Anderson High in Indiana or Champaign High in Illinois, probably you can skip this article. *You* are excited enough about basketball.

For last year, when Anderson won the state championship, school was closed for three days. When Champaign won the Illinois title, the team was placed on fire engines and paraded up and down the city streets.

That is the way some schools feel about basketball!

And it's easy to understand why. Basketball is a game filled with speed, color and excitement. It is played by over 17,000 American high school teams. That's more than the number that play football (*Continued on page* 64)



The way to do it—the gal has her eye on the basket, both feet planted solidly on the floor for balance, and the ball held at chest for accuracy.

LIVE AT HOME

From page 21

With a wild shriek, you seized a handy milk bottle—but of course, your mother had to step admonishingly between her offspring and stop that just retribution.

So it's plain. They're all against you. How did you land in such a family, anyhow? You, who were obviously meant for better things. Some great cosmic mistake, you feel glumly sure.

Family life is obviously outmoded, definitely on the skids as far as you personally are concerned. How, one asks oneself, in a highly grammatical mood, can one blossom into one's own self, that sheer exquisite orchid individuality meant to flourish in a kinder clime?

Now Susanna Richmond's parents have the right idea. She goes to boarding-school nine months a year, then to camp for two, pays them a friendly visit for one month. Of course, her mother as well as her father, is a careerist, so that such an arrangement is almost necessary, whereas your poor mother is strictly a homemaker, but . . . well, Susanna's smooth, all right, mixes with the crowd, knows all the answers, while you —you are fit for nothing but drying dishes endlessly, cleaning closets, taking five-year-olds to parks!

We've heard you out, you poor li'l family martyr, you! We've listened patiently to your incredible tale of woe—but honestly, absorbing as it is, it just doesn't hold water. It's as full of holes as your time-was nylons!

So lift up that pretty haggard face, sweep those drooping lashes up—and focus!

Living with that family of yours, however difficult, is giving you the very best preparation possible for the future!

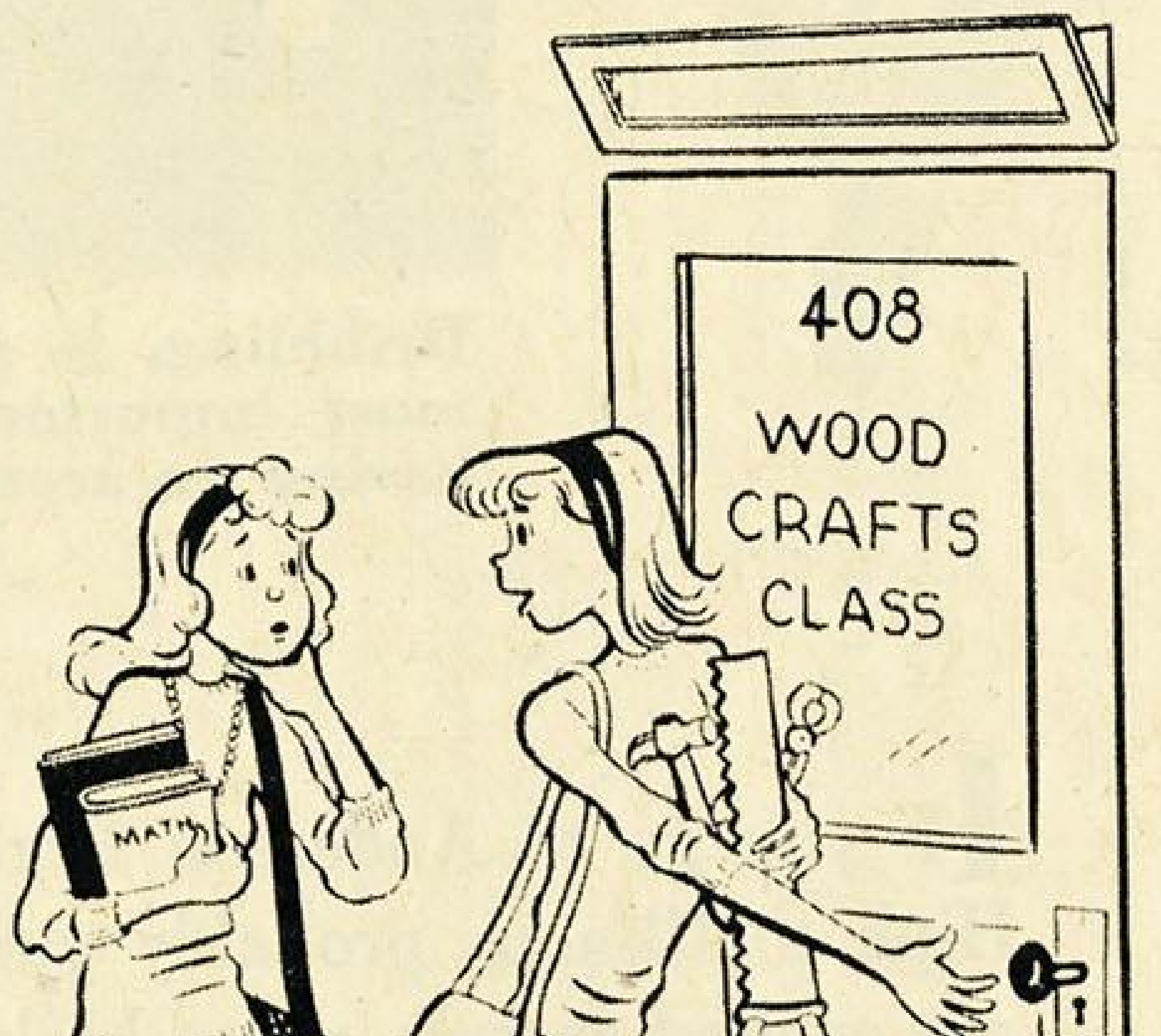
Stop and think of that. While you're in school, okay, perhaps your contemporaries do exert a mighty big influence upon your daily life. Having and keeping friends is important, but after school, camp and college, then what?

You're on your own in your first job. The people where you work won't be all the same age—your age, any more than your family is. Your boss or bosses will, unquestionably, be older people like your parents. You'll have to work with them, learn to cooperate, do your part in keeping industry's wheels whirling.

That's what it's like in the world into which you're moving with every growing year. Getting along well with people of all ages, backgrounds and temperaments requires practised citizenship. Your home world, don't you see, was just one unit of the whole—a kind of sample of your larger life to be.

Your parents are people, too—just like you. They hope and love and worry, and sometimes despair, just as you do. Their problems are different, of course, even more complicated perhaps, than yours seem to you at ebb tide. Very often they try to spare you knowledge of these adult troubles, so as not to mar your young happiness. Not knowing, you're apt to think they're indifferent or maybe downright irritable. But think back—remember how common joys and adversities drew you together, welded those family bonds closer, so that in times of illness or disaster or good fortune you thought, breathed, sorrowed and hoped not as many, but as One?

Your father—Dad was good about taking you to circuses and fairs and outings when you were small, wasn't he? He's still good, working day and often nights to supply your needs, including that very blazer and beanie you're now campaigning for. He doesn't go to the office just for the fun of it, you know, or to escape helping with the housework!



It may not be practical, but what other course offers 40 boys and me!

And mother—well, all you have to do is try to list the things she does for you all day, every hour of the day, to test her love, her very deep interest in your affairs.

Your big brother—oh, he likes to tease, all right. Boys are like that, even the best of them—and he's one of the best, really, isn't he? Wasn't he right there when you had the mumps? And at Christmas? And on that long family camping trip? He's marching ahead of you some in years, but don't ever, ever believe he isn't secretly plenty fond and proud of his pretty growing-up sister.

Kid sister? What a fascinating place the world is through her wide gaze! When you take her to the park, try pretending that *you* are her age, and enjoy to the full that fresh shimmer over the earth.

Ever stop wondering what your family was doing for *you* and start considering what you were doing for *them?* In a way, children are a sort of bank where parents deposit their happiness funds, and they like to draw out a little something from their stored supply now and then.

A word of more than take-it-for-granted appreciation for that new dress your mother made you, a truly joyful greeting to Dad at night, instead of just "Hi, Dad. How's about money for a new coat?" would work wonders in the family circle. Telling your big brother he's getting to be a handsome brute may fall flat the first time, because of natural shock, but keep plugging that theme and enjoy the delights of reciprocity. And little sis—you know how she looks up to you. Why, you're the gal she wants to be someday! Be a good model for her. That's a really rewarding goal.

Live at home and like it. Enjoy your family—and let them enjoy you. Want to be a vital citizen in tomorrow's brave new world? Want to be ready for the challenging tests of the shining future? Then do your homework today!

CHANGE OF HEART

From page 11

proved far from the case. As the weeks passed, Leora had devoted her attention to becoming what her highschool classmates called, variously, a mothball, an ick, or a sad Sadie. Her clothing, once a matter of great moment, was deliberately chosen from the oldest and dingiest garments in her possession. Leora could, however, be very attractive if she wished. Honey-gold hair, long gray eyes and vivid brunette coloring gave her all the essentials of beauty. But Leora had ceased to care about her looks since last Thanksgiving Day.

They had had a real home dinner—the three of them—with Mrs. Watson and the doctor doing most of the talking. No comment was made on Leora's silence, and when she offered to help clear the table, her mother said, "Thank you, pet," and had told Helga that she and Dr. Pringle would have their coffee in the livingroom.

"Helga," Leora stormed, "having Dr. Pringle here has just actually ruined Thanksgiving for me!"

"Aw, shessnuts," Helga laughed. "You mean to say you don't know? . . . hey, what are you doin' with those demi-tassys?"

"I'm going to take the coffee in," Leora said firmly.

Her eyes were on the carefully balanced tray as she walked along the carpeted hallway, but she looked up as she reached the livingroom. Looked up to see her mother leaning happily against John Pringle's broad shoulder. The tray fell with a crash. . . .

Mrs. Watson turned, startled, and hurried over to Leora. "Dear," she smiled, "hadn't you guessed? We—John and I—well, we're going to be married!"

"Married!" Leora gulped, and fled upstairs. Mrs. Watson started after her, but the doctor held her back. "Let the child cry, if she feels like it. She hates to share you, of course. But we'll bring her around to see our side."

But she had not been brought around. Ever since, lusterless and unkempt, she had had preserved that attitude of silent hostility which was making her mother so uncomfortable on this bright June morning.

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"I hope," Mrs. Watson said now, hesitantly, "I hope, Leora, that you've made some nice plan for today, John and I won't be back from our drive till about five."

Leora shrugged. "I'll be okay."

"At least," her mother urged, "I wish you'd take off those horrid Huckleberry Finn pants and get into a decent dress. Then call Mildred Lang up and ask her to come over here for lunch."

"My school chums bore me," Leora drawled. "Anyway, I have some important reading to do. I'm going to take my stuff down to Daddy's old summer cottage, where it's quiet." She lifted a bulging brief case from the floor.

"But what about lunch?"

Leora had already reached the hall door. "I'll buy something," she called. "I've got a quarter. 'Bye," and heard her mother catch her breath in reproach and hurt.

"I suppose she wants me to kiss her goodbye," Leora muttered. "Well, I won't. I haven't—not once—since she told me about that old doctor. And I don't intend to, ever again. That'll show her!"

They had broken her heart. But, she wouldn't bother them long. Right here in this brief case she had the means of freedom.

It was a long walk to the little brick house on the shore. Her greetings for most of her contemporaries was a brief "hi-yah, keed," but Sonny Bradford, lanky, red-haired and persistent, was not to be put off with a mere hello.

"Where are you going?"

"Walking," Leora informed him loftily. "By myself."

"You're dressed for it." Sonny was nothing if not frank. "That rig you got on is sure off the beam. Where you bound for?"

"I'm going," Leora said slowly, "to our cottage down on the beach. Come on, if you want to."

The little bungalow was the last on a sandy by-road at the end of town. Leora opened the gate.

Sonny regarded it approvingly. "I like the nice color brick fades in this salt wind. This isn't a bad little shack altogether."

"Daddy was born here," Leora said tremulously. "It was a farm then. We go around this way."

The path, faintly marked, led to a tangle of neglected apple trees. Leora dropped the leather case to the ground—she had refused

Sonny's offer to carry it during their walk. "Let's sit," she said, leaning back against the gnarled trunk of the nearest tree.

Sonny, all knees and elbows, followed suit. "So?" he inquired. "What gives?"

"Sonny," Leora proclaimed dramatically, "I've made a decision. The day my mother marries, I'm going to leave home!"

"Huh?" Sonny's jaw dropped perceptibly, and his handsome blue eyes—his best feature—bulged a trifle. "What d'ye mean, leave home? Don't tell me," he added, "you're planning to crash Hollywood. You're not the type."

"Don't be a twitterpate," Leora frowned. "I've got too much sense to try that, but I'm going to earn my own living!"

"Gaah!" The sound was definitely derisive, and Leora, who had expected admiration, if not absolute awe, turned sulky again.

"I'll have you know," she snapped, "that I'm already an accredited saleman for the Kiddie's Wonderland!"

"Well, turn me over and call me a turtle! What's this Kiddie's Whoozis?"

"Books—look." Leora opened the case and dumped its contents out. "Prospectus, order blanks, book of instructions. Now," she beamed, "am I kidding?"

"How . . ." Sonny was stunned "how'd you get hold of all that?"

"By mail." Leora was airy. "And I've already memorized all of Nature's Wonders from the flight of the stormy petrel to what we learn from the butterflies."

"Say that again," Sonny moaned, "in basic English. No—don't. Any women that saw you in those flapping pants would just shut the door in your face."

"Is that so?" Leora's retort was deplorably teenage for a super saleswoman, but she couldn't think of any other. "I'll be dressed beautifully. And I'll do what the booklet says . . . listen. 'Walk in confidently, making some cheerful remark, and go into your salestalk. Then . . .' " A faint sound interrupted her. Sonny lay flat on the grass, choking with laughter.

"You slay me," he gasped. "Look, Leora, no decent firm would hire a kid to sell books. What did they stick you for?"

"Five dollars," she admitted, chin quivering. "But I'll get that back when I sell twenty books."

"Sell twenty books, huh? You could pound the sidewalks a month before you did that," Sonny scoffed. "In a strange town, and with no money for a room or eats? Nix, keed. Better forget the five bucks and cross the whole thing off." Under Leora's stricken look his voice softened. "I'm hep to you, Leora. Because . . . well, you know as well as I do that you've been something pretty special in my life. I—I like you a lot, and I sympathize, in a way, but just the same, this poor-little-unwanted-me act of yours is phony."

"Sonny!" Leora quavered.

"Fact. You're not brokenhearted because your mother's going to marry again; you're just plain sore, and darned selfish, too, if you ask me. Ever since your own father died you've held the center of the stage. Now Doc Pringle comes along, and you still want to hog the limelight. So you plan this stunt to spoil your mother's new happiness. Come on, now, Leora, isn't that the truth?"

Was it? A new thought, but it shook Leora's distorted world into focus. "Oh, Sonny," she wailed, "I've been an awful dope!"

"I'll say," Sonny agreed briskly. "Plain wacky. But you've still got me. I may not be a hunk of heartbreak . . ." He jumped to his feet, pulling Leora up with him. "I know what you need. A nice hot hamburger with onions."

"Definitely," Leora assented as she kicked the booklet into a clump of weeds—the five dollar prospectus into another.

Their combined capital, they discovered, would provide five hamburgers and two cokes, and they consumed the lot, halving the last toasted bun meticulously. Then, greasy of countenance and happier than either had been for months, they parted to take their separate ways homeward.

When Dr. Pringle's car drew up before the Watsons' door some hours later, Leora, gleaming of hair and daintily dressed, was waiting. As her mother stepped to the ground, Leora flung her arms around her and kissed her wordlessly. Then, still in that yearning embrace, Leora smiled at John Pringle.

"Hi-yah, Pop!" she said.

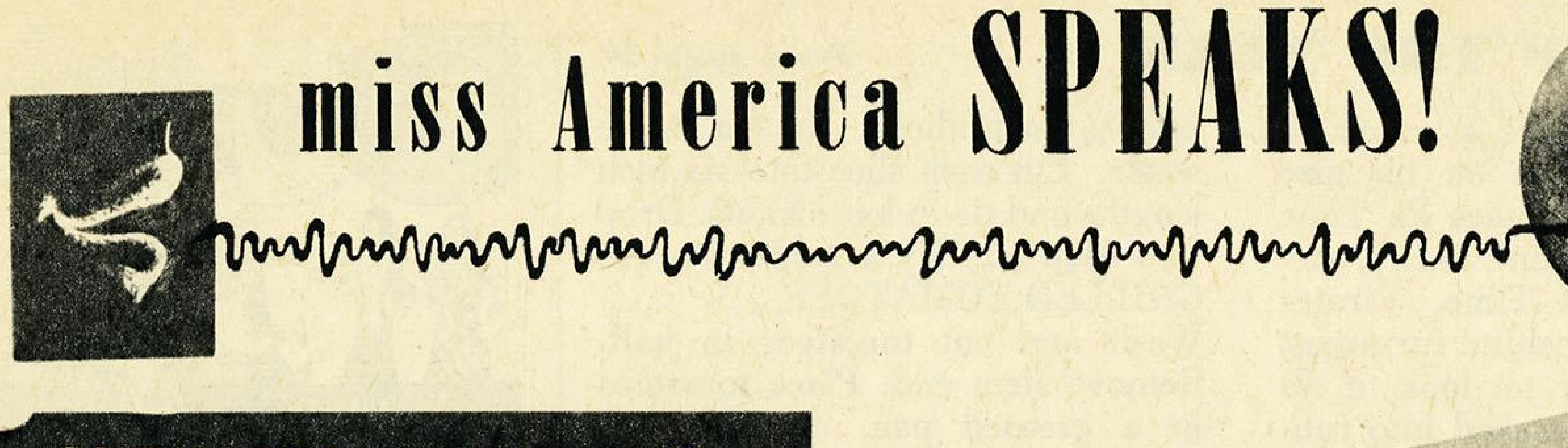
PERSONALITEEN QUIZ

Are You Stubborn?

The most unpopular girls are those who must always have their own way or who keep insisting on it. If you are stubborn try to overcome the fault. That doesn't mean you must be wishy-washy, either. Following are twenty questions. Count five points for each "No" answer and zero for each "Yes." A score of 80 to 100 is excellent; 60 to 75, good; below 60, not so good and a warning to take drastic steps.

1. Do you always insist on having your friends go where you want to go?
2. When you make a mistake do you keep trying to justify it?
3. Do you argue with your teacher about study facts?
4. At parties do you insist on the games that you suggest?
5. Do you keep choosing clothes that your parents and others tell you are unbecoming?
6. Do you insist on reading long after your normal bed time?
7. Do you compel your friends to telephone *you* all the time?
8. Do you refuse to forgive them for mistakes?
9. Do you lose your temper when you are crossed?
10. Do you refuse to take the advice of friends and parents?
11. Do you insist on eating foods that are not good for you?
12. Do you make everybody else adjust their vacation plans to suit your convenience?
13. When dining at a crowded restaurant do you dawdle at the table after you have finished, even though others are waiting for that table?
14. Do you insist on crossing the street against the red traffic light?
15. Do you insist on keeping windows open or shut although others may be uncomfortable?
16. Do you insist regularly on tuning in the radio programs you want regardless of the preferences of others?
17. When out with a group do you compel them to use the conveyance you choose, even though it may be inconvenient for some of the others?
18. Do you insist on dates at times that are not convenient for a boy friend?
19. Do you persist in using more makeup that you should at your age?
20. Do you stop buying permanently at a store that once fails to satisfy you?

miss America SPEAKS!



SOUTH AFRICA, TAKE IT AWAY . . .

"Out here, we don't get MISS AMERICA regularly, but when we do, what a rush there is for it! We can't get all the sweaters and hats, and other pretty things you show, though we always wish we could. But it is still plenty of fun reading our magazine, especially, 'For Girls Only' which we teen-agers always enjoy!"

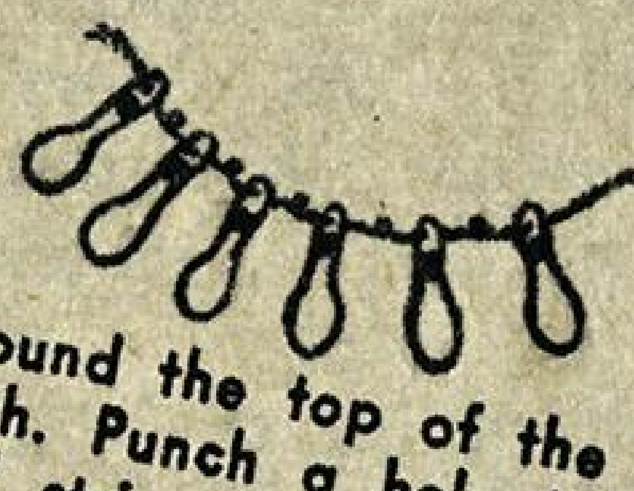
Eloise Carter, Waterloo Green, Wynberg, Cape Town, South Africa

FAN MEETS VAN

"One morning Dad and I were going to town to pick up my new coat, when a girl friend of mine told me that a movie star was down at the train station. Of course, I got down there as quickly as possible and found—Van Johnson! He looked just about the same as his pictures (hubba, hubba!). He had just arrived on the *Chief* and I stayed and enjoyed a lovely talk with him. To my surprise I was the only teenage girl there! It was like a dream come true!"

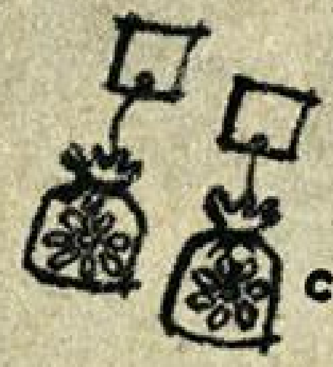
Robin Seaman, Las Vegas,-New Mexico

PIN-UP SECTION



"If bowling is your favorite sport, why not advertise it? Get ten wooden ice cream spoons and paint a ring around the top of the spoon with red nail polish. Punch a hole in the small end of each and string them on a piece of red yarn. Tie knots between each to keep them from bunching together in the middle—and there you have it—a keen new bowling necklace!"

Joyce Ann Evans, 951 Kate Ross, Waco, Texas



"Take two tea balls, complete with strings and tags, for humorous effect, coat with waterproof paint, each side a different color. Paint a flower or other decorative design in contrasting color, likewise on each side. Wear pinned to your dress or coat lapel with tags dangling loosely."

Betty Warth, 126 Flower City Pk., Rochester 13, N.Y.

SUCCESS STORY

"At the beginning of my senior year in high school, I started to work on the *Venita Daily Journal* (through the Trades & Industry program of Florida, giving students an opportunity to earn while they learn). After I overcame my first timidity about approaching people, I decided I'd definitely become a journalist. I began by writing the personal column—about people visiting here and there, servicemen's news, and other things. Before long I was writing for the front page, too, and by the end of the semester, I had a full-time job as reporter. That's what I am now (though still a teen-ager)—and love every minute of it!"

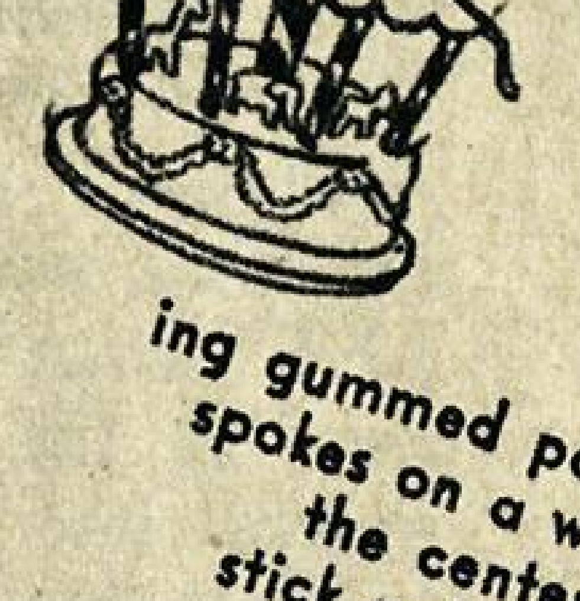
June Beder, 44 7th Street No., St. Petersburg 4, Fla

GOODBYE, LITTLE CHIPS . . .

"To save little chips of soap: take two washcloths and sew up three sides. Turn down the fourth with a hem-stitch and run a ribbon through it, so you have a little drawstring bag. Now put your chips in, wet the cloth and you'll have a soapy washcloth, saving a fresh bar of soap."

Antoinette Zuch, 1320 Denison, Cleveland 9, Ohio

MERRY-GO-ROUND CAKE



"Bake or buy an angel food cake with a hole in the center, about 4 inches high. Use a large candy cane for the hole in the center, cutting off the hook on the end. Take small candy canes for the poles on the outside. Then, taking gummed paper strips, paste them together like spokes on a wheel, letting each strip extend from the center pole to one of the outside candy stick poles. Cut a circular piece of bright colored crepe paper the side of the framework and cut a hole in the center to fit over the center pole. Scallop the edges and set it over the paper strips as a gay awning."

Gertrude Strolin, 438 Park Street, Bridgeport, Conn.

Ideas, suggestions, little bits of interesting news and chatter . . . straight from your many, many letters . . . $1 for each excerpt published here . . .

PARTY OF THE YEAR

From page 39

crew-cut, and perhaps, even a teething ring. Close on his size fourteen footsteps comes Pa Time (clutching his achin' back), accompanied by Ma Time. Pirates skulk round, lurk behind furniture, generally manage to look quite sinister, in: jeans tucked into rubber boots, turned over at the tops, a borrowed-from-sis white blouse with jabot at throat, bolero jacket, and also long, gold earrings. It's almost impossible to get a peek into their treasure chests (papered cigar boxes), but if you do, you might find: a few lumps of sugar, a nylon stocking, some bubble gum and other rare valuables.

Most popular of all will probably be the gypsy. (Someone with an excellent memory.) She will predict, in rhyme, momentous events of the coming year. Like so . . . Perhaps, you'll find out (with due parental interrogation) that Teddy, who's always broke, is going to get a hitch in allowance. Well, merely by examining his palm, the gypsy knows.

"Your name, I see, is Ted—
You're—ah—always in the red.
Poor bloke,
Always broke,
But—what's this? Yes, better times ahead!"

Prizes can be awarded after dinner for the cleverest costume. And, speaking of dinner, it's just about time to serve, so . . .

LET'S EAT . . . buffet style, with various assorted dishes heaped high on the table. Silver and plates should be stacked at one end—then, everyone can pitch in, with a healthy "help yourself" attitude, and a hearty appetite!

Teeny Weenies are first on the menu. Cook them by dropping into freshly boiling water (that's been removed from the heat); cover, and leave for 7 or 8 minutes. You've probably discovered the trick of splitting cooked weenies and stuffing them with hot onion-flavored mashed potatoes; or Pigs-in-Blankets (very impressive) made by wrapping biscuit dough (rolled thin, cut in squares) around the frankfurter, the ends showing, and then bake.

POTATO RIBBONS

Peel potatoes and let stand in ice water for thirty minutes, cut lengthwise down the middle, and then into ¼ inch slices. Return to ice water. Cut each slice into six-inch lengths and tie in loose knots. Drop into deep fat; fry a golden brown.

GRILLED TOMATOES

Wash and cut tomatoes in half. Remove stem end. Place tomatoes in a greased pan, cut side up. Sprinkle with salt and sugar. Top with bread crumbs. Dot generously with butter. Broil about 3 inches from flame (medium) about 5 minutes, until crumbs brown. Allow 1 tomato for each.

CRISP RELISHES

Like chilled carrot curls (carrot slivers, tissue-paper thin, placed on ice cubes will become curlycues), watercress, and raw turnips edged with paprika—wait patiently in the refrigerator till ready to be served. Waiting with them, can be RADISH ROSETTES—cut off root end of radish, and slice skin in four sections almost all the way down to the green stem end, then place in ice water until petals curl like a rosette. RAINBOW CELERY CURLS—Cut celery lengthwise into strips (but not quite through to the end), soak in vegetable colored ice water.

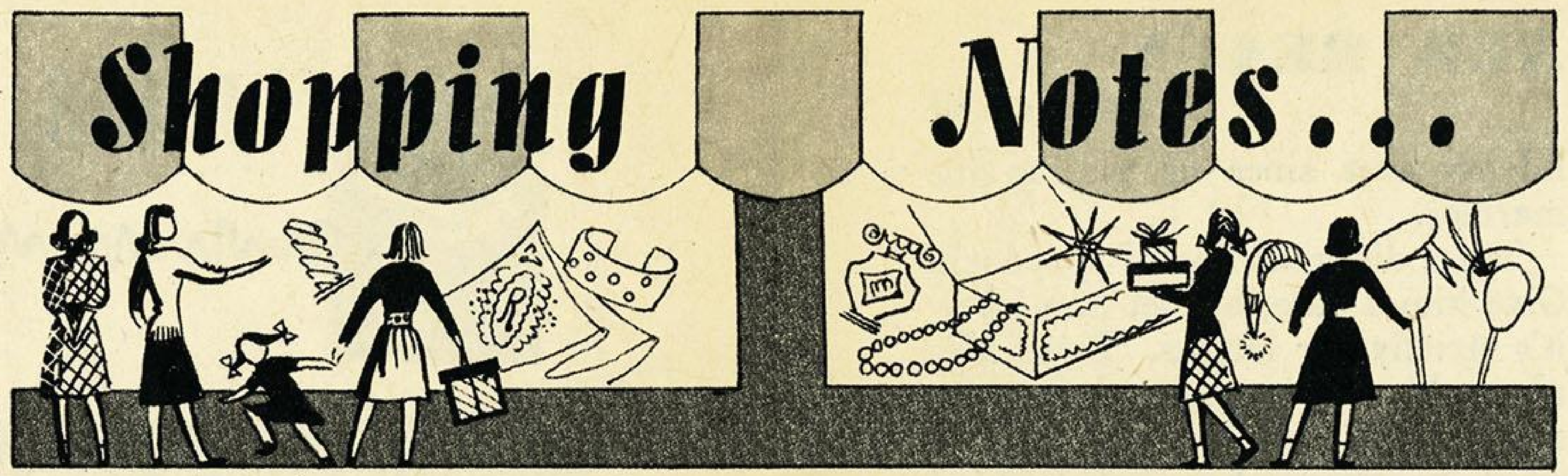
DESSERT is really going to be a scrumptious affair—Um-um! Ginger-bread Supreme, that's a dream. Split gingerbread lengthwise, so that you have two layers. Spread one with whipped cream, top with the other layer, then more whipped cream, then a few canned or fresh sliced peaches and a few pecans. Cut into small squares. (Either buy the gingerbread at the bakery, or whip up a prepared mix.)

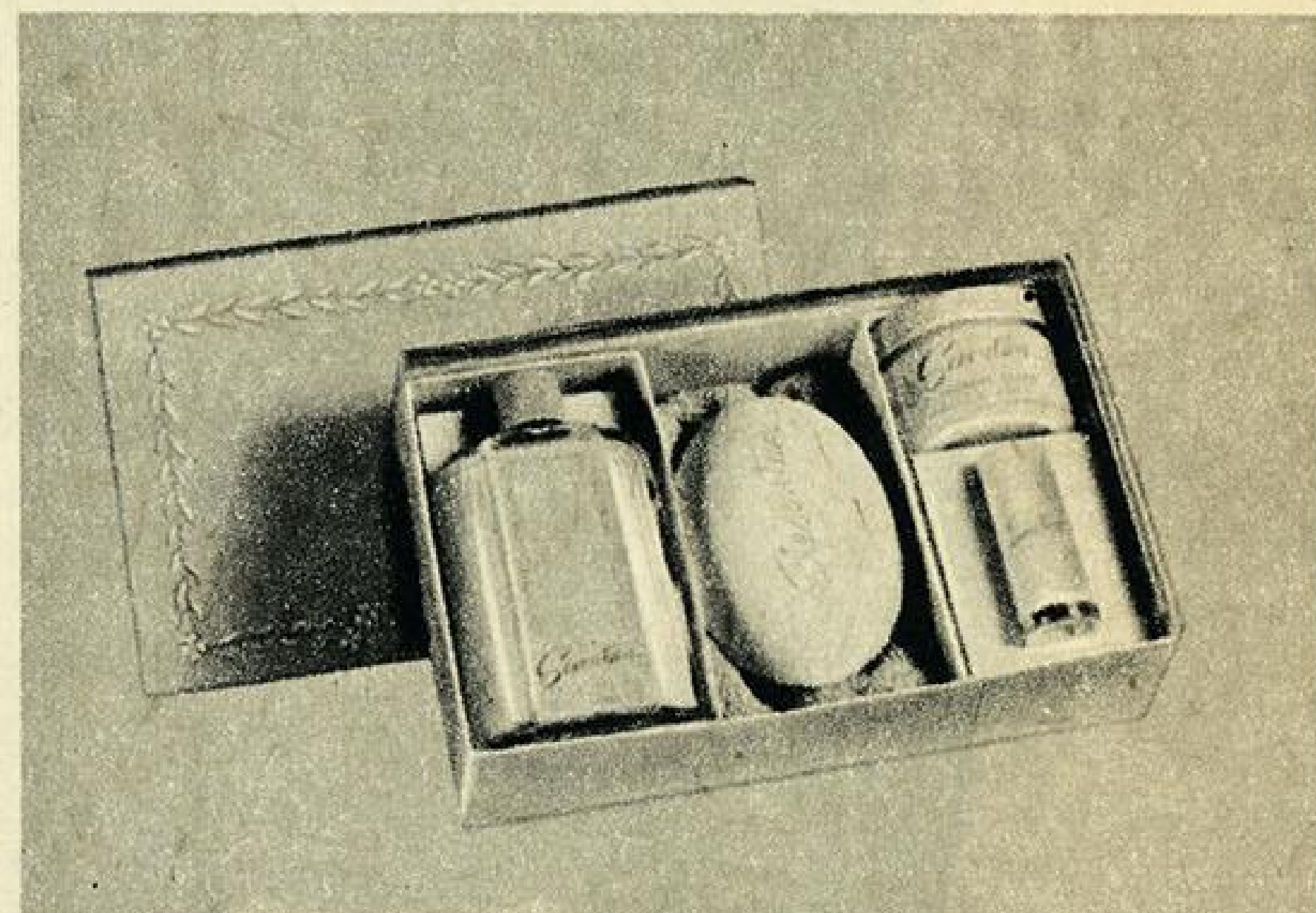
Now, dip into the flowing bowl in the center of the table. Use your own favorite punch recipe—but don't forget the colored marshmallows, *made with vegetable coloring*, skipping merrily on top.

LET'S PLAY—The piano, if someone, at the gathering, is so talented, it's *more* fun, grouping around the piano to sing the past year's top tunes. Or else, dust off your records of the past 12 months and let the gang dance to them, again. Before you can twirl through them, it will be time for "Auld Lang Syne" my dear (always Number One on the New Year's Hit Parade) . . . and for every one to shout,

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

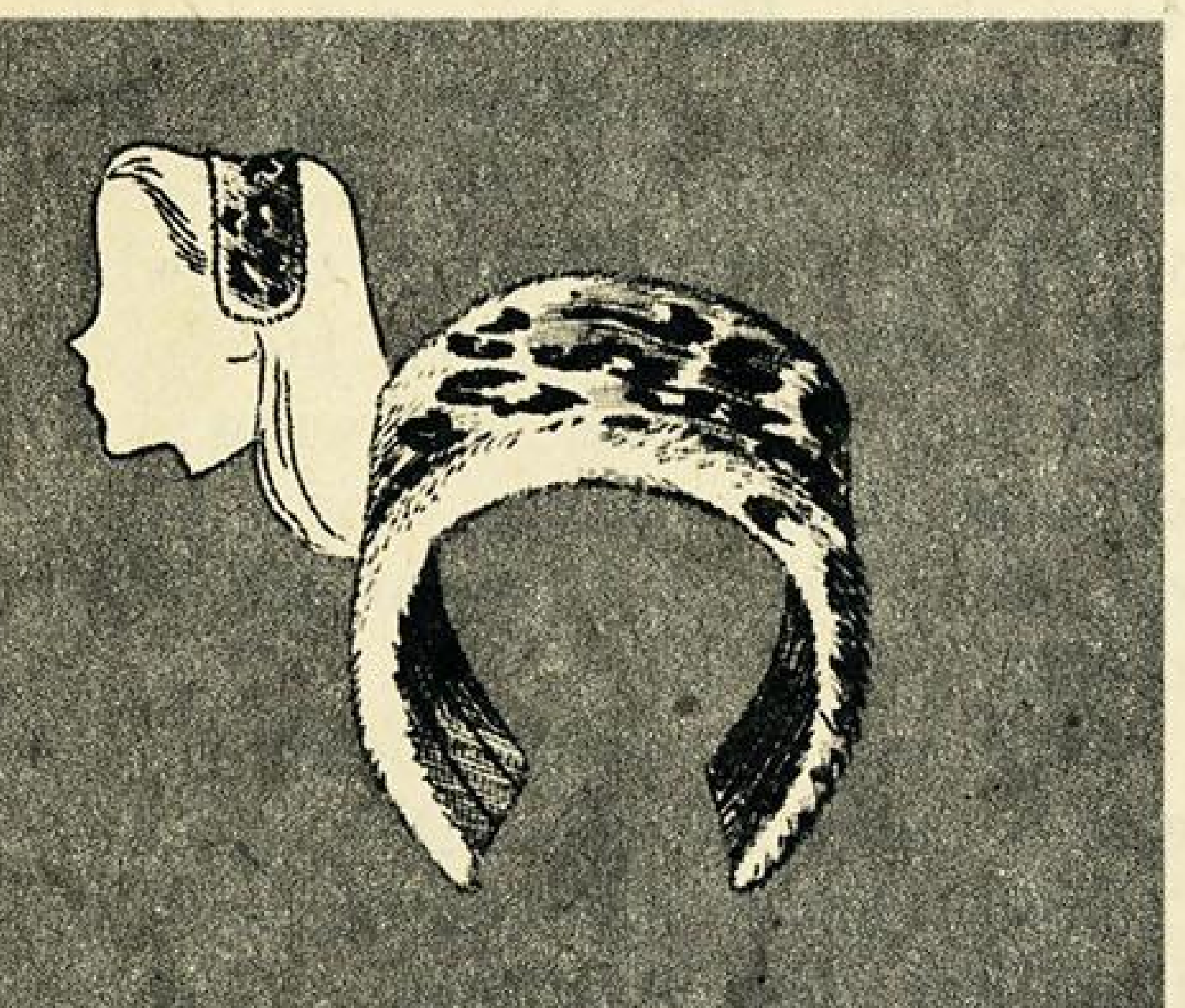
Shopping Notes . . .





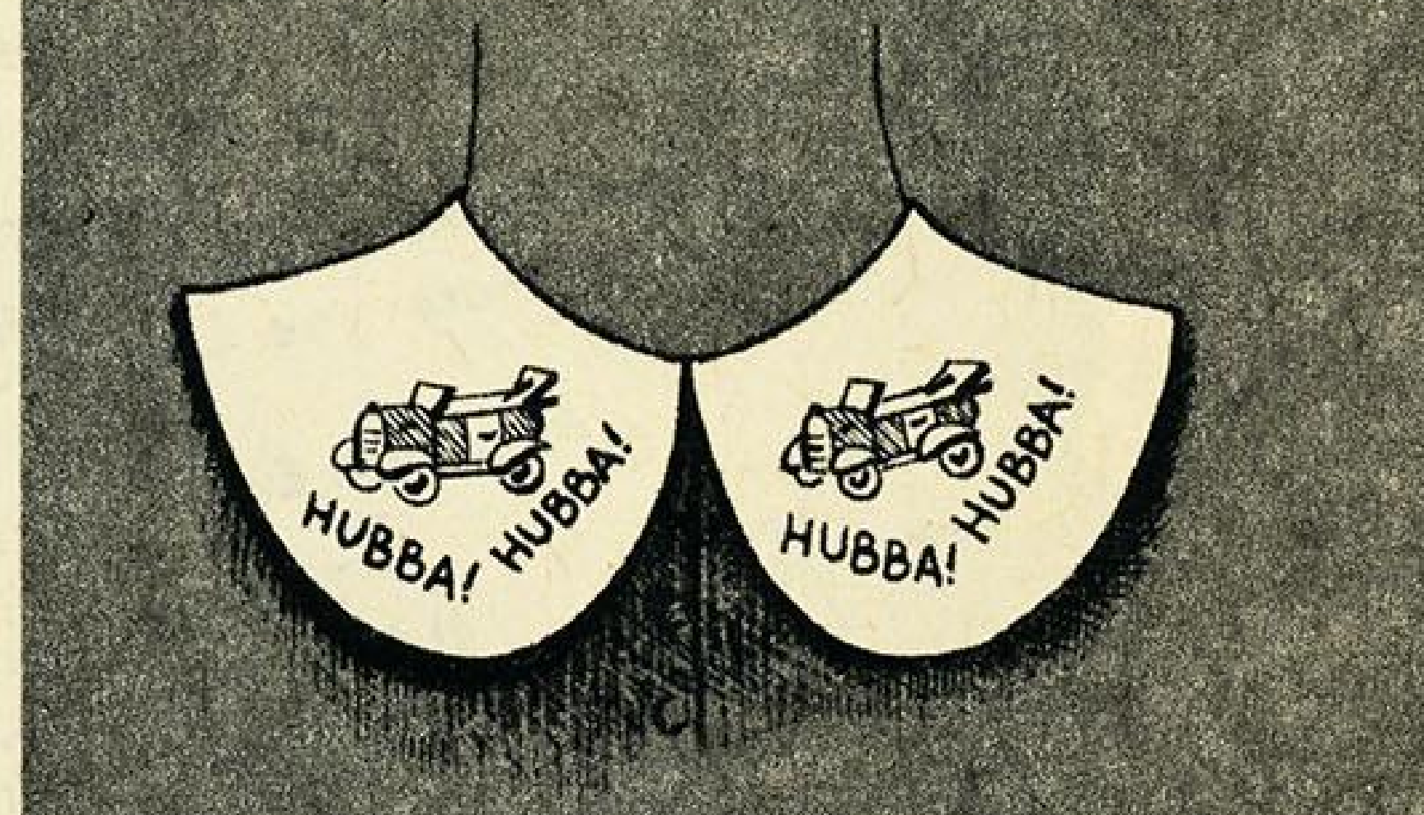
TEENS KIT

All you need to keep that glowing fresh look . . . Complete with soap, mitt, lotion, deodorant and lipstick. $2.25 plus tax. Seventeen Cosmetics, 1270 Sixth Avenue.



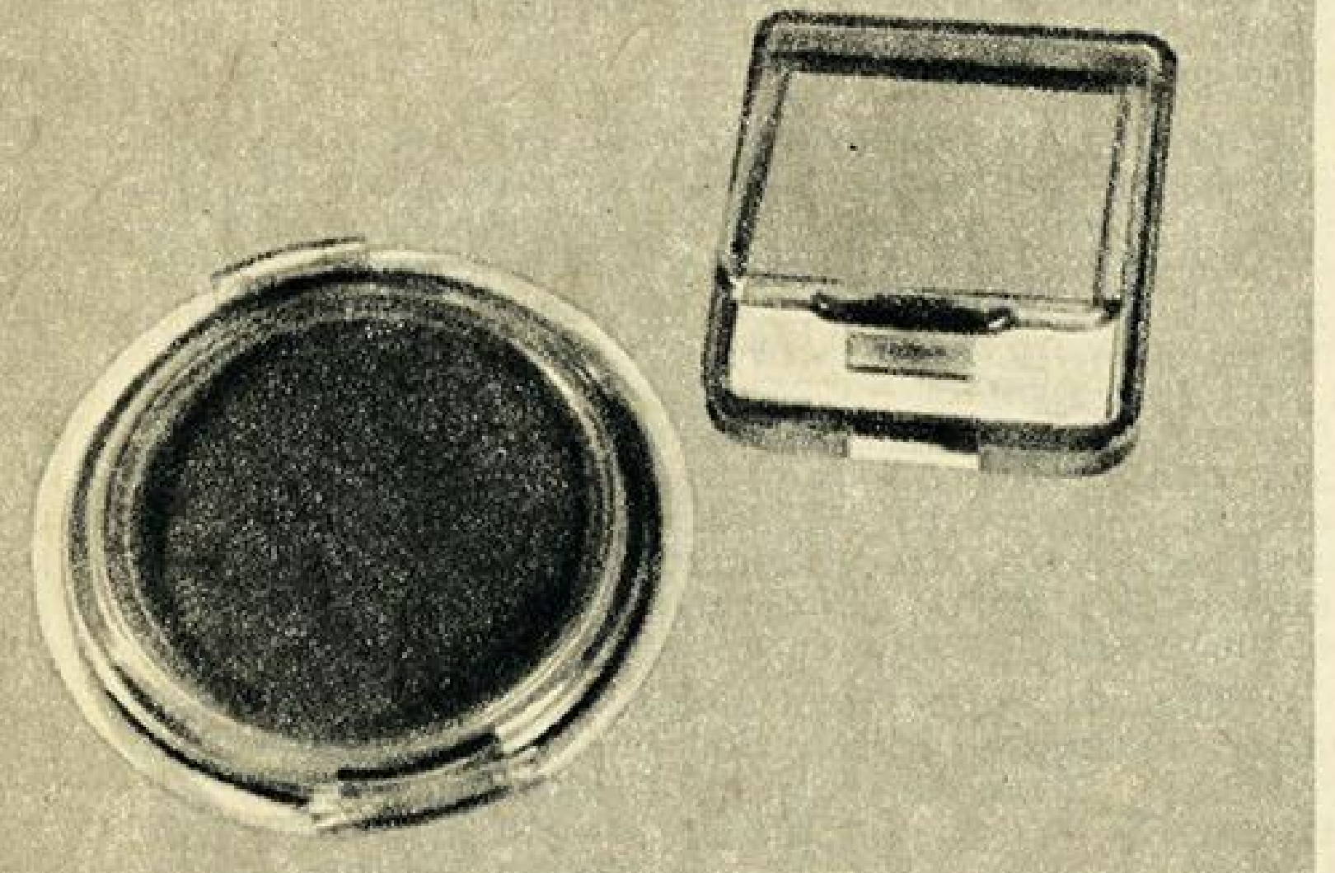
FLUFFY BANDETTE

You're pretty and smart in a gay, warm fur band with perky leopard spots . . . comes in all solid colors too. About $1.50 plus tax. Wilshire Fur Co., 330 Fifth Ave.


HUBBA! HUBBA!
HUBBA! HUBBA!

"HUBBA HUBBA"

Kampus Kaper slick hand-painted piqué. Peter Pan collar, just the thing to top those wonderful school sweaters. $1.25. Timely Accessories, 15 West 37 Street.

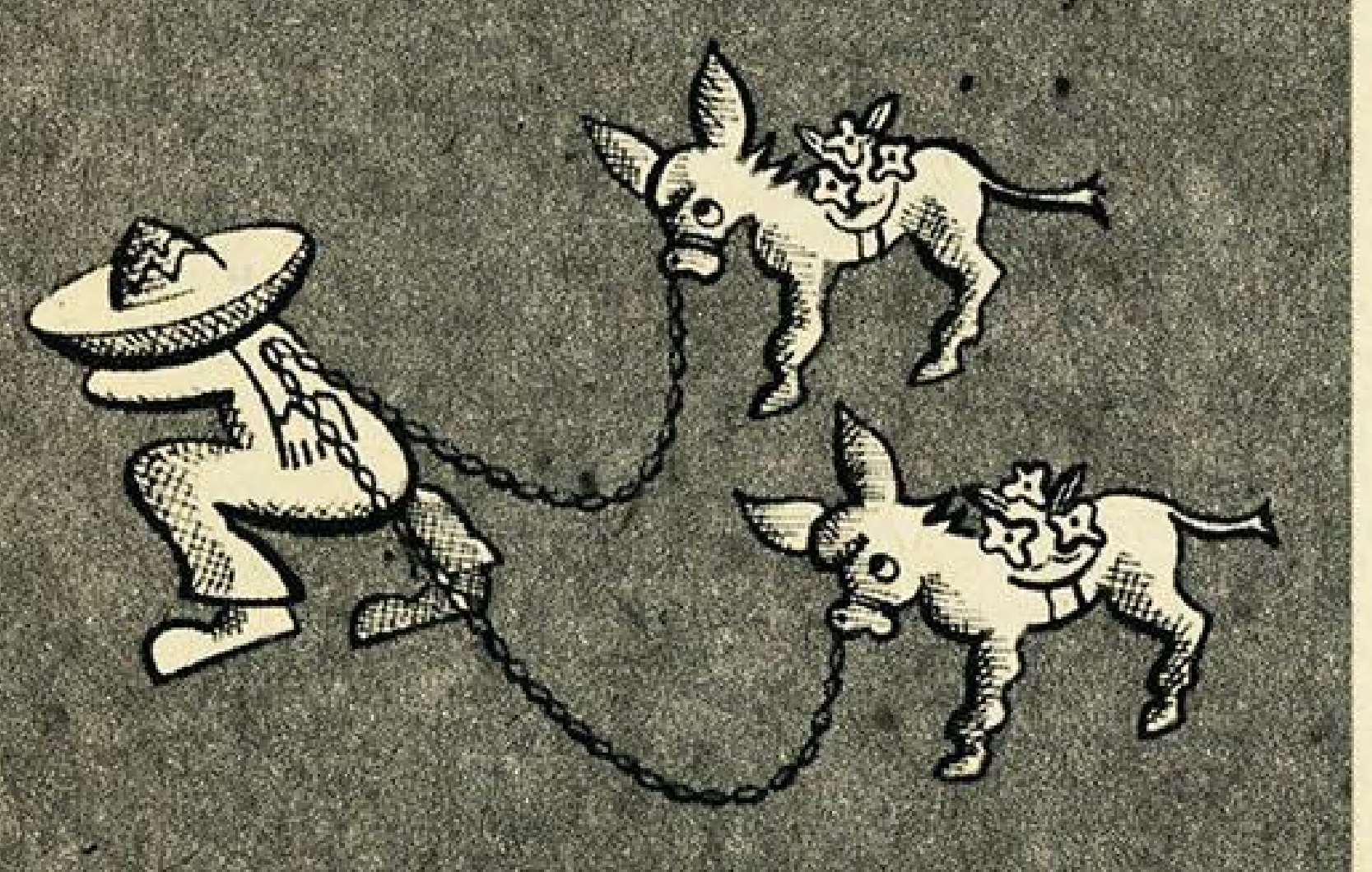


STURDY COMPACTS

Dandy Ziegfeld plastics . . . Comes in many brilliant colors, are swell bag fitters. Round Pony Girl, $1; Lucinda, 49c. Allied Plastics Corp., 12 East 41st Street.

CUTE TOP-NOTE

So warm, so long, so hep . . . stocking cap's the thing for outdoor romping . . . just loads of color combinations. $1.50. Baar and Beards, 18 West 37 St.



DONKEY SERENADE

The latest in Werthley chatelaines puts you in the groove . . . snappy little donkeys, elephants, or fish. $2 plus tax. Wertheimer Jewelry, 27 West 33rd Street.

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OUT OF THE MALE BOX

From page 37

face, but who's a real problem to understand when there's a length of telephone poles in between. She either has only the fuzziest notion which part of the mechanism is the mouthpiece or else she has an idea that a far-away-sounding voice is glamourous. Anyway, the boy on the other end can't understand what she's saying half the time, and it gets a little dull to have to keep asking "What? What'd you say?"

Of course, there's the little lass who always goes in for a great production of being surprised even when her sister has already said, "Sounds like Tom." She has a fondness for implying that she was expecting a call from somebody else, but is delighted to hear from Tom even if he isn't the somebody. Maybe she *was* expecting another call. Or maybe she's just anxious to give the impression that a million people keep her phone ringing frantically at all times. Either way, the boys don't go for it. Her best bet is to answer all calls with a pleasant, expectant "hello" that could apply to whomever it happens to be.

Via our mailman, the boys announce that their enthusiasm rapidly wanes when a girl starts taking a going-steady status for granted and begins calling them up all the time. In fact, even if they are going steady, the boy likes to do the calling. If a gal has something specific on her mind, okay. But nix on one who goes in for manufactured excuses or "I just felt like calling you up" and then chit-chats for ten hours.

All right, counter the girls. How's about the boy who calls up at fantastic times? Would he ever call in the late afternoon or the early evening? Never! He gets telephonitis smack during dinner time or else late in the evening. And if the phone is in her parents' bedroom, imagine how appreciative anybody's father is of being blasted out of his dreams by that alarming after-hours call.

Well, now we've got all this cleared up, we still say there's nothing we'd rather hear than a phone ringing.

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WISCONSIN	Milwaukee	Stuart's

NEW BEAUX

From page 13

fidelity ever since he put up his marbles.

Try a different line of approach. Give him a date, but let him know it's strictly for laughs. Tease him about his conquests and let him see you don't give two whoops what he does when he's out of your sight. But if he wants you to go ice-cream-sodaing and *you aren't busy*, you'll tag along. He won't be able to figure out what that material is you're made of, and will soon be following you around like a puppy dog, if for no other reason than to see what makes you tick.

You see, my lamb, there simply aren't enough Donnie's to go 'round—never were, never will be, But that doesn't mean you can't have your very own pin-up guy—if you'll stop that wishful thinking and take action.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

Of Miss America Magazine, published monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for October 1st, 1946.

County of New York }
State of New York } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Martin Goodman, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Miss America Magazine and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, Miss America Publishing Corp., 350 5th Avenue, N. Y., N. Y.; Editor, Bessie Little, 350 5th Avenue, N. Y., N. Y.; Managing Editor, Jean Goodman, 350 5th Avenue, N. Y., N. Y.; Business Manager, Martin Goodman, 350 5th Avenue, N. Y., N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Miss America Publishing Corp., 350 5th Avenue, N. Y., N. Y.; Martin Goodman, 350 5th Avenue, N. Y., N .Y.; Jean Goodman, 350 5th Avenue, N. Y., N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him.

MARTIN GOODMAN,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 18th day of September 1946.

SYLVIA FIEGEN,
Notary Public.
(My commission expires March 30, 1947)

A LOVELIER YOU

From page 23

in fruits, vegetables and milk. Thirsty or not, drink eight to ten glasses of water a day. Not only does water flush impurities from your kidneys (incidentally, faulty kidneys have been found to cause skin disorders), but, combined with the fruit, vegetables and milk, you assure yourself of a healthy stomach. Elimination—bowels and kidneys—is *vital* to your well-being. Sluggish elimination reflects, almost invariably, a lazy you.

Exercise and fresh air is another must in your campaign to achieve a lovelier skin; these, too, rid your pores of impurities, act as a wonderful circulation tonic.

So much for the *inward* you. Because blackheads and other blemishes have parked themselves deep into your facial pores, something must be done to dislodge them. Step number one is cleanliness, immaculate cleanliness. Ordinary soap and water, in stubborn cases, is not quite sufficient. A friction type of grain I found after long experiments in my laboratory to be the answer to this problem. "Beauty Grains," I call them. Wash your face with these little cleansing granules, which you mix with hot water to make a creamy lather. Rub this lather all over your face (do not use a brush or wash cloth if your skin is sensitive) to dislodge blackheads gradually and stimulate the oil glands to proper functioning.

Follow every friction washing with an application of soothing Pasteurized Face Cream to make your skin feel cool and alive. This cream, I am proud to say, has the distinction of being the only cleansing cream that actively benefits an oily, blemished skin.

You're not quite ready for bedtime at this point. Gently remove the cream with tissues; now spread on Medicated Cream. Leave it on overnight to do its healing work while you sleep. This fine cream for blemished skin has a sulphur base, an ingredient famous for its healing qualities. Important, too, is the purifying and soothing action it has in helping to localize and dry eruptions.

Because you do have a disturbed skin, you will have to continue treatment in the morning. My Plus Cleanser lathers and cleanses like soap. Dip a wet sponge into it and scrub away. The whipped-cream lather loosens dirt (yes, dirt collects even while you sleep). Then, just rinse with warm water, following up, as final refresher, a dash of cold.

I do believe in camouflaging skin disorders as much as possible and this can be done with an application of a liquid medicated foundation. It's a soothing, *concealing* Snow Lotion, hiding the bumps and blemishes that have caused you so many unhappy hours. And you heal and beautify at the same time.

A light dusting of powder over the Snow Lotion and you can forget your face until your next cleansing session. Don't undo all this good work, in the meantime, by applying more powder on top of the old. Instead, thoroughly cleanse your face with the proper medication before lightly powdering again.

Just wait and see if you don't emerge a lovelier, more poised, prettier *you* after these simple steps to skin sweetness.

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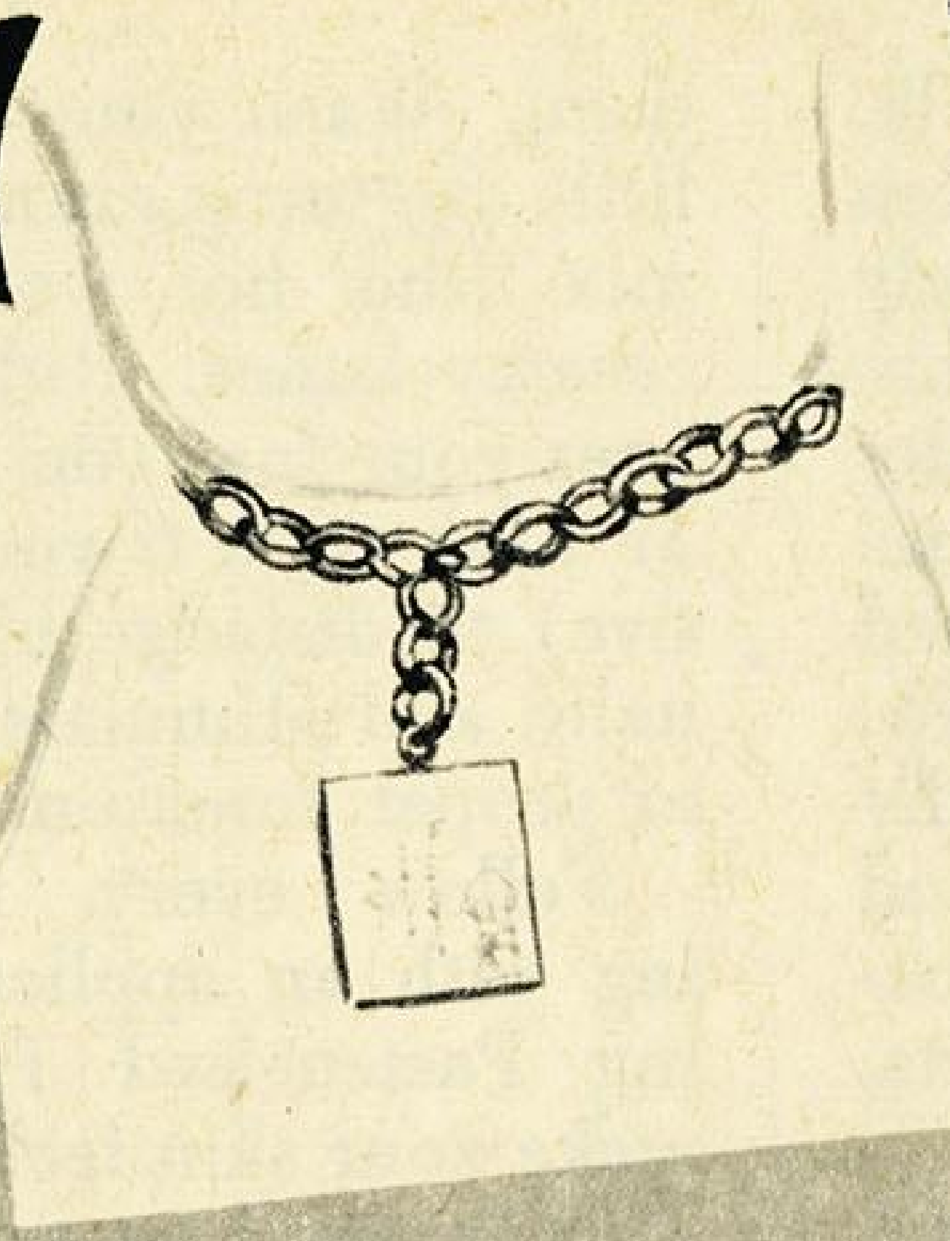

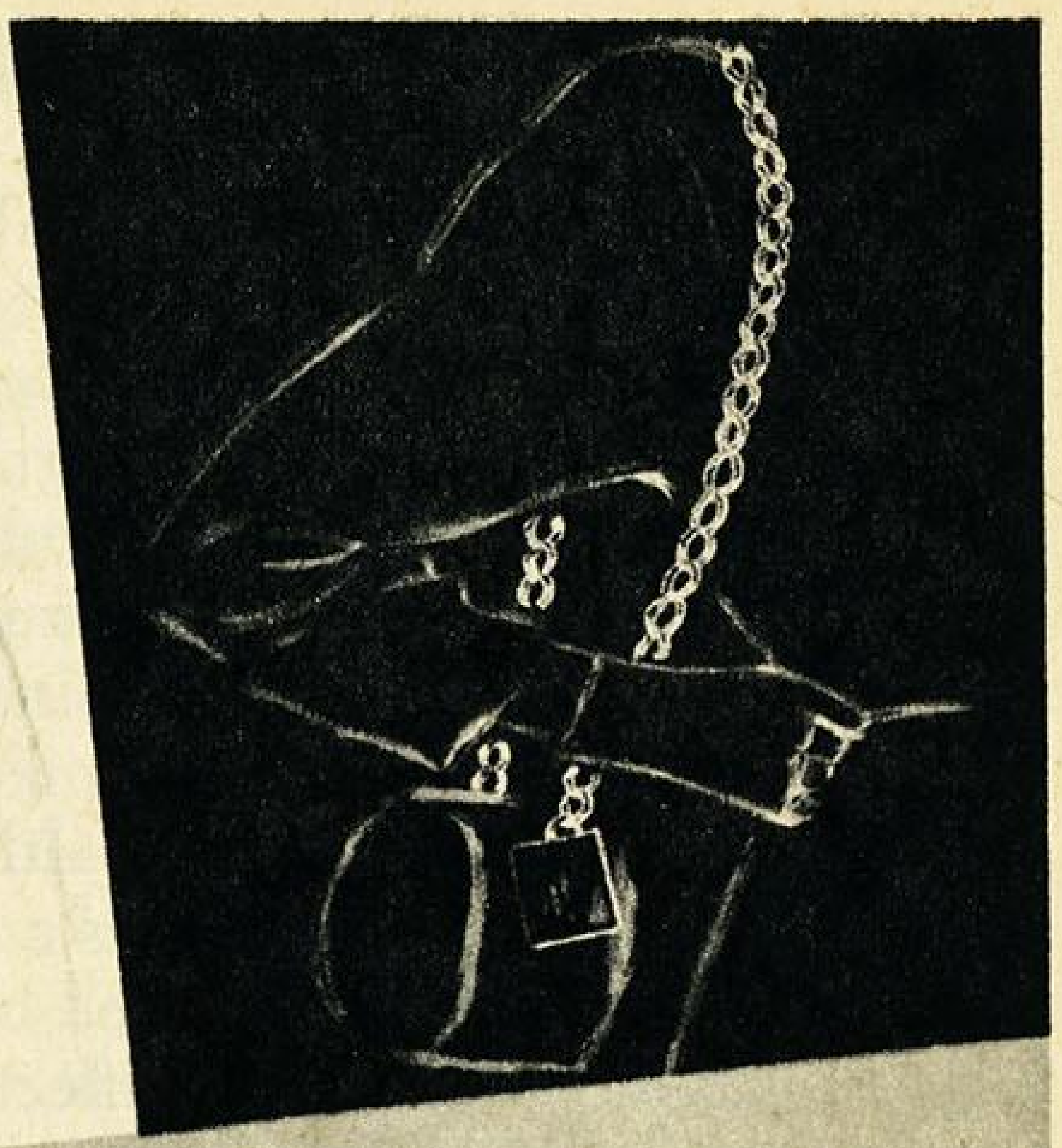

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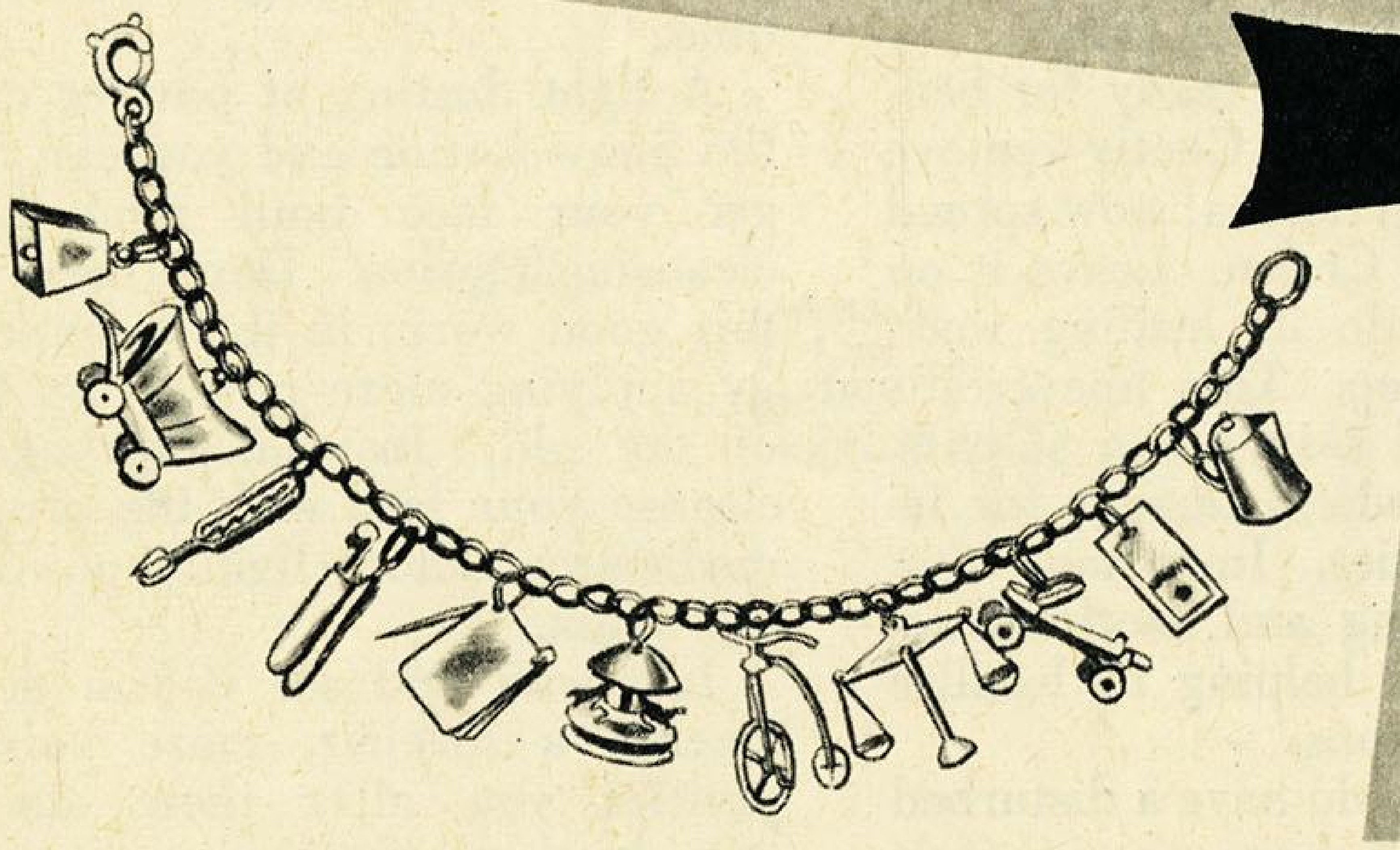

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ARE YOU A GOOD DATE?

From page 25

cream lightly on lids and lashes for that dewy look.

Your hair? No matter what your coiffure, brush and brush. Lights in your tresses will make your boy friend's eyes shine, too.

Now your dress. Neatness before newness. Check for uneven hemlines, side gaps, broken seams, perspiration rings, peekaboo slips and show-off shoulder straps—such nightmare things make first dates last dates. Also, be sure what you wear is appropriate. Nothing is so unnerving for both you and your escort as for you to turn up at a wiener roast in frills and high heels, or for you to wear a plaid skirt at a dress-up affair. Try to find out beforehand where you're going, so you'll know.

The doorbell peals. He's here! A last twirl before the full-length mirror to be sure everything's okay from shining head to impatient toes—then when you walk away, forget the *outside* you! From here, it's the *inside* you who takes over.

Don't keep your date waiting long. As many a gal has learned the hard way, the male of the species has a much sterner sense of the value of minutes than the female.

You're together. Remind yourself that boys, like parents, are people, too. His basic reactions are much like your own. Your genuine interest, responsive laughter, will cover many an error in grooming. So if, during the evening, you snag your nylons, let him forget it, even if you can't.

Don't let your attention stray to other prospects or, if you double-date, don't try to snare the other girl's date—be sporting. You owe your smiles and wiles to the boy who made this evening possible.

Don't be possessive. No boy likes to feel that he can't talk to another girl without pouts and dark looks from you. He likes to feel he has free choice—if you let him, he'll likely choose you! Don't show off, demand too much service in restaurants, make him conspicuous—man and boy they're conservative, bless them!

A few more questions—and suggestions. Do you expect expensive entertainment every date? Boys like the girl who can enjoy a spur-of-the-moment hike or a skating date with a finale of hamburgers.

Is the situation getting out of hand? Don't let it. If you keep your self-respect and help him to keep his, down deep he'll thank you for it, date you longer and oftener, too. When things start getting sticky—that's the time to wash your hands of the situation, gently but firmly, if you must, bring the evening to a close.

It's over. You've looked pretty, listened well, laughed appreciatively, won the wrestling match good-naturedly. Now he's saying goodnight. If you've had a good time, tell him sincerely. Even if he's been slightly dull, don't let him guess you think so. It never helps to hurt people's feelings—you're sensitive, too, aren't you? Also, at parting, don't try to angle another date—unless the suggestion comes from him.

It all boils down to this—boys will enjoy your company if you genuinely enjoy theirs and show it by careful grooming, being ready on time, interested listening and appreciation of their efforts.

Happy dating!

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

From page 15

after my trip with Boffy.

However this story is about Boffy and Duke and a skinny young man called Hank and not about the standoffish and grudging obedience my students gave me.

Boffy is a shy little blonde, terribly conscious that she is no beauty and even more painfully aware that the eyeglasses she must wear because of her weak sight do not add anything to the general picture. Where Boffy got her ridiculous nickname I do not know but I envied her. I often wished that somebody would call me Boffy or Dizzy, anything except, “Yes, Miss Carmichael. No, Miss Carmichael.”

At any rate I started with Boffy and we'd hardly settled ourselves in our compartment when she asked, “Miss Carmichael, have you ever been in love?”

“Not in the last two or three centuries, Boffy,” I said lightly. “Why do you ask?”

“I'm in love, Miss Carmichael. Terribly in love. I thought you might help me.”

This was no news. Everyone knows that Boffy has been in love with Duke O'Hara for years. Some say that Boffy fell in love with Duke when their mothers left their perambulators side by side outside the A & P store during a shopping trip. But the affair was one sided. The messages of love that Boffy blinked through the thick lenses never registered with Duke for various reasons. Lately the reason had been that he was too wrapped in what he called his band, a group of fellow students who beat out raucous rhythms at school dances. While the noises they produced were highly painful to any intelligent music lover unfortunate enough to overhear, the tunes they played brought squeals of delight from the girls.

Through it all, Duke never knew that Boffy existed.

Duke is a tall boy with freckles, a disarming smile and blond hair cut in crew style. I've overheard some of my girl pupils describe him as a combination of a motion picture performer named Van something and a radio singer who stands high in female favor. This latter young man, I understood, was called Hankie-Boy and causes a great fluttering of feminine hearts when he sings sentimental ballads in a low throbbing voice into a microphone, to which he clings with both hands, a mannerism which Duke often imitated to the delight of his admirers and Boffy.

I was awakened from thoughts of Duke by a wail from Boffy.

“But, Miss Carmichael, I love him so and he won't notice me. He doesn't know I'm alive.”

With that Boffy began sniffling in a way that set my nerves on edge.

“Stop sniffling this instant, Boffy,” I ordered. “What you need is some lunch. Come along.”

I made my way through the swaying train to the dining car followed by an audibly despondent Boffy.

The diner was crowded and when at long last the steward waved two beckoning fingers I was so famished that I did not notice for a moment that there was already an occupant of the table to which we were ushered. When I did see him over the top of the menu I saw him with his chin sunk in his hands staring moodily into a cup of very black coffee. I could see that he had wavy dark hair and two exceedingly prominent ears. I saw also a haggard young face with hollowed cheeks, which made him look a good deal older than the twenty-six or twenty-seven I judged him to be. To me he looked undernourished.

I heard Boffy draw a sharp breath.

“Jeepers!” she said, “Jeepers!” And I'm actually sitting at the same table. Wait'll I tell Duke!”

The young man flicked his eyes toward Boffy and then shrugged hopelessly.

“Everywhere I go,” he said. “They hang around stage doors. They sit in the lobby of my hotel. One had herself shipped to me by express. I don't dare open a package any more. Afraid I'll find one in it.”

“Sir,” I said icily. “I do not know you I believe.”

Boffy joggled my elbow.

“It's him,” she whispered. “Jeepers!”

The young man smiled winningly.

“My name's—well, call me Hank. What's your name?”

“I'm Miss Denise Carmichael.”

“I'll call you Mike,” the young man declared. He extended his arm across the table, seized my hand and shook it. “Hi, Mike! And who's your little friend?”

“I'm Boffy!” she fairly screamed it. “Jeepers! Wait'll I tell Duke. I know he'll just die!”

“What did you call me, young man?” I asked him.

“Mike. Short for Carmichael. Like it, Mike?”

Boffy was ecstatic. “Mike! Jeepers! Wait'll I tell the gang!”

I must confess I liked being called Mike. It was the first time in my life I'd ever had a nickname. I felt good about it but I didn't say so. Instead I said, “You look run down, young man. You shouldn't be living on just coffee. Waiter! Bring this young man some thick soup, calves' liver, mashed potatoes, spinach, pie *a la mode* and a glass of milk. That'll take the hollows out of his cheeks.”

Hank laughed.

“If you took care of me, Mike,” he said, “you'd fatten me up so I'd lose my fans. I wouldn't look ‘interesting’ any more. My press agent says that 50 million women want to mother me because I've got a thin, ‘interesting’ face. That makes them sorry for me but the way they show it drives me crazy.”

While we were eating I learned that he was a singer.

“That's a coincidence,” I said, “because I'm a music teacher.”

“Everybody knows *he's* a singer,” Boffy said.

“When we finish here let's go back to my compartment. I'll play some of my records for you,” Hank suggested.

“Not until Boffy finishes her luncheon. Boffy, even if you are sad you've got to eat. You haven't touched a thing.”

“But,” said Boffy. “I'm not skipping lunch because I'm sad any more. Now, I'm too happy to be hungry. Imagine me sitting at the same table with *him*.”

While the train roared toward New York Boffy and I sat in Hank's compartment listening to his rather pleasant voice on the records which, I have learned since, have made him a millionaire and the idol of practically every young person. I must admit I liked his records, and told him so.

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"They send me," said Boffy.

Hank was delighted.

"If a music teacher and a bobby-soxer both like my records," he asserted, "then a music teacher and a bobby-soxer are going to have some." Then he autographed an album of recordings and a picture of himself for both Boffy and me. My picture bore the words "To Mike, the greatest music teacher in the world, from her humble pupil, Hank." I keep it on my desk in my classrom. You'd be surprised what an effect it has on students.

Boffy's autographed picture is in the window of her uncle's drug store on Eighth Street. It says, "To Boffy, as a reminder not to forget her second best boy friend, Hank."

If you saw the newspapers around Christmastime you know most of what happened next. Armies of newspaper photographers swooped down on us at Grand Central and took pictures. Hank stood laughing, with one arm around me and one around Boffy while he announced loudly that "these are my two best girls."

Next day I guess there wasn't a paper in the country that didn't carry that picture. It was scandalous. I sat down and wrote Mr. Beaswell, our principal, and to Mrs. Lefcourt of the Parent-Teachers Association. Frankly, I was a little worried over the outcome of the publicity.

But I needn't have worried. Boffy and I made the return trip together and then came the best part of the story. Half of the students from the high, I guess, were on the platform when our train pulled in with Duke and his band in the forefront playing like mad "Love's For Me," Hank's theme song.

When the music stopped, Duke stepped forward and hugged Boffy hard. Boffy blushed and I could almost see her beginning to grow prettier right then before my eyes. She's been growing prettier every day since. Love's wonderful that way.

Every once in a while when I look at myself in the mirror I get the notion that I'm getting prettier too. Maybe it's because that now when my students meet me on the street they wave and yell "Hi, Mike!"

It makes me feel all warm inside.

HOLLYWOOD'S YOUNGER SET

From page 4

You don't notice Susan's wheel chair when you see her bright smiling face. She simply ignores that "unlucky break" and carries on courageously, which will undoubtedly result in her complete recovery.

Event of the Month: Miss America's Fashion Show at the May Company! The fashion director reported the largest turnout of Miss Americas ever to attend a fashion event in Los Angeles. Such clothes! Such cute dresses, all in Miss America—and exclusive.

Hundreds of attractive fashion-wise teenagers in Los Angeles turned out to see the new clothes and greet Jane Powell, the MGM star, who was a guest of honor.

After the show there was much autographing, and an exchange of news, and the pleasure of seeing the Ross Hunter Fan Club out full force, with members from as far as Pasadena and Glendale.

Party of the Month: The party for Hollywood's Younger Set at the new California Cabana Club celebrated Miss America's tremendous lead in the magazine field. With over a million copies monthly and five million readers, Miss America is the world's largest teen-age magazine.

But, before we sound like a campaigner on the election stump, here's the news of the party. Telephoning the invitations certainly gave us the latest on "who's dating who, and who's secret delight, sorrow and ambition is who."

Roddy's mother, Mrs. McDowall, reported Roddy in Ohio on a personal appearance tour. Rod's dog had been so lonely during Rod's three months tour, that she had sent the dog to him that very day.

When we asked Richard Long whom he'd bring, he said, "I saw a picture of Janet Martin in Miss America, and she's beautiful." We fixed that, but fast. (Cupid M.M., as Lon McCallister says.) Incidentally, Peggy Ann Garner and Lon were on location for "Son of Battle," but returned in time to make the party, except—night scenes were added suddenly, and they were returned to location. Peggy Ann had a new formal for our party and was that disappointed. "Oh, the life of a star!" she moaned.

Hazel Dawn, Jr., dated Bob Cornell, and Jane Powell was really a dream-girl with her hair coiffured especially for the event and wearing such a pretty dress.

Bob Stack, a great favorite before the war, and slated to be one of Hollywood's top stars, once he latches on to the right roles, flew down from his hunting lodge near Lake Tahoe to attend.

Ross Hunter squired Audrey Totter. Audrey's slated to remake the Jean Harlow pictures at Metro. Ross is rather perturbed (and can you blame him, what with the housing situation in Hollywood?) for a well-meaning editor devoted eight pages of solid copy nationally to exploit Ross as a tremendous favorite, but put Ross's telephone number in the article. Ross living at a hotel is in a fine state of affairs, what with the telephone girls complaining that he has hundreds of calls daily and should have a special switchboard, or should move. Oh, me.

Jane Withers wore a terrific new, blue lace dress, glistening with sequins. Janie had sewed them on herself. Too, she designed the dress and the little gloves to match. Next day Janie was leaving on a personal appearance tour.

Larry Tierney, the RKO star, came over to ask for a dance. And Red Skelton took our pictures with his own camera.

Gloria Jean wore the very super formal she'd featured on her concert tour, and she dated Nicholas Faeullette from Paris.

Did your heart misbehave when you saw MacDonald Carey, the Marine Corps vet, in "Suddenly It's Spring"? One week after the picture, our mail was loaded with raves from many of you.

Bob Walker dates Shelley Winters these days, and Van Johnson, whose next will be "Romance of Rosey Ridge," is going out with new star, Janet Leigh.

Chatting with a group of you we discovered that Glenn Ford is an all out favorite. And now, raves for Bing Crosby, Ivan Kirov, and Frankie's devotees who *are* devoted.

And that's Hollywood!

a Kiss for Santa
SANTA

Put the music on to boil! It's Open Season for parties . . . for dancing your feet off . . . for laughing your head off. For bowling them over with a delirious-making new dress. Here's how to say hello to Santa . . . in an Emily Wilkens original, striped up and down like peppermint candy and made of taffeta to swo-ooosh as you sway.

Make like a Snow Princess coming and going. You can Enter & Exit with a capital E in your polo or shortie coat if you know how to give it Party Manners. Wear a little wool or velvet hood scattered with star dust . . . sequins and seed pearls sewn on helter skelter. Do the same for a matching pair of mittens and twinkle when you travel.

● Don't ruin a dreamy dress or poke a hole in His Dream with perspiration stain or odor. Put Arrid at the head of your Party Grooming list.

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MY FIRST FORMAL

From page 47

very first grown-up formal gown.

Jane's mother had her dress made. With Jane's wonderful coloring—her dark hair, her creamy skin, and her thick-lashed deep blue eyes—it seemed that white would be the ideal color, and white was symbolic, too, of a *first* formal. The skirt was full and fairy-like, and down the front of the dress were tiny bows, a touch of daring red. The day before the great night arrived, Jane went to a beauty parlor and had her hair set, and her nails manicured. Then all day long at school, she had to watch them carefully, to see they didn't get wrecked.

The affair was on a Friday night, and Jane rushed straight home from school. The next-door neighbor dropped in for dinner, and the neighbors on the other side came over to see how Janie looked, all dressed up. She did take about two hours with her bath, and she experimented with lipstick and found it hard to get on straight. And then, finally—the dress! There was a lovely, slithery slip underneath, and as it came down over her head, she felt like a very grand lady.

Her heart was thumping so hard she thought everyone could hear it. For any minute now her date would arrive. In the midst of the gayety and confusion, the doorbell rang. She raced to the door (why be casual at a moment like this?), and there he was, with immaculate white gloves, in a very nice suit. His hair was still a little damp from water with which he had plastered it down. He was being very casual and correct. He handed her a box.

"Oh, how lovely!" said Janie. "How perfectly, perfectly lovely!"

"Why don't you open the box and see what's in it?" suggested her mother.

Of course! How silly of her! There, in the white box, all shimmering in waxed paper, was a lovely gardenia corsage. As she pinned it on, Janie was absolutely breathless. She hadn't expected a grown-up corsage!

Her escort's father was waiting outside in the car, and he drove them to the affair. Jane had on silver, low-heeled sandals, a light, formal velvet coat. It was raining, and everyone thought she should wear something warmer. But Janie wouldn't have spoiled the effect of her complete outfit if she had caught pneumonia.

They walked into the hall, and Janie immediately excused herself and went to the powder room. There, packed before the mirrors, were all her classmates—her girl friends. And how transformed they looked, how elegant, how beautifully *old!*

In the lobby, where she joined her escort, she thought her heart would just stop beating. She was scared to death. She had to make an entrance. So she quietly steeled herself, and hoped her trembling didn't show. Then they walked into the ballroom together. Almost at once, the music started, and they got up—they were about the fourth couple on the floor—and started to dance. Almost at once, too, Janie took a quick look around to see if He was there. He wasn't.

Right from the first, it was apparent her escort intended to let no one cut in on his lovely partner. Every time a boy in the stag line happened along, he would steer her the other way. Jane laughed gaily and pretended to be having a wonderful time. But she was surprised to find she wasn't, really. Something was missing. It seemed like the build-up had been terrific, the dreams of what it would be like so different from the way it was. She stumbled on her first adult discovery: *anticipation is a greater thrill than realization.*

. . . . . But Mom said I have to finish my lesson and cleaning before we go!

Then she saw him, *the* one. He had come stag. He was looking at her. Jane pretended not to notice him. She suddenly laughed at nothing. She bubbled over. Her escort thought he was the wit of the evening. He was also smart. Every time the blond boy started toward Janie, her escort would say, abruptly, "Come, let's dance."

Finally, much later, the blond boy cut in. Janie began to float. Why, this wasn't dancing at all! He was very quiet, very reserved. Janie couldn't be flip and gay with him, no matter how hard she tried. All at once, she didn't want to be pert and lively, to pretend she was having a gay dance. She felt positively dreamy, and she knew she was having a WONDERFUL time!

The dance was over much too soon, although he cut in several times during the evening. He was there during intermission when everyone had cookies and punch, but he didn't pair off with any other girl. And he was there when the crowd coaxed Jane to sing. This she didn't see how she could live through, being singled out, to sing before them all. She just thought she would die of embarrassment. But she didn't, and the applause, afterwards, gave her a little warm glow.

The evening had to end, of course. She saw *him* leave, alone. Then she and her escort waited downstairs for his father and mother to pick them up. They all went to a little icecream parlor for refreshments, and Jane got home about 12:30.

It HAD been a momentous evening. Even then, Janie knew there would never be another one quite like it. Later, she was to be in pictures, act with Walter Pidgeon and Roddy McDowall in "Holiday in Mexico," appear at premieres, attend swanky dinners, and big parties, have dates and fun. But it would never be quite the same again, for there is only one *first* formal.

From page 8

after you have used it. If she still doesn't want you to use the livingroom, then gracefully compromise and have good old bull-sessions in your bedroom. Nothing is so much fun as a real girl get-together! *Laraine.*

Dear Laraine: My problem is that the boy I like has a furious temper, and I have, too. We fight over every little thing. What can I do to overcome this? Charline.

Dear Charline: First of all, it will help if you try (and I mean REALLY try) to see the other person's point-of-view. There are always two sides to every story. If your boy friend's is legitimate, then *agree with him* and he'll have nothing to be furious about. If it is not, don't quarrel—talk it over without losing your temper. A very good way to get people over a temper-tantrum is to laugh at them. Not in a "making fun" kind of way, but with honest amusement. If your boy friend sees that he is making a ridiculous picture of himself, he won't be so eager to make such a display of his emotions the next time. The old adage about counting ten isn't bad advice, either. It gives you time to weigh your values. Here's luck! *Laraine.*

Dear Laraine: I live in the country and go to school where there is only grade school. I am 13 and the oldest of any of the girls in the 8th grade. I'm used to amusement, for I once lived in the city. There is none at school at all. Can you help me? Bonnie.

Dear Bonnie: The country has many amusements the city-bred girl dreams of and envies: boating, fishing, sleigh rides, church socials, sewing bees. If you like outdoor things, why don't you plan sleigh rides for winter, hay rides for summer? Ice skating can be such fun, and something the city girl has to go to an "ice palace" to do. Get actively interested in your church. In many small communities much of the social life centers around it. Even if you live far apart, there's always a way for young, congenial people to get together if there's enough incentive. Have fun! *Laraine.*

Dear Laraine: It is a queer feeling to know that you are liked by someone but that he is ashamed of you in front of his friends. I am 15, and have an average amount of good looks The only really bad thing about me is my eyes. They are gray-green in color with long black lashes, but—here is the horrid part—my right eye is slightly crossed. I work at a drug store, and this particular boy asked to take me home. Last summer we went together, and he gave me his pin. But when we started school, he ignored me on the campus, although he would still call for me after work. I gave him back his pin, and he acted like it was just something that he had loaned to me for a while. Then, summer came again and I started to work. He started to come in and asked to take me home. He said he was going into the Army and asked me to write him. I am going to have my eyes operated on soon. I am ging to start studying ballet, also. I am going to study hard, and I know I can improve myself. But if he is away, how will he see this? What can I do to make him really proud of me? Doris.

My dearest Doris: You may not like this, but if your friend hasn't enough depth to see beyond the fact that one of your eyes is slightly crossed, then he isn't much of a person. However, I know that when you are fond of someone, you excuse their faults.

So, when your eyes are straightened, have the best photographer in your town take a picture of you —the most flattering one he can. Send it to the boy with this kind of a note: "I had my eye operated on, and I thought you would like to see the results." Then write him a letter in this vein: Say that the operation has made a real difference in your life, that now you are going out more and having more fun. Don't brag and don't be obvious, but do let him see that your life no longer revolves around his likes and dislikes. In your letters, make him feel important, dependable, intelligent. Men, like bees, are fond of honey. When he comes back, he, too, may have matured—enough, I hope, to realize what a wonderful girl you are. Love. *Laraine.*

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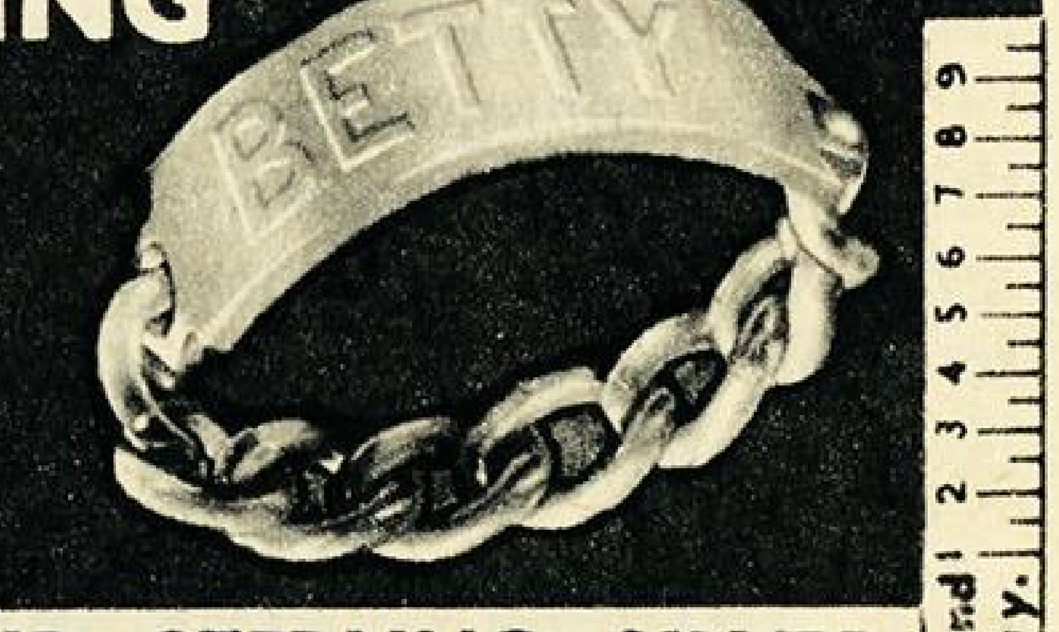

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MYSTERY MONEY

From page 44

them when Candy, who had disappeared around a turn in the path, let out a sudden yell.

My scalp prickled. "Wh-what's wrong?"

Candy reappeared breathlessly, thrust something into my hand. When I saw what, I almost lost my balance! I mean, I'm not used to holding fifty-dollar bills. I felt sort of—afraid of it.

I don't even remember how we got back. We burst into our room, fell exuberantly into each other's arms, and burbled, "Imagine a fifty-dollar bill! Isn't it too, too wonderful!"

A closet door swung back. The new girl peered around it.

"Did you say you'd found a—a fifty-dollar bill?" she gasped. "Let's see it."

Naturally, anyone would be interested, but there was something in Kim's manner that was more than ordinary curiosity—more intense. Candy felt it, made a move to hide the money, then, slowly, her eyes on Kim, she held it out.

"Well!" said Kim, taking it, eyes straining near-sightedly through her glasses. "Brand new, too!" She faced us excitedly. "Where'd you find it?"

"Up along the river bluffs," I said lightly. "What does it matter where? Point is, we did find it. Pretty, isn't it?" I reached quickly for it.

Her fingers stretched after it. Then, somewhat embarrassed, she let her hand fall.

The next moment, she said coolly, "I suppose you'll advertise."

Candy gulped. "Advertise?"

"Someone lost it," Kim pointed out logically.

She was right, of course. We'd have to try to locate the rightful owner. In my disappointment, I lashed out angrily at Kim.

"I'm surprised you don't claim it yourself," I said. "You don't want us to have anything, do you? Not a fifty-dollar bill, nor a room to ourselves, nor—nor—anything!"

I was sorry immediately, but then it was too late. Kim went white, turned on her heel, and walked out of the room.

Right then, the luncheon gong sounded. Before we left, I thrust the bill into my top bureau drawer. After lunch, we'd have to decide what to do about it.

The new girl had a sudden coughing spell and had to leave the diningroom before dessert. We didn't think much about it until we got back upstairs and looked for the bill. It was gone!

We didn't waste time. Grimly we went looking for Kim Parker.

Dot Overby had overheard the new girl telephoning in the alcove. She had asked for a Mr. Parker at the Imperial Hotel, Dot said.

We rushed down to the Imperial Hotel, only to find that Mr. Parker had left about ten minutes before with "a young woman." Kim.

Automatically, we turned into the drug store, bowed our heads gloomily over chocolate malteds. What bothered us even more than losing the money was the terrible knowledge that Kim Parker was a thief, or at least a kleptomaniac. By no means the ideal room-mate.

When we got back to our room, there sat Kim!

"Well!" said Candy. "Suppose you tell us what you did with it."

"Your bill?" asked Kim calmly. "Look in your drawer."

The money was there. I whirled, baffled. "But—but you did take it!"

The new girl nodded. "I had to borrow it. Sorry."

Candy said wearily. "Let's go for another walk, Alice."

"Reet," I said eagerly.

Kim Parker looked up. "Why don't you go where you went this morning? Maybe you'll find some more money."

We started off, sort of excited now. We searched the river path eagerly all the way to the caves—but no luck.

Candy wanted to go back, when, suddenly, up near the mouth of the largest cave, I caught sight of something green on a leafless bush. It was half of a bill!

Just half—was anything ever so maddening? "Right outside the cave," I whispered. "Maybe the other half blew inside."

It was terribly dark inside the cave. We walked quietly, and didn't talk out loud.

"We should have brought a flashlight," Candy whispered.

Then, surprisingly, my hand touched something soft and warm. Campfire ashes! Someone had had a fire in here recently.

All of a sudden there were voices outside. The next moment flashlight beams blinded us.

Two men stamped forward, seized our arms painfully. "Here—what's this? What are you two kids doing snooping around here?"

"J-just expl-ploring," stuttered Candy.

One of them plucked the half bill from my hand. "Wh-where'd you get this, huh? Speak up!"

"Outside," I said hoarsely. "We—we thought the other half might be in here."

"A likely story! You've been spying on us."

"No, please—honestly—"

But they wouldn't listen. They made us march ahead down a narrow passage into another rock chamber, where a third man sat before a table, on which were hundreds and hundreds of bills!

"Counterfeiters!" gasped Candy.

"What'll we do with these nosy kids?" the tallest man asked the others. "Throw 'em down the cliff? It could look like an accident."

"Naw," said another. "Just leave 'em here, tied up in the cave. We can make our getaway in the boat before they get loose."

They were starting to tie us up, when suddenly someone said casually, from the passageway entrance, "Hello, girls. I've been looking for you everywhere." It was Kim Parker.

The men straightened in annoyance. "Hey—another stray!" cried one. "How many more of you are there, anyhow? We'll never get out of here at this rate."

"Oh, yes you will," said another, deeper voice, behind Kim. "Hands up, all of you!"

The two men grunted, slowly raised their arms. "Daddy," Kim exclaimed, "I was afraid you might come too late! That's why I came on ahead, after the girls. Did you find the confetti trail I left?"

"Yes, thank you, Kim," said Mr. Parker. "And now—gentlemen—if you'll precede me outside, you'll find a welcoming committee."

When the police had marched the counterfeiters off, Kim explained. She'd borrowed our fifty-dollar bill to show her father, a federal agent who'd been trailing

★ ★ ★ Miss America

a slick gang of counterfeiters for months.

Sure enough, our fifty dollars was phony. What a blow!

"Then, I telephoned Dad from the dormitory that I was going to follow you to the river bluffs—left a trail of confetti, like in a paper chase, for him to follow."

I shuddered. "And what if you hadn't come after us!"

"And now—" suddenly Kim's eyes filled with tired tears— "now you can have your room to yourselves again. Daddy'll take me along with him."

"Oh, please," said Candy earnestly. "Please, stay! Honestly, we'd love to have you, Kim—if you want to stay, that is."

"Please, Kim," I said. "We're sorry about—everything."

Kim took off her glasses. Her wet eyes shone in the sunset. Her father looked pleased, too.

Happily we started homeward. The chill March wind swooped down, but we didn't mind. Candy, Kim and I locked arms. Why, I thought, three's not a crowd, after all! And I didn't mind about the old fifty-dollar bill, because, after all, it was only money, and what we'd found was far more precious.

BASKETBALL POINTS

From page 49

(7,500) plus baseball (6,000).

Basketball also is the most popular team game with American girls. That's because it doesn't require brawn and muscle the way football and baseball do. All you need in basketball is an accurate eye—and practice.

An easy shot to begin with is the *set shot.* You make this toss with both feet placed solidly on the floor to give you balance. To get accuracy you hold the ball in both hands at chest height.

If you've watched closely when your school team plays, though, you know that a player needs more than a set shot to be at home in a fast-moving game. Often there's not time to get both feet planted on the floor or both hands firmly on the ball. What's called for is a speedy one-hand toss.

Work up to this from the very short *lay-up* shot. You flip it as you jump for the basket, letting the ball go at the top of your leap. It will take a little practice to learn just where on the backboard to bounce the ball so it spins through the strings. But once you find the magic spot you can ring up baskets as easily as you plunk a cash register.

Passing, or throwing the ball from one team member to another, looks very simple. Remember, though, than an opponent easily can intercept your throw. Therefore you must make a pass not only accurate but deceptive as well. A good way to fool a rival is to *bounce* your passes to a teammate. That means you angle the ball down sharply and hit the floor to get it past a guard.

In *pivoting* you shift your body from one side to the other. Throughout, however, you must keep one foot on the floor.

Feinting puts all the other tricks together and really spells deception. In this you make believe you are going to shoot, pass or pivot in *one* direction. Then you quickly change to *another* direction or another trick.

Briefly, these are some of the highlights in *offensive* basketball—the part in which you try to score more points than your rival. But an equally important side of the game is the *defensive*—in which you try to prevent the opposition from tallying.

A "must" here is never to let your rival get behind your back or between you and the basket. That's a case where what you can't see *can* hurt you!

There also are defensive systems that your whole team can use. One is called the *zone defense.* In this, the half of the court your team is guarding is divided into imaginary zones. Each member of the team covers a definite area and plays any rival who comes into it. In the words of the old Hit Parade favorite, the idea is *"I Cover the Waterfront."*

With the second type, or *man-to-man* defense, a guard plays only one opponent and covers him wherever he goes. Here the theme song is *"To Each His Own."*

Teams often will shift from one defense to another! But this is what makes basketball so exciting—a good, fast game like a grab bag in which almost any surprise can turn up. And usually does!

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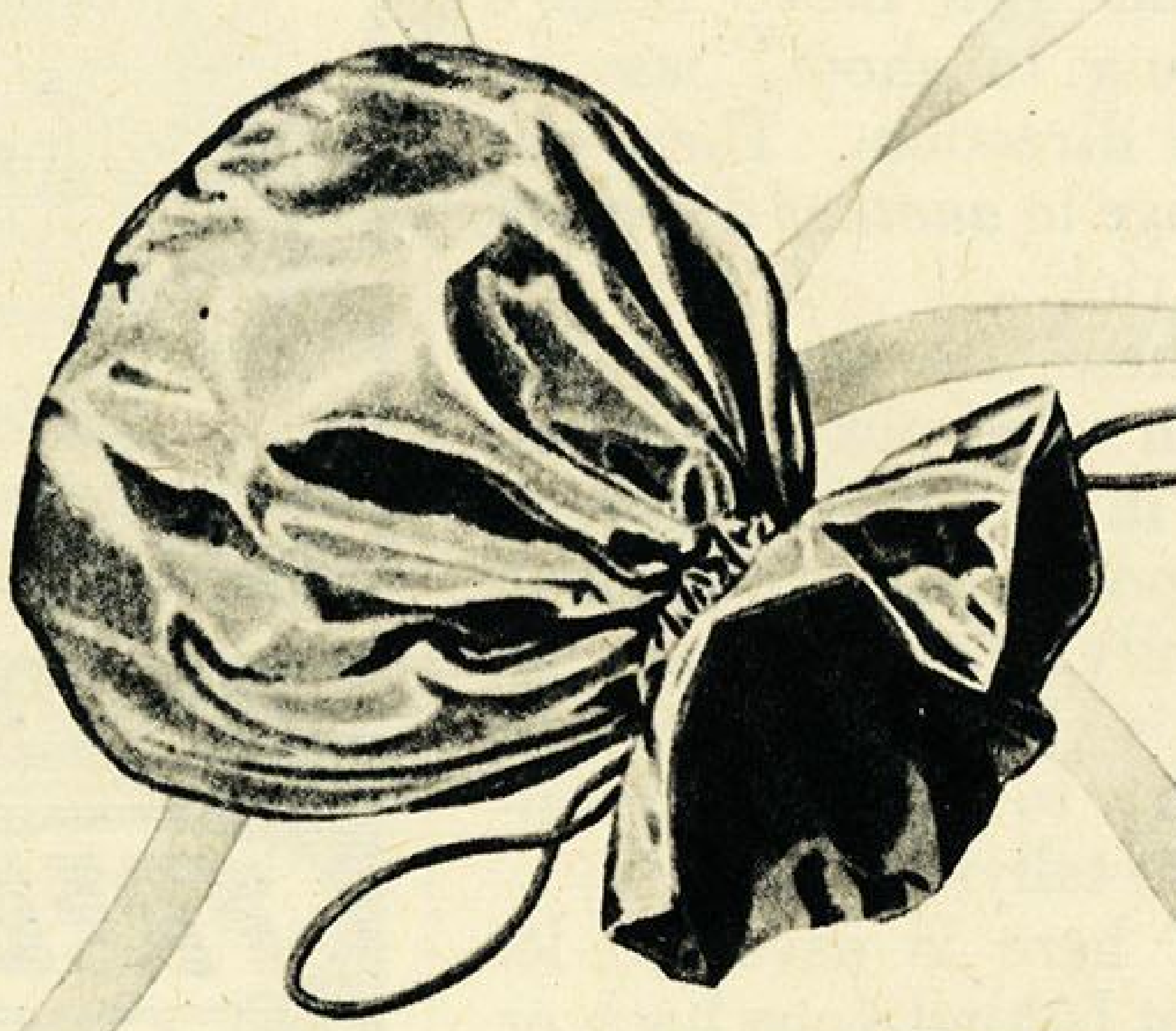

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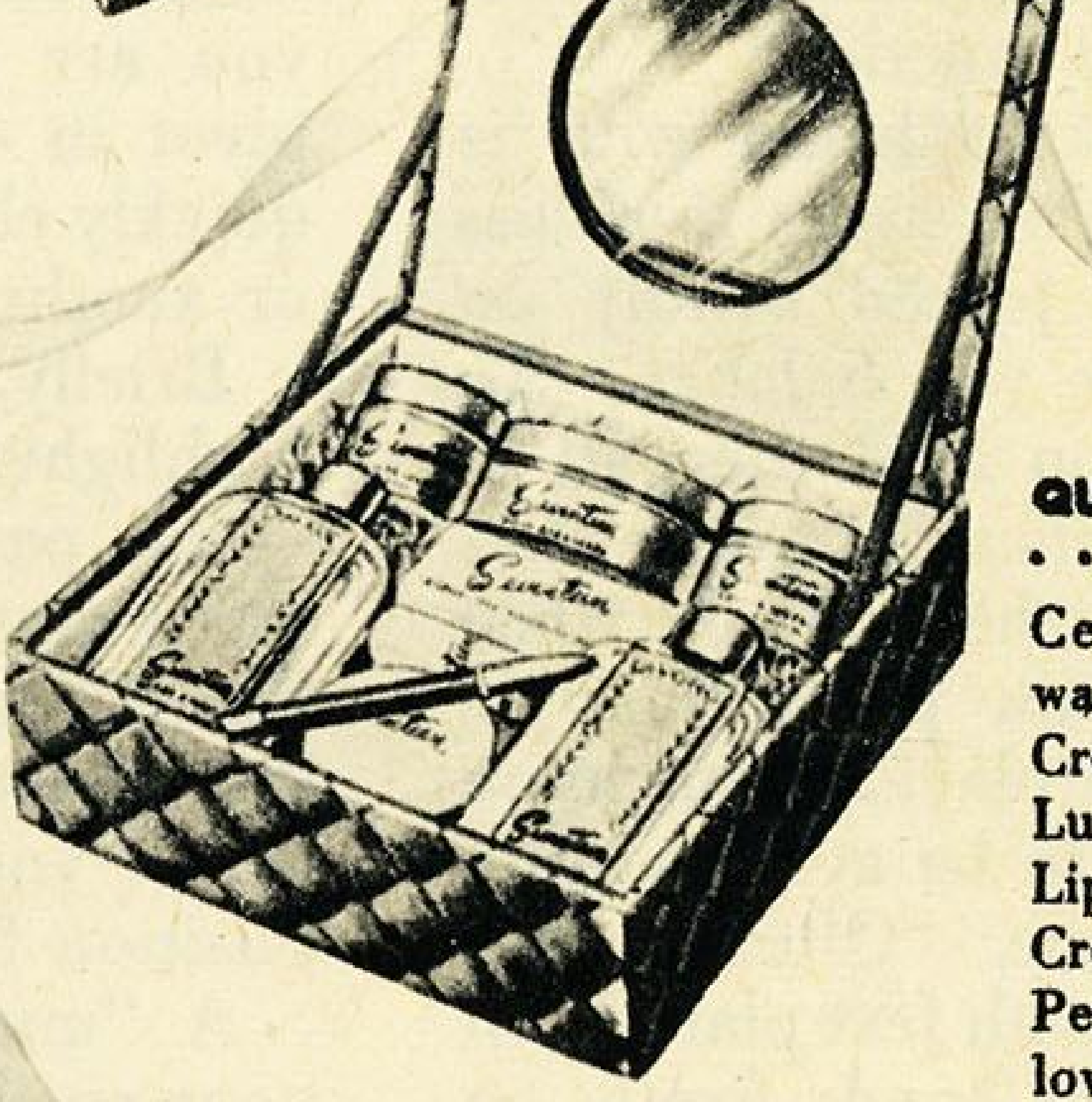

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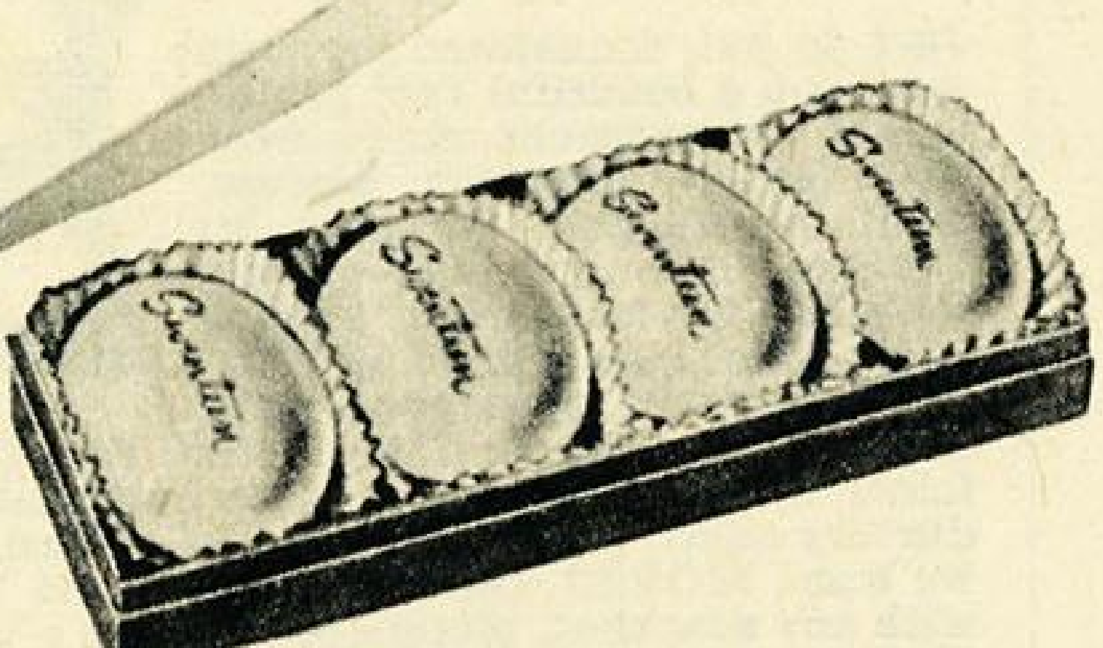

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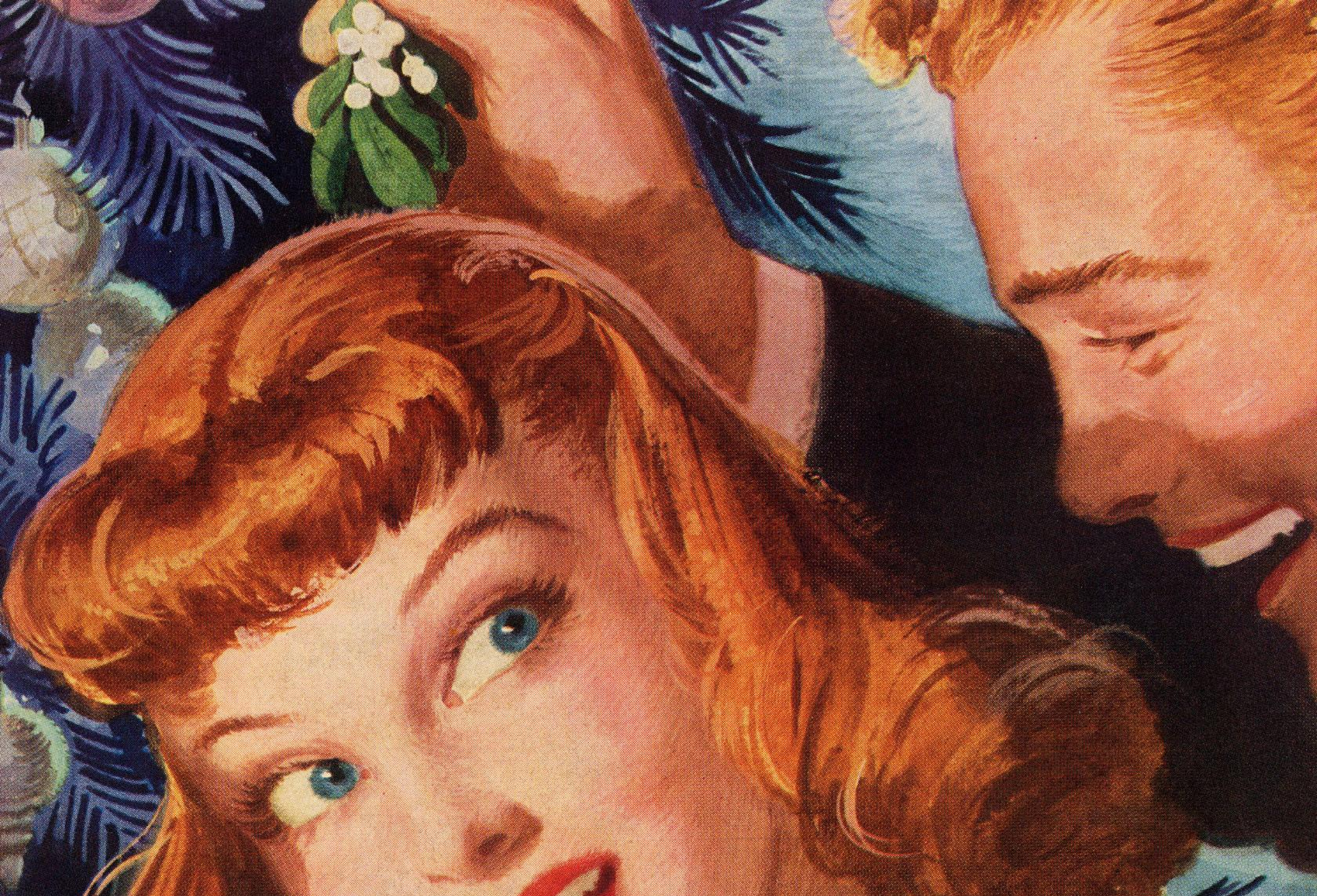
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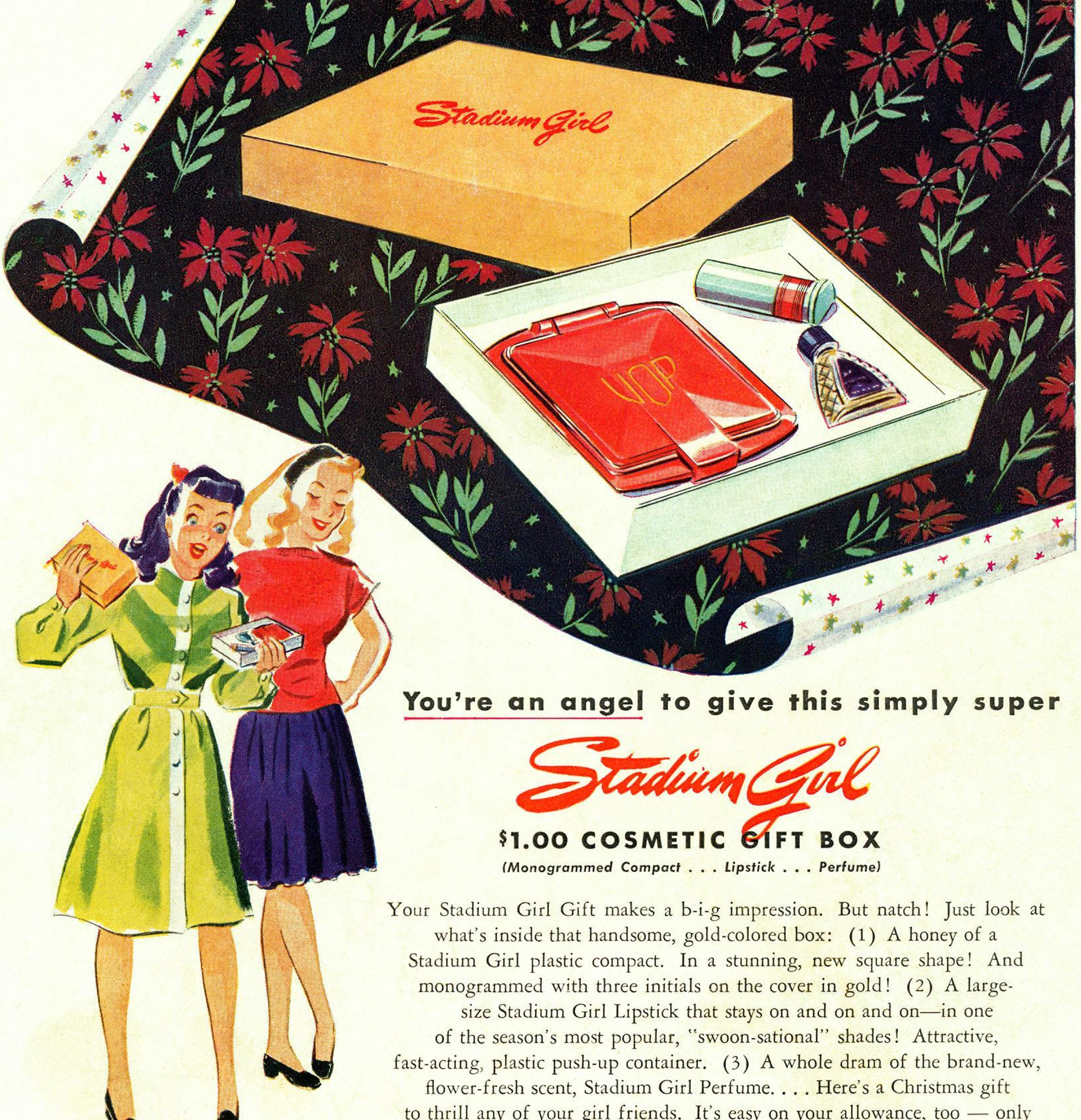

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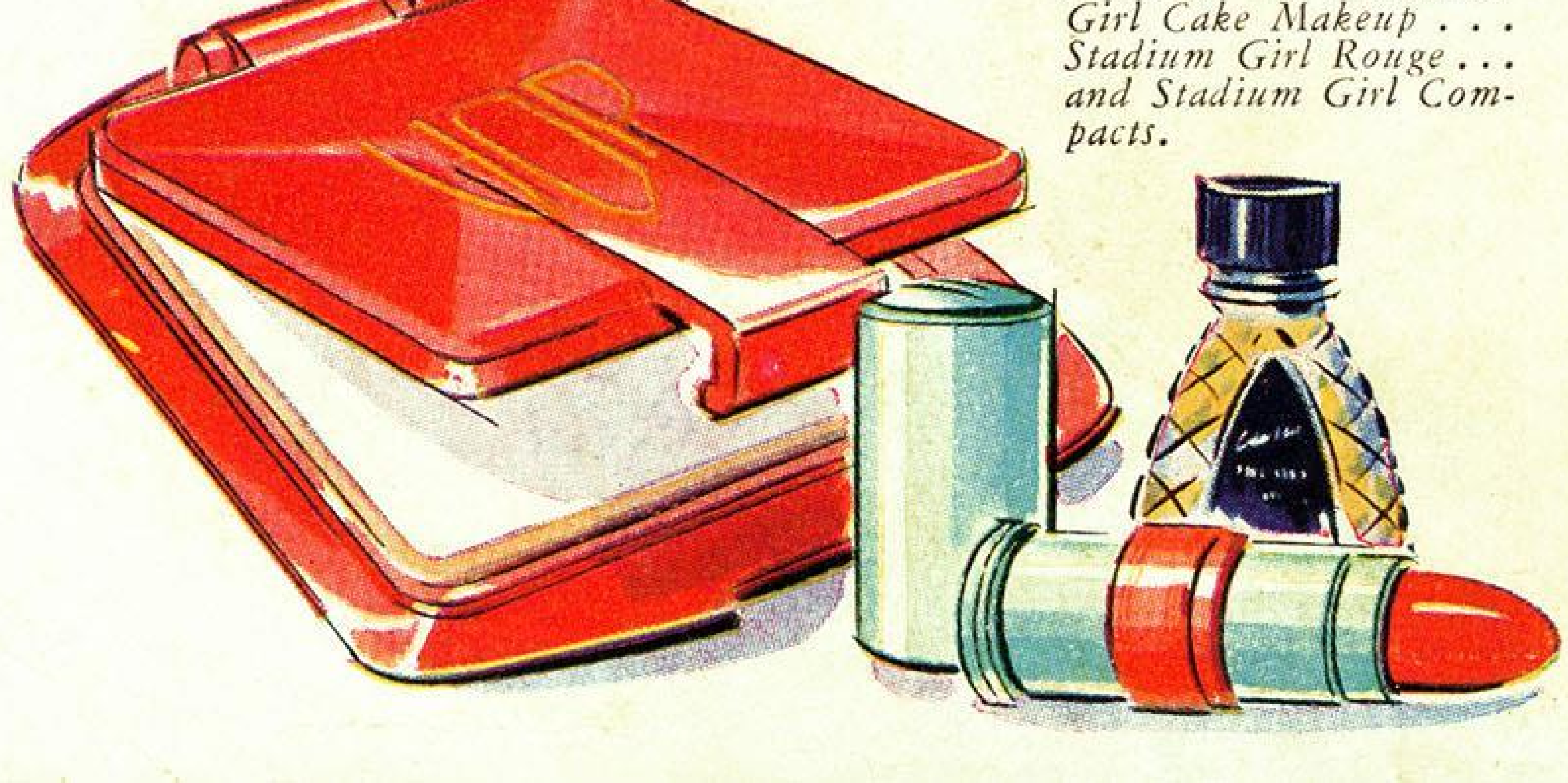

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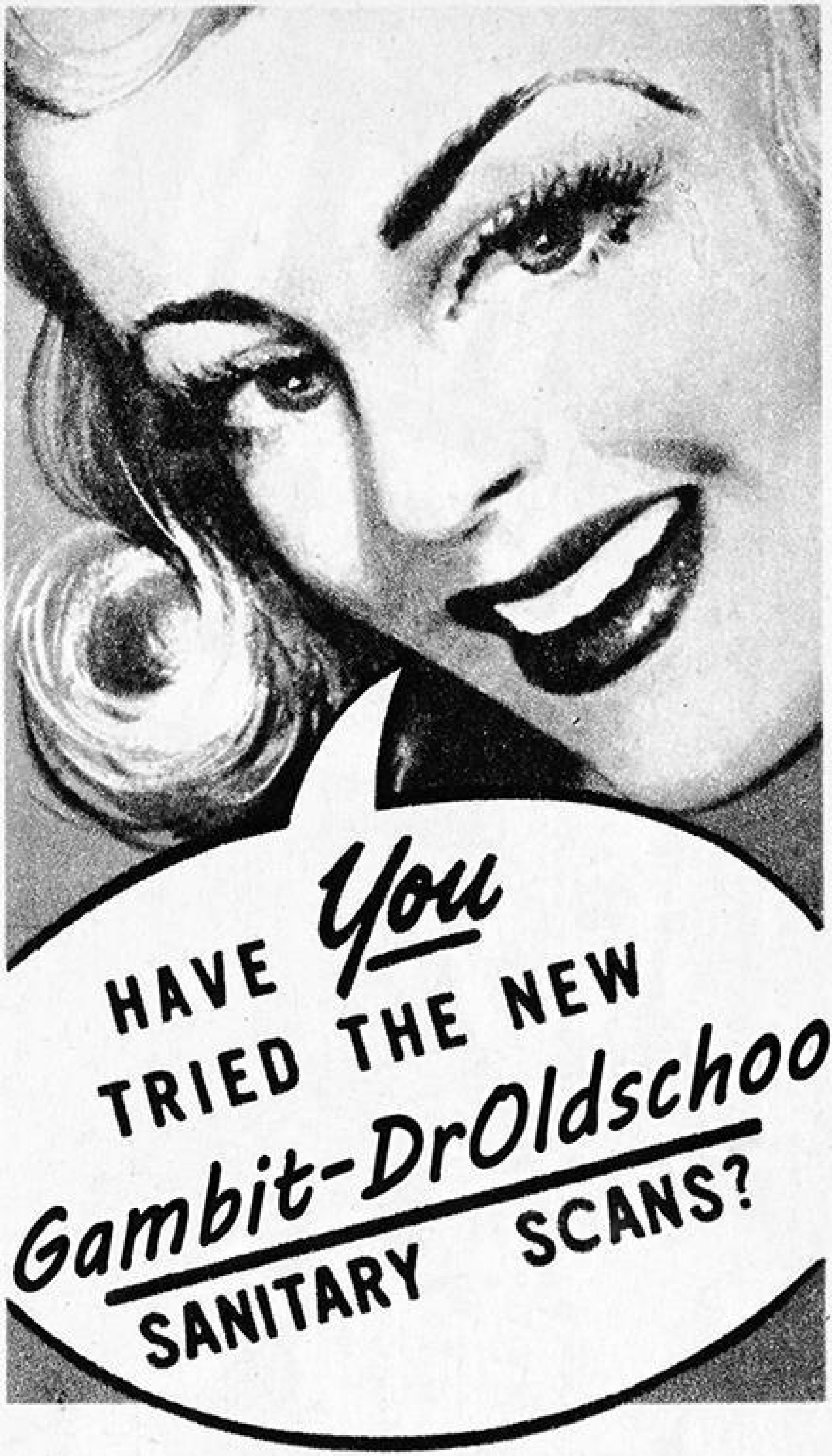
- ☐ Burgundy (very dk.)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